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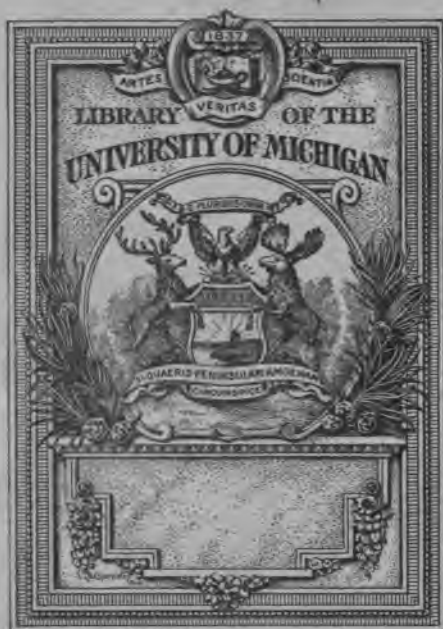
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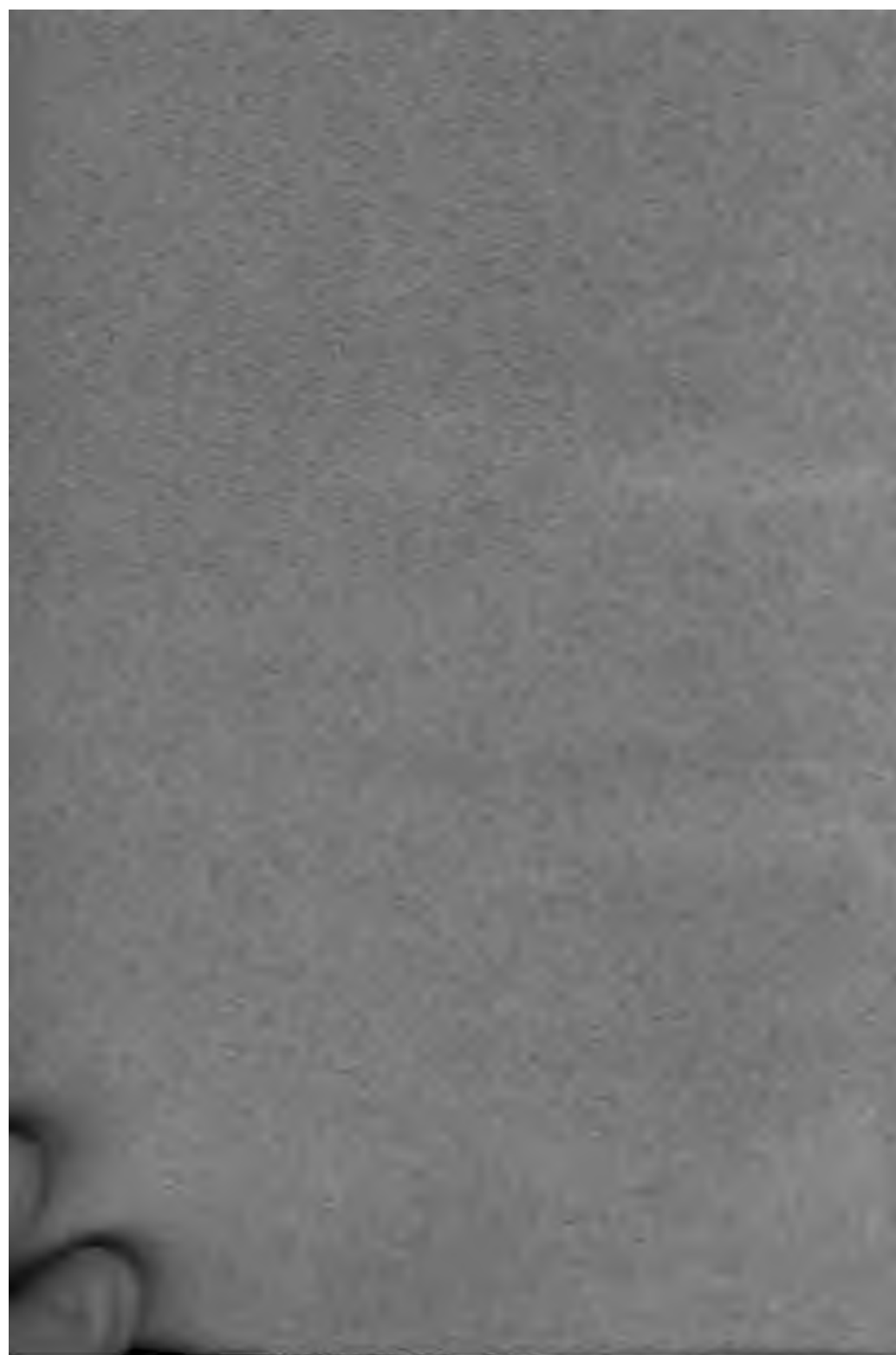
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXI





MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXI

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILE the swift succession of great events in the Lauranian capital had occupied with immediate emergency the minds of the men, it had been different with the women. Out in the streets there had been vivid scenes, hot blood, and excitement. The dangers of war, and the occasion of close and involved fighting, had given many opportunities for acts of devotion and brutality. The brave man had displayed his courage; the cruel had indulged his savagery; all the intermediate types had been thrilled with the business of the moment, and there had scarce been time for any but involuntary terror. Within the houses it was different.

Lucile started up at the first sound of firing. There was not much to hear, a distant and confused popping with an occasional ragged crash; but she knew what all this meant and shuddered. The street below seemed from the noise to be full of people. She rose and going to the window looked down. By the sickly, uncertain light of the gas-lamps men were working busily at a barricade, which ran across the street about twenty yards from the door and on the side towards the palace. She watched the bustling figures with a strange interest

which distracted her thoughts, feeling that if she had nothing to look at she would go mad with the dreadful suspense. Not a detail escaped her.

How hard they worked! Men with crowbars and pickaxes were prizing up the paving-stones; others carried them along, staggering under their weight; others again piled them into a strong wall across the road. The people in the houses round were made to open their doors, and the rebels unceremoniously dragged out all sorts of things to put on their barricade. One party discovered several barrels which they appeared to consider a valuable prize. Knocking in the end of one cask they began filling it, spadeful by spadeful, with the earth which the removal of the pavement had laid bare. It was a long business, but at last they finished it and tried to lift the barrel on to the wall; it was too heavy, and falling with a crash to the ground it broke all in pieces. At this they were furious and disputed angrily, till an officer with a red sash came up and silenced them. They did not attempt to fill the other casks, but re-entering the house brought out a comfortable sofa and sat down on it sullenly, lighting their pipes. One by one, however, they got to work again, coming out of their sulky fit

by degrees, and careful of their dignity. And all this time the barricade grew steadily.

Lucile wondered why no one had entered Savrola's house. Presently she perceived the reason; there was a picket of four men with rifles on the doorstep: nothing had been forgotten by that comprehensive mind. So the hours passed. From time to time her thoughts reverted to the tragedy which had swept upon her life, and she would sink back upon the sofa in despair. Once, from sheer weariness, she dozed for an hour. The distant firing had died away and, though single shots were occasionally heard, the city was generally silent. Waking with a strange feeling of uneasy trouble she ran again to the window. The barricade was completed now, and the builders were lying down behind it. Their weapons leaned against the wall on which two or three watchers stood, looking constantly up the street.

Presently there was a hammering at the street-door, which made her heart beat with fear. She leaned cautiously out of the window. The picket was still at its post, but another man had joined them. Finding that he could not obtain an answer to his knocking, he stooped down, pushed something under the door, and went his way. After a time she summoned up courage to creep down, through the darkness of the staircase, to see what this might be. By the light of a match she saw that it was a note addressed simply *Lucile* with the number of the house and street,—for the streets were all numbered in Laurania as in American cities. It was from Savrola, in pencil and to this effect: *The city and forts have passed into our hands, but there will be fighting at daylight. On no account leave the house or expose yourself.*

Fighting at daylight! She looked at the clock,—a quarter to five, and already the sky was growing brighter; the time was at hand then! Fear, grief, anxiety, and, not the least painful, resentment at her husband conflicted in her mind. The sleeping figures behind the barricade seemed to be troubled by none of these feelings: they lay silent and still, weary men who had no cares; but she knew it was coming, something loud and terrible that would wake them with a start. She felt as though she was watching a play at the theatre, the window suggesting a box. She had turned from it for a moment, when suddenly a rifle-shot rang out, apparently about three hundred yards down the street towards the palace. Then there was a splutter of firing, a bugle-call, and the sound of shouting. The defenders of the barricade sprang up in mad haste and seized their weapons. There was more firing, but still they did not reply, and she dared not put her head out of the window to see what prevented them. They were all greatly excited, holding their rifles over the barricade, and many talking in quick short sentences. In a moment a crowd of men, nearly a hundred it seemed, ran up to the wall and began scrambling over, helped by the others. They were friends, then; it occurred to her that there must be another barricade, and that the one under the window was in the second line. This was actually the case, and the first had been captured. All the time firing from the direction of the palace continued.

As soon as the fugitives were all across the wall, the defenders of the second line began to fire. The rifles close by sounded so much louder than the others, and gave forth such bright flashes. But the light was

growing every minute, and soon she could see the darting puffs of smoke. The rebels were armed with many kinds of firearms. Some, with old muzzle-loading muskets, had to stand up and descend from the barricade to use their ramrods; others, armed with more modern weapons, remained crouching behind their cover and fired continually.

The scene, filled with little foreshortened figures, still suggested the stage of a theatre viewed from the gallery. She did not as yet feel frightened; no harm had been done, and no one seemed to be any the worse.

She had scarcely completed this thought when she noticed a figure being lifted off the barricade to the ground. In the growing daylight the pale face showed distinctly, and a deadly feeling of sickness came over her in a moment; but she stood spell-bound by the sight. Four men went off with the wounded one, carrying him by the shoulders and feet, so that he drooped in the middle. When they had passed out of her view, she looked back to the wall. There were five more men wounded; four had to be carried, the other leaned on a comrade's arm. Two more figures had also been pulled off the barricade, and laid carelessly on the pavement out of the way. Nobody seemed to take any notice of these, but just let them lie close to the area-railings.

Then from the far end of the street came the sound of drums and the shrill call of a bugle, repeated again and again. The rebels began to shoot in mad excitement as fast as they could; several fell, and above the noise of the firing rose a strange sound, a sort of hoarse, screaming whoop, coming momentarily nearer.

A man on the barricade jumped

off and began to run down the street; five, six others followed at once; then all the defenders but three hurried away from that strange approaching cry. Several tried to drag with them the wounded, of which there already were a few more; these cried out in pain and begged to be left alone. One man, she saw, dragging another by the ankle, bumping him along the rough road-way in spite of his entreaties. The three men who had stayed fired methodically from behind their breastwork. All this took several seconds; and the menacing shout came nearer and louder all the time.

Then in an instant a wave of men, soldiers in blue uniforms faced with buff, surged up to the barricade and over it. An officer, quite a boy, in front of them all, jumped down the other side, shouting, "Make a clear sweep of the devils,—come on!"

The three steadfast men had disappeared as rocks beneath the incoming tide. Crowds of soldiers climbed over the barricade; Lucile could see groups of them swarming round each of the wounded rebels, jobbing downwards with their bayonets savagely. And then the spell broke, the picture swam, and she rushed screaming from the window to plunge her face among the sofa-cushions.

The uproar was now terrific. The musketry-fire was loud and continuous, especially from the direction of the main avenue which ran parallel to the street in which Savrola lived, and the shouting and trampling of men added to the din. Gradually the wave of fighting rolled past the house and on towards the Mayoralty. As she realised this, all her own troubles returned to her mind. The fight was going against the rebels; she thought of Savrola. And then she prayed,—prayed convulsively, sending

her entreaties into space in the hope that they would not fall on unheeding ears. She spoke no name; but the gods, who are omniscient, may have guessed, with sardonic smiles, that she prayed for the victory of the rebel she loved over her husband the President.

Presently there was a tremendous noise from the direction of the Mayoralty. "Cannon," she thought, but she dared not look out of the window; the horrid sights had sickened curiosity itself. She could hear the fire coming nearer, coming back again; and at that she felt a strange joy, something of the joy of success in war, amid all her terrors. There was a noise of people streaming past the house; shots were fired under the windows; then came a great hammering and battering at the street-door. They were breaking into the house! She rushed to the door of the room and locked it. Down-stairs there were several shots, and the noise of splintering wood. The firing of the retreating troops drifted back past the house and towards the palace; but she did not heed it; another sound paralysed her attention, the sound of approaching footsteps. Someone was coming up-stairs. She held her breath. The handle turned, and then the unknown, finding the door locked, kicked it savagely. Lucile screamed.

The kicking ceased, and she heard the stranger give a dreadful groan. "For the mercy of Heaven, let me in! I am wounded and have no arms." He began to wail pitifully.

Lucile listened. It seemed that there was but one, and if he were wounded, he would not harm her. There was another groan outside. Human sympathy rose in her heart; she unlocked the door and opened it cautiously.

A man walked quickly into the

room; it was Miguel. "I beg your Excellency's pardon," he said suavely, with that composure which always strengthened his mean soul; "I am in need of a hiding-place."

"But your wound?" said Lucile.

"A *ruse-de-guerre*; I wanted you to let me in. Where can I hide? They may be here soon."

"There on the roof, or in the observatory," she said pointing to the other door.

"Do not tell them."

"Why should I?" she replied. Calm though the man undoubtedly was, she despised him; there was no dirt, she knew well, that he would not eat if it suited his purpose to do so.

He went up and concealed himself on the roof under the big telescope. Meanwhile she waited. Emotions had succeeded each other so rapidly that day in her heart that she felt incapable of further stress; a dull feeling of pain remained, like the numbness and sense of injury after a severe wound. The firing receded towards the palace, and presently all was comparatively silent in the city again.

At about nine o'clock the bell of the front-entrance rang; but she did not dare to leave the room now that the door was broken down. Then after a while came the sound of people coming up-stairs.

"There is no lady here; the young lady went back the night before last to her aunt's," said a voice. It was the old woman's; with a bound of joy and a passionate craving for the sympathy of her own sex, Lucile rushed to the door and opened it. Bettine was there, and with her an officer of the rebel army, who handed a letter to her with these words: "The President sends this to you, Madam."

"The President!"

"Of the Council of Public Safety."

The note merely informed her that the Government troops had been repulsed and ended with the words: *Only one result is now possible, and that will be attained in a few hours.*

The officer, saying that he would wait down-stairs in case she might wish to send an answer, left the room. Lucile pulled the old nurse inside the door and embraced her, weeping. Where had she been all that terrible night? Bettine had been in the cellar. It seemed that Savrola had thought of her as of everything; he had told her to take her bed down there, and had even had the place carpeted and furnished on the preceding afternoon. There she had remained as he had told her. Her perfect trust in her idol had banished all fears on her own account, but she had "fidgetted terribly" about him. He was all she had in the world; others dissipate their affections on a husband, children, brothers, and sisters; all the love of her kind old heart was centred in the man she had fostered since he was a helpless baby. And he did not forget. She displayed with pride a slip of paper, bearing the words, *Safe and well.*

There was now a subdued sound of firing, from the direction of the palace, which continued throughout the morning; but Miguel, seeing that the streets were again quiet, emerged from his concealment and re-entered the room. "I want to see the President," he said.

"My husband?" asked Lucile.

"No, your Excellency, Señor Savrola." Miguel was quick in adapting himself to circumstances.

Lucile thought of the officer; she mentioned him to Miguel. "He will take you to the Mayoralty."

The Secretary was delighted; he ran down-stairs and they saw him no more.

The old nurse, a practical soul,

busied herself about getting breakfast. Lucile, to divert her thoughts aided her, and soon, — such is our composition—found comfort in eggs and bacon. They were relieved to find that a picket had again been posted at the street-door. Bettine discovered this, for Lucile, her mood unchanged, would not look into the street where she had seen such grim spectacles. And she did right, for though the barricade was now deserted, nearly twenty objects that had a few hours before been men lay around or upon it. But about eleven some labourers arrived with two scavengers' carts; and soon only the blood-stains on the pavement showed that there had been any destruction other than that of property.

The morning wore slowly and anxiously away. The firing near the palace was continual, but distant. Sometimes it swelled into a dull roar, at others the individual shots sounded in a sort of quick rattle. At last, at about half-past two, it stopped abruptly. Lucile trembled. The quarrel had been decided, one way or the other. Her mind refused to face all the possibilities. At times she clung in passionate fear to the old nurse, who tried in vain to soothe her; at others she joined her in the household tasks, or submitted to tasting the various meals which the poor old soul prepared for her in the hopes of killing care with comfort.

The ominous silence that followed the cessation of the firing did not last long. It was while Lucile was being coaxed by Bettine to eat some custard-pudding that she had made on purpose for her, that the report of the first great gun reached them. The tremendous explosion, though a long way off, made the windows rattle. She shuddered. What was this? She had hoped that all was over; but one explosion succeeded

another, until the thunder of a canonade from the harbour almost drowned their voices. It was a weary waiting for the two women.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIEUTENANT TIRO reached the Mayoralty in safety, for though the streets were full of excited people, they were peaceful citizens, and on his proclaiming that he had been sent to see Savrola they allowed him to pass. The municipal building was a magnificent structure of white stone, elaborately decorated with statuary and sculpture. In front of it, surrounded by iron railings and accessible by three gateways, stretched a wide courtyard in which a great fountain, encircled by the marble figures of departed civic magnates, played continually with agreeable effect. The whole edifice was worthy of the riches and splendour of the Lauranian capital.

Two sentries of the rebel forces stood on guard with fixed bayonets at the central gateway, and allowed none to enter without due authority. Messengers were hurrying across the courtyard incessantly, and orderlies coming or going at a gallop. Without the gates a large crowd, for the most part quiet though greatly agitated, filled the broad thoroughfare. Wild rumours circulated at random in the mass and the excitement was intense, while the sound of distant firing was distinct and continuous.

Tiro made his way through the crowd without much difficulty, but found his path blocked by the sentries at the gateway. They refused to allow him to proceed, and for a moment he feared that he had run his risks in vain. Luckily, however, he was recognised as Molara's aide-de-camp by one of the municipal attendants who were loitering in the

courtyard. He wrote his name on a piece of paper and requested the man to take it to Savrola or, as he was now styled, the President of the Council of Public Safety. The servant departed, and after ten minutes returned with an officer, resplendent with the red sash of the Revolutionary party, who bade the Subaltern follow him forthwith.

The hall of the Mayoralty was full of excited and voluble patriots, who were eager to serve the cause of liberty if it could be done without risking their lives. They all wore red sashes and talked loudly, discussing the despatches from the fight which arrived by frequent messengers and were posted on the walls. Tiro and his guide passed through the hall and hurrying along a passage arrived at the entrance of a small committee-room. Several ushers and messengers stood around it, and an officer was on duty outside, who opened the door and announced the Subaltern.

"Certainly," said a well-known voice and Tiro entered. It was a small, wainscotted apartment with two tall and deeply-set glazed windows shaded by heavy, faded curtains of reddish hue. Savrola was writing at a table in the middle of the room; Godoy and Renos were talking near one of the windows; another man, whom for the moment he did not recognise, was busily scribbling in the corner. The great Democrat looked up.

"Good-morning, Tiro," he said cheerily, then, seeing the serious and impatient look on the boy's face, he asked him what had happened. Tiro told him quickly of the President's wish to surrender the palace. "Well," said Savrola, "Moret is there, and he has full powers."

"He is dead."

"How?" asked Savrola, in a low pained voice.

"Shot in the throat," replied the Subaltern laconically.

Savrola had turned very white; his friendship with Moret was of old standing, and he was fond of the young fellow. A feeling of disgust at the whole struggle came over him, but this was no time for regrets, and he repressed it. "You mean that the crowd will accept no surrender?"

"I mean they have probably massacred them all by now."

"What time was Moret killed?"

"A quarter-past twelve."

Savrola took up a paper that lay beside him on the table. "This was sent off at half-past twelve."

Tiro looked at it. It was signed *Moret* and ran as follows: *Am preparing for final assault. All well.*

"It is a forgery," said the Subaltern simply. "I started myself before the half-hour, and Señor Moret had been dead ten minutes then. Somebody has assumed the command."

"By Jove," said Savrola getting up from the table. "Kreutze!" He caught up his hat and cane. "Come on; he will most certainly murder Molara, and probably the others, if he is not stopped. I must go there myself."

"What?" said Renos. "This is most irregular; your place is here."

"Send an officer," suggested Godoy.

"I have none to send of sufficient power with the people, unless you will go yourself."

"I! No, certainly not! I would not think of it," said Godoy quickly. "It would be useless; I have no authority over the mob."

"That is not quite the tone you have adopted all the morning," quietly replied Savrola, "or at least since the Government attack was repulsed." Then turning to Tiro, he said, "Let us start."

They were leaving the room when the Subaltern saw that the man

who had been writing in the corner was looking at him. To his astonishment he recognised Miguel. The Secretary bowed satirically. "Here we are again," he said; "you were wise to follow."

"You insult me," said Tiro with profound contempt. "Rats leave a sinking ship."

"The wiser they," rejoined the Secretary; "they could do no good by staying. I have always heard that aides-de-camp are the first to leave a fight."

"You are a damned dirty dog," said the Subaltern falling back on a rudimentary form of repartee with which he was more familiar.

"I can wait no longer," said Savrola in a voice that was a plain command. Tiro obeyed, and they left the room.

Walking down the passage and through the hall, where Savrola was loudly cheered, they reached the entrance, where a carriage was waiting. A dozen mounted men, with red sashes and rifles, ranged themselves about it as an escort. The crowd outside the gates, seeing the great leader and hearing the applause within, raised a shout. Savrola turned to the commander of the escort. "I need no guard," he said; "that is necessary only for tyrants. I will go alone." The escort fell back. The two men entered the carriage which, drawn by a pair of strong horses, passed out into the streets.

"You dislike Miguel?" asked Savrola after a while.

"He is a traitor."

"There are plenty about the city. Now I suppose you would call me a traitor."

"Ah, but you have always been one," replied Tiro bluntly. Savrola gave a short laugh. "I mean," continued the other, "that you have always been trying to upset things."

"I have been loyal to my treachery," suggested Savrola.

"Yes,— we have always been at war with you; but this viper——"

"Well," said Savrola, "you must take men as you find them; few are disinterested. The viper, as you call him, is a poor creature; but he saved my life, and asked me to save his in return. What could I do? Besides he is of use. He knows the exact state of the public finances and is acquainted with the details of the foreign policy. What are we stopping for?"

Tiro looked out. The street was closed by a barricade which made it a *cul-de-sac*. "Try the next turning," he said to the coachman; "go on quickly." The noise of the firing could now be distinctly heard. "We very nearly did it this morning," said Tiro.

"Yes," answered Savrola; "they told me the attack was repulsed with difficulty."

"Where were you?" asked the boy in great astonishment.

"At the Mayoralty, asleep; I was very tired."

Tiro was conscious of an irresistible feeling of disgust. So he was a coward, this great man. He had always heard that politicians took care of their skins, and sent others to fight their battles. Somehow he had thought that Savrola was different: he knew such a lot about polo; but he was the same as all the rest.

Savrola, ever quick to notice, saw his look and again laughed drily. "You think I ought to have been in the streets? Believe me, I did more good where I was. If you had seen the panic and terror at the Mayoralty during the fighting, you would have recognised that there were worse things to do than to go to sleep in confidence. Besides, every-

thing in human power had been done; and we had not miscalculated."

Tiro remained unconvinced. His good opinion of Savrola was destroyed. He had heard much of this man's political courage, and the physical always outweighed the moral in his mind. He felt reluctantly convinced that he was a mere word-spinner, brave enough where speeches were concerned, but careful when sterner work was to be done.

The carriage stopped again. "All these streets are barricaded, Sir," said the coachman.

Savrola looked out of the window. "We are close there, let us walk; it is only half a mile across Constitution Square." He jumped out. The barricade was deserted, as were the streets in this part of the town. Most of the violent rebels were attacking the palace, while the peaceable citizens were in their houses or outside the Mayoralty.

They scrambled over the rough wall, which was made of paving stones and sacks of earth piled under and upon two waggons, and hurried down the street beyond. It led to the great square of the city. At the further end was the Parliament House, with the red flag of revolt flying from its tower. An entrenchment had been dug in front of the entrance, and the figures of some of the rebel soldiery were visible on it.

They had gone about a quarter of the distance across the square, when suddenly, from the entrenchment or barricade three hundred yards away, there darted a puff of smoke; five or six more followed in quick succession. Savrola paused, astonished, but the Subaltern understood at once. "Run for it!" he cried. "The statue,— there is cover behind it."

Savrola began to run as fast as he could. The firing from the barricade continued. He heard something sing-

ing past him in the air; something else struck the pavement in front of him so that the splinters flew, and while he passed a grey smudge appeared; there was a loud *tang* on the area-railings beside him, and the dust of the roadway sprang up in several strange spurts. As he ran, the realisation of what these things meant grew stronger; but the distance was short and he reached the statue alive. Behind its massive pedestal there was ample shelter for both.

"They fired at us."

"They did," replied Tiro. "Damn 'em!"

"But why?"

"My uniform—devilry—running man—good fun you know—for them."

"We must go on," said Savrola.

"We can't go on across the square."

"Which way then?"

"We must work down the street away from them, keeping the statue between us and their fire, and get up one of the streets to the left."

A main street ran through the centre of the great square, and led out of it at right angles to the direction in which they were proceeding. It was possible to retire down this under cover of the statue, and to take a parallel street further along. This would enable them to avoid the fire from the entrenchment, or would at least reduce the dangerous space to a few yards. Savrola looked in the direction Tiro indicated. "Surely this is shorter," he said pointing across the square.

"Much shorter," answered the Subaltern; "in about three seconds it will take you to another world."

Savrola rose. "Come on," he said; "I do not allow such considerations to affect my judgment. The lives of men are at stake, and the time is short. Besides, this is an educational experience."

The blood was in his cheeks and his eye sparkled; all that was reckless in him, all his love of excitement, stirred in his veins. Tiro looked at him amazed. Brave as he was, he saw no pleasure in rushing to his death at the heels of a mad politician; but he allowed no man to show him the way. He said no more, but drew back to the far end of the pedestal, so as to gain pace, and then bounded into the open and ran as fast as he could run.

How he got across he never knew. One bullet cut the peak of his cap, another tore his trousers. He had seen many men killed in action, and anticipating the fearful blow that would bring him down with a smash on the pavement, instinctively he raised his left arm as if to shield his face. At length he reached safety, breathless and incredulous. Then he looked back. Half way across was Savrola, walking steadily and drawn up to his full height. Thirty yards away he stopped and, taking off his felt hat, waved it in defiance at the distant barricade. Tiro saw him start as he lifted his arm, and his hat fell to the ground. He did not pick it up and in a moment was beside him, his face pale, his teeth set, every muscle rigid. "Now tell me," he said, "do you call that a hot fire?"

"You are mad," replied the Subaltern.

"Why, may I ask?"

"What is the use of throwing away your life, of waiting to taunt them?"

"Ah," he answered, much excited, "I waved my hat in the face of Fate, not at those wretched irresponsible animals. Now to the palace; perhaps we are already too late."

They hurried on through the deserted streets with the sound of musketry growing ever louder, and mingling with it now the shouts and yells of a crowd. As they approached the

scene they passed through groups of people, peaceful citizens for the most part, anxiously looking towards the tumult. Several glanced fiercely at the soldier whose uniform made him conspicuous; but many took off their hats to Savrola. A long string of stretchers, each with a pale, shattered figure on it, passed by, filing slowly away from the fight. The press became thicker, and arms were now to be seen on all sides. Mutinous soldiers still in their uniforms, workmen in blouses, others in the dress of the National Militia, and all wearing the red sash of the revolt, filled the street. But Savrola's name had spread before him and the crowd divided, with cheers, to give him passage.

Suddenly the firing in front ceased, and for a space there was silence, followed by a ragged spluttering volley and a low roar from many throats.

"It's all over," said the Subaltern.

"Faster!" cried Savrola.

CHAPTER XX.

ABOUT a quarter of an hour after Lieutenant Tiro had escaped along the telegraph-wires, the attack on the palace was renewed with vigour. It seemed, moreover, that the rebels had found a new leader, for they displayed considerable combination in their tactics. The firing increased on all sides. Then, under cover of their musketry, the enemy debouched simultaneously from several streets and, rushing down the great avenue, delivered a general assault. The garrison fired steadily and with effect, but there were not enough bullets to stop the advancing crowds. Many fell, but the rest pressed on impetuously and found shelter under the wall of the courtyard. The defenders, realising they could no longer hold this outer

line of defence, fell back to the building itself, where they maintained themselves among the great pillars of the entrance, and for some time held the enemy's fire in check by shooting accurately at all those who put their heads over the wall or exposed themselves. Gradually, however, the rebels, by their great numbers, gained the supremacy in the fire-fight, and the defenders in their turn found it dangerous to show themselves to shoot.

The musketry of the attack grew heavier, while that of the defence dwindled. The assailants now occupied the whole of the outer wall, and at length completely silenced the fire of the surviving adherents of the Government. Twenty rifles were discharged at any head that was seen; yet they showed a prudent respect for these determined men, and gave no chances away. Under cover of their fire, and of the court-yard wall, they brought up the field-gun with which the gate had been broken in, and from a range of a hundred yards discharged it at the palace. The shell smashed through the masonry, and burst in the great hall. Another followed, passing almost completely through the building and exploding in the breakfast-room on the further side. The curtains, carpets, and chairs, caught fire and began to burn briskly; it was evident that the defence of the palace was drawing to a close.

Sorrento, who had long schooled himself to look upon all events of war from a purely professional standpoint, and who boasted that the military operation he preferred above all others was the organising of a rearguard from a defeated army, felt that nothing further could be done. He approached the President.

Molara stood in the great hall where he had lived and ruled for five years with a look of bitter despair

upon his face. The mosaic of the pavement was ripped and scored by the iron splinters of the shells ; great fragments of the painted roof had fallen to the ground ; the crimson curtains were smouldering ; the broken glass of the windows lay on the floor, and heavy clouds of smoke were curling in from the further side of the palace. The President's figure and expression accorded well with the scene of ruin and destruction.

Sorrento saluted with much ceremony. He had only his military code to believe in, and he took hold of that. "Owing, Sir," he began officially, "to the rebels having brought a gun into action at close range, it is my duty to inform you that this place has now become untenable. It will be necessary to capture the gun by a charge, and expel the enemy from the courtyard."

The President knew what he meant ; they should rush out and die fighting. The agony of the moment was intense, for the actual dread of death was increased by the sting of unsatisfied revenge ; he groaned aloud.

Suddenly a loud shout arose from the crowd. They had seen the smoke of the fire and knew that the end was at hand. "Molara, Molara, come out ! Dictator," they cried, "come out or burn !"

It often happens that, when men are convinced that they have to die, a desire to bear themselves well and to leave life's stage with dignity conquers all other sensations. Molara remembered that, after all, he had lived famous among men. He had been almost a king. All the eyes of the world would be turned to the scene about to be enacted ; distant countries would know, distant ages would reflect. It was worth while dying bravely, since die he must.

He called his last defenders around him. There were but thirty left, and

of these some were wounded. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have been faithful to the end ; I will demand no more sacrifices of you. My death may appease those wild beasts. I give you back your allegiance, and authorise you to surrender."

"Never !" said Sorrento.

"It is a military order, Sir," answered the President, and walked towards the door. He stepped through the shattered woodwork and out on the broad flight of steps. The courtyard was filled with the crowd. Molara advanced until he had descended half-way ; then he paused. "Here I am," he said. The crowd stared. For a moment he stood there in the bright sunlight. His dark blue uniform-coat, on which the star of Laurania and many orders and decorations of foreign countries glittered, was open, showing his white shirt beneath it. He was bare-headed and drew himself up to his full height. For a while there was silence.

Then from all parts of the courtyard, from the wall that overlooked it and even from the windows of the opposite houses, a ragged fusilade broke out. The President's head jerked forward, his legs shot from under him and he fell limply to the ground. The body rolled down two or three steps and lay twitching feebly. A man in a dark suit of clothes, who apparently exercised authority over the crowd, advanced towards it. Presently there was a single shot.

At the same moment Savrola and his companion, stepping through the broken gateway, entered the courtyard. The mob gave passage readily, but in a sullen and guilty silence.

"Keep close to me," said Savrola to the Subaltern. He walked straight towards the steps which were not as yet invaded by the rebel soldiery.

The officers among the pillars had, with the cessation of the firing, begun to show themselves; someone waved a handkerchief.

"Gentlemen," cried Savrola in a loud voice, "I call upon you to surrender. Your lives shall be spared."

Sorrento stepped forward. "By the orders of His Excellency I surrender the palace and the Government troops who have defended it. I do so on a promise that their lives shall be safe."

"Certainly," said Savrola. "Where is the President?" Sorrento pointed to the other side of the steps. Savrola turned and walked towards the spot.

Antonio Molar, sometime President of the Republic of Laurania, lay on the three lowest steps of the entrance of his palace, head downwards; a few yards away in a ring stood the people he had ruled. A man in a black suit was reloading his revolver; it was Karl Kreutze, the Number One of the Secret Society. The President had bled profusely from several bullet-wounds in the body, but it was evident that the *coup de grâce* had been administered by a shot in the head, which had blown away the back and left side of the skull behind the ear.

Savrola stopped aghast. He looked at the crowd, and they shrank from his eye; gradually they shuffled back, leaving the sombre-clad man alone face to face with the great Democrat. A profound hush overspread the whole mass of men. "Who has committed this murder?" he asked in low hoarse tones, fixing his glance on the head of the Secret Society.

"It is not a murder," replied the man doggedly; "it is an execution."

"By whose authority?"

"In the name of society."

When Savrola had seen the body of his enemy, he was stricken with

horror, but at the same time a dreadful joy convulsed his heart; the barrier was now removed. He struggled to repress the feeling, and of the struggle anger was born. Kreutze's words infuriated him; a sense of maddening irritation shook his whole system. All this must fall on his name; what would Europe think, what would the world say? Remorse, shame, pity, and the wicked joy he tried to crush, all fused into reckless ungovernable passion. "Vile scum!" he cried, and stepping down he slashed the other across the face with his cane.

The man sprang at his throat on the sudden impulse of intense pain. But Lieutenant Tiro had drawn his sword; with a strong arm and a hearty good-will he met him with all the sweep of a downward cut, and rolled him on the ground.

The spring was released, and the fury of the populace broke out. A loud shout arose. Great as was Savrola's reputation among the Revolutionaries, these men had known other and inferior leaders more intimately. Karl Kreutze was a man of the people. His socialistic writings had been widely read; as the head of the Secret Society he had certain assured influences to support him, and he had conducted the latter part of the attack on the palace. Now he had been destroyed before their eyes by one of the hated officers. The crowd surged forward shouting in savage anger.

Savrola sprang backwards up the steps. "Citizens, listen to me!" he cried. "You have won a victory; do not disgrace it. Your valour and patriotism have triumphed; do not forget that it is for our ancient constitution that you have fought." He was interrupted by shouts and jeers. "What have I done?" he rejoined. "As much as any here. I too have

risked my life in the great cause. Is there a man here that has a wound? Let him stand forth, for we are comrades." And for the first time, with a proud gesture, he lifted his left arm. Tiro now saw the reason of the start he had given when running the gauntlet in Constitution Square. The sleeve of his coat was torn and soaked with blood, and the linen of his shirt showed crimson through it; his fingers were stiff and smeared all over.

The impression produced was tremendous. The mob, to whom the dramatic always appeals with peculiar force, were also swayed by that sympathy which all men feel for those injured in a common danger. A revulsion took place. A cheer, faint at first, but growing louder, rose; others outside the courtyard, ignorant of the reason, took it up. Savrola continued.

"Our State, freed from tyranny, must start fair and unsullied. Those who have usurped undue authority, not derived from the people, shall be punished, whether they be presidents or citizens. These military officers must come before the judges of the Republic and answer for their actions. A free trial is the right of all Laurantians. Comrades, much has been done, but we have not finished yet. We have exalted Liberty; it remains to preserve her. These

officers shall be lodged in prison; for you there is other work. The ships are coming back; it is not yet time to put away the rifles. Who is there will see the matter through,—to the end?"

A man, with a bloodstained bandage round his head, stepped forward. "We are comrades," he cried; "shake hands."

Savrola gripped him. He was one of the under-officers in the rebel army, a simple honest man whom Savrola had known slightly for several months. "I entrust a high duty to you. Conduct these officers and soldiers to the State prison; I will send full instructions by a mounted messenger. Where can you find an escort?" There was no lack of volunteers. "To the prison then, and remember that the faith of the Republic depends on their safety. Forward, Gentlemen," he added, turning to the surviving defenders of the palace; "your lives are safe, upon my honour."

"The honour of a conspirator," sneered Sorrento.

"As you like, Sir, but obey."

The party, Tiro alone remaining with Savrola, moved off, surrounded and followed by many of the crowd. While they did so a dull heavy boom came up from the sea-front; another and another followed in quick succession. The fleet had returned at last.

(To be continued.)

LONDON REVISITED.

HE who lives always within the walls of his native city esteems its qualities as little as he recognises its defects. He is apt to take for granted its rare merits as well as its superfluous follies, and he should prove a less judicious critic than the casual foreigner who, passing through a strange land on a hasty visit, is at a loss neither for new facts nor fresh theories. It is not merely that the home-keeping man misses a standard of comparison; familiarity has bred in him, not contempt but, unconsciousness. Habit, which dims the sun and pierces the shapeless fog with light, closes our eyes to beauty and to common-place alike, till a sunrise in Piccadilly seems no more wonderful to the Londoner than does an Alpine dawn to the guides of Zermatt. In brief, he who would understand London must accustom his sight to Paris; and who knows but that a Russian would find Madrid an excellent preface to a study of St. Petersburg? Now, I have wandered so long in France, that at last I feel myself imperfectly equipped for the criticism of London; and though it may seem an affectation for an Englishman to look at his own land with a half-strange eye, it is an affectation in semblance only. One impression momentarily effaces another, and absence, while it makes the heart more fond, has also made the vision sharper.

As the returned traveller emerges from the train, and wanders into the familiar streets, he is instantly possessed with an affectionate enthusiasm. The reflection that the old landmarks are still unremoved gives

him an odd and wholly irrational sense of proprietorship. "There is Buckingham Palace," says he to himself, "and the British Museum, and the Athenæum Club just where I left them;" and the fact that they have not betrayed his trust inclines the wanderer's heart so kindly towards them that he instantly thinks of them as his own. But the sense of proprietorship soon dwindles, till he finds himself looking at the houses with a calm amazement. They are the same, yet strangely altered, and the traveller asks himself in surprise whether it is his eye that is foreign or his native town. In truth it is neither; the eye no doubt is tempered by the long absence; it is knowing, but less partial; it detects the ancient beauties with the same delight as heretofore, but it must also reckon in its own despite with the new vulgarities. The city, though it be not foreign, is yet transformed, and not even the honoured landmarks can render it wholly familiar. Wherefore the traveller walks forth an enchanted mixture of marvel and intimacy, and he is flattered, no doubt, by the reflection that he has as good a right to discourse of London as the intelligent tourist who lands at Dover for the first time.

The first impression is an impression of silence. This seeming paradox has more than once been noted by Parisians, and with perfect justice. London, the busy workshop of the world, is silent. No cobbles persuade the cart-wheels to a restless rattle; the tyres of the cabs roll tranquilly over wood or asphalt; the

foot-passengers hustle by in business-like quietude, or they greet one another without gesture and without effusion. In Paris all is movement, bustle, and joyousness; nobody is in a hurry, yet everybody flashes his hands and his tongue at the same rate. The one city is silent with haste, the other is noisy with a non-chalant leisure. And then the horses of London! Are they not masterful and superb? Are they not driven with a certainty and calm, which make the hazardous blundering of the French coachman a hideous memory? The hansom, moreover, has more character than any chariot of the world: its rare apparition on the Boulevards gives you a touch of homesickness; but in London it belongs to the landscape, and harmonises perfectly not only with the tall hat, but with the height of the houses under whose shadow it passes. There they rush, the fleet-wheeled hansoms of Piccadilly, as though they were parts of an elegant monumental frieze. And thus London reveals her true grandeur. Hardly in Madrid, whose streets are valiant with the sturdy horses of Cordova or with careless, be-tasselled mules, will you match the miracle that draws our hansoms. The spavined cab-horse, familiar to Paris, is with us seen only in the intermittent four-wheeler. Why is it, by the way, that four wheels should so often have a disastrous effect on the horse that runs in front?¹

But if the horses come as a happy surprise, the streets themselves have strangely altered, and even the Strand has changed its old complexion. The

unaccustomed eye is conscious of a new glitter, and divines not whence it comes. At night the problem is easily solved. The hideous sky-signs, which applaud in changing colours the merits of some intolerable drug, or implore you to buy some sustaining compound for your stomach's sake, might transform the face of a prairie. They wink, they shift, they scintillate, they go out. Now yellow plays on red; now darkness pockets all the colours; and the passer-by is not only distressed by these sudden apparitions, he is even prompted to the cultivation of a new vice. As his cab rushes by the illuminated spot, he will hazard all the money in one pocket against all the money in another that the red light will not flash again until he is swept off out of sight. But while this kaleidoscope of advertisement makes night hideous, it does not pervert the visage of the day. Why is it, then, that at noon the shops have a curious aspect? Why do they shine with a flat and tiresome brilliance? The reason is simple; the plate-glass window of America has everywhere ousted the trim square and modest sash. Years ago, when the casement was still with us, we did not realise how admirable and sober a pattern it was that the draught-board of window-panes put upon our shops. Here and there the old fashion lingers, and the contrast may yet be measured; but most of our shops are so wofully disturbed by a set of cross-reflections that the worried eye can hardly look through the superficial glitter to the wares displayed within.

Moreover the posters of London are a constant shock to the returned cockney. That the streets should be regarded as something better than a thoroughfare is right and proper; all the world is not in a desperate hurry to go from one spot to another

¹ There have been more changes in London during Mr. Whibley's absence than he wots of. The best of our four-wheeled cabs are every whit as well-horsed and well-driven as our best hansoms and infinitely more comfortable to horse, driver, and passenger. The mischief is that there are so few of them.—EDITOR.

by the shortest route. The idler may be happy in threading the by-ways, or in gazing upon the pictures which decorate the wider avenues. There is no reason, in brief, why a street should not in one of its aspects appear a gallery of art. But in London the mural decorator is more anxious to inform than to amuse. His legend will tell you where you may admire the talent of an actor or purchase a patent medicine, and his legend is so aggressively important that it cannot be subdued to the general design. Thus, having discharged the function of a directory, the poster is generally content. It gives no liveliness to our streets; it lights up no dull corner with an unexpected gaiety. Ten years ago the advertisement was sternly practical. It appealed merely to the literary instincts of such persons as would rather read match-boxes than nothing at all, and when it limited itself to information it gave the less offence. But now its ambition is higher than its performance, and while it easily drives into our brain an unnecessary address, it distresses our nerves by repellent colour or imbecile design.

Far otherwise does Paris decorate her streets. Even the little round towers, lit within and covered with many-coloured play-bills, are not without a certain elegance; while the posters which adorn the boulevards are often miracles of fancy. They at any rate are composed with another object than to serve as sign-posts to shop or theatre. The artists who design them forget neither the space which they will occupy nor the light that will envelope them. They are neither pictures turned to an illegitimate purpose nor printed announcements obscured by pictorial commentary. They are merely posters; that is all, and they are an intimate part of the Parisian landscape.

A return to London, then, is a return to sombre walls and ugly hoardings, which makes the regret for Paris all the sharper. Nor is it only on her walls that London exhibits her dinginess. She is duskier than of yore, and the thickening darkness is due neither to more frequent fogs, nor to a heavier fall of that black snow which covers books and furniture alike. The truth is that the houses of London are growing loftier and are casting longer shadows. The passion for flats, combined with the greed of landlords, is more resolutely excluding the sun from our streets. The extravagance which once gave even the poor man a cottage to himself in the midst of a great city was not merely a declaration of independence. True, the Englishman's house is his castle, and it was his castle in London not that the accuracy of a proverb might be demonstrated, but because, where every ray of sunlight must be caught, the roofs should not touch the sky. London, in fact, ought always to remain a city of low houses. A southern town delights in many storeys and a narrow street, for it provides a shelter from the sun as well as a path for the traveller. But London is not too rich in light, and it is forced, moreover, to fight the fog from November to March. Three or four storeys, then, and a wide road are London's reasonable necessity, which is clean forgotten by those who, sacrificing amenity to gold, would build their blocks as high as those *insulae* which darkened the sunlit spaces of ancient Rome.

And not only are the new blocks, which cleave the clouds in every corner of London, tall enough to ensure darkness; they are composed of a red brick and a black mortar which would darken the gaiety of a Southern capital. After an hour spent in the neighbourhood of Victoria Street,

cross the Park, and contrast the gloomy mansions which have depressed your sight with the well-built, finely-proportioned houses of Mayfair. For in this quarter you may still discover many a house perfectly harmonised to its environment. Whatever decoration relieves its uniform front is simple and appropriate. Its mouldings are at once strong and elegant. If pillars support the doorway, they are light and taper, while the fanlights are often masterpieces of their kind. But above all, if the sky be cloudless, the sun may shine down over the housetops in the street, and time was when, not only in the neighbourhood of Park Lane but even in far distant Whitechapel, the architects remembered that London was a city of the dark North, and built their houses upon a properly modest scale. Moreover, the Englishman can (or could) build houses; he cannot (though he could) build palaces. There are many streets in London which need not fear comparison with the miracles of domestic architecture which distinguish the Hague or Amsterdam. But, having admired Somerset House from the river, you will seek in vain a single lofty block which would not appear mean and inelegant by the side of the tall, well-designed masterpieces which were built when Louis the Fifteenth and his grandson sat upon the throne of France.

The tall flats of London, then, exclude the sun, and being built of materials which absorb rather than reflect the light increase the gloom of city and suburb alike. But the folly of councils and architects cannot abolish the immemorial grandeur of our capital. While Paris is touched by the finger of beauty, London preserves intact her ancient character. Perhaps *characters* would better represent the truth, since there is no corner of London which is not stamped in-

delibly with its own mark. Blindfold a lover of London, and remove his bandage in any street you please, and a quick glance at the houses, a half-look at the passers-by, will tell him where he is. And this character, which is always interesting, even though it be not beautiful, is due to the gradual and wayward growth of London. For London is not a carefully planned city like Paris or Berlin; it was not designed and built with a definite plan, or by one consistent intellect. It assumed the shape it wears to-day as the waste spaces were covered which yawned between country town and country town. So it is that certain corners of Westminster and of Kensington, of Chelsea and of Mile End, have preserved through all improvements the air of the provinces. Now you come upon a remote square, a hundred yards from bustle and smoke, where only a rare footfall is heard; now the mast of a ship is suddenly visible at a street-end, and a mob of long-shoreman surprises you with its rolling gait and strange habit of speech. Cross Westminster Bridge and watch the crowd hustling to find a place on the tram-car, and you will find a people which neither in type nor costume resembles that which rides in omnibuses on the other side of the river. It is true that while one parish differs widely from another, they all share certain qualities which distinguish the whole from any other city in Europe; yet they differ so violently among themselves, that it is idle to find a formula which will express them all. Not even the gaiety of Paris is so remarkable as London's stern and sometimes forbidding variety; the virtues and vices of Havre, Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, and Paris itself are all packed together on the banks of the Thames. Factories, docks, markets, warehouses, theatres, hovels, mansions are jumbled

and thrown down within the boundaries of London. Here, indeed, there is nothing that you may not see. You may find a street where not a single shop bears an English name; you may arrive at a station where black-visaged, red-turbaned porters seize your luggage without warning or apology; you may mount a single staircase in a dingy house and find live lions for sale; or you may happen on a cheap circus and be stoned for daring to enter it in a black coat. Paris, too, has her distant quarters, such as La Villette and St. Ouen, which a stranger enters with a guide, and is happy to leave with a whole skin. But these quarters are appointed for a special purpose, and not even the risk run by the wayfarer is a just cause of surprise. Indeed, the real, circumscribed Paris hides her squalor by distributing it, whereas London sets up a ring-fence here and there and drives her poor within it. In London the starving man may be a near neighbour of the wealthiest banker; but the banker knows naught of the poverty that grinds at the bottom of his back-garden, and he knows naught because he does not look very far between his front-door and his brougham. Yet should curiosity seize him, he might find many a small island of starvation divided by a narrow strait from the mainland of mansions. Paris, on the other hand, does not mass her paupers, she sends them aloft. Prosperity decreases as it mounts the stairs, and under the same roof may live (at different altitudes) a judge of the Appeal Court and a poor seamstress. In other words London makes a horizontal, Paris a vertical division of rich and poor; and since not even the most curious investigator can wantonly climb five storeys, the joyous face of Paris seldom reveals the signs of desolation and misery.

Thus it is that London amazes the returned traveller by its silent, monumental immensity,—amazes and depresses him at the same time. But there is one beauty of London which Paris does not share. London, save when the wind is in the East, has an atmosphere which sanctifies ugliness. Paris is cut out with a hard precision that makes you sigh for the warm, comfortable fog. The colour and aspect of London change a dozen times a day; the colour and aspect of Paris shift only as day turns to night.

But life does not live on picturesque alone: the eye is not sole tyrant of the mind; and when you have weighed London against Paris in the balance of your approval, when you have determined that, while London should best suit the romantic temperament, Paris ought to attract the sympathy of the true classic, one question is still unanswered: where may a man of lofty aspirations and modest income more easily enjoy himself? An answer is difficult, because the preference must depend upon character, prejudice, and temperament. But in the first place an Englishman, before he attempts to resolve his doubt, must put aside the false impression stubbornly created by the newspapers. Of course, if Paris be a common bear-garden, where Jew fights Gentile, and Gentile has no other ambition than the torture of innocent men, it is plainly loathsome and uninhabitable. But Paris is not the city of wild hysteria which her journals represent. Apart from her Press, she is quiet to indifference. A complete absence of censorship has encouraged a set of wild beasts to scurrility, and scurrility is profitable in Paris, as it is profitable wherever it be unlicensed. But Paris lives and smiles in contemptuous toleration of epigrammatic

falsehood; and she may be most resolutely bent upon amusing herself, at the very moment when the rest of Europe suspects a revolution. Of course a revolution is never impossible, because a body of Frenchmen may always lose control of its nerves. Yet disturbance is an episode to a life of pleasure, and it does not interrupt our argument to acknowledge that Paris has not the talent of politics. For politics do but touch the fringe of life, and many a bad government has made for gaiety. Which is it then, Paris or London, for a sanely conducted life? As I have said, it depends upon temperament. The one is the home of pleasure, the other of comfort. Paris wears the open smile of joyousness upon her face. London is like a Moorish palace, whose dark, austere outside is a deceptive cloak to the luxury within. The Parisian loves his *café*: the Londoner haunts his club; and while the one sits at a public corner, which for him is the navel of the world, the other rigidly excludes the people, and takes a certain delight in boring himself where no stranger may witness the comfortable process. Thus you may typify the contrast between London and Paris; here the club, there the *café*, which with their different advantages correspond to the difference in the national temperament.

But those who can appreciate a life in the open air will give their suffrages to the boulevards. Many years since Mme. Metternich with perfect justice described Paris as the *cabaret* of Europe, and when so intelligent a people as the Parisians sets itself to the keeping of taverns, its success is triumphant. Nowhere else in the world may you live with the cheap elegance which is universal in Paris. There, indeed, is the art of living understood with absolute cunning.

"The French alone," said Chateaubriand, who was as little blind to his country's qualities as to his country's defects, "the French alone know how to dine with method, as they alone know how to compose a book." It is no doubt a part of their perfect logic. Dinner is an inevitable pleasure; therefore, simple or extravagant, it shall be perfect. Thus in Paris you may vary your experience a hundred times and never be disappointed. If fortune be kind to you and money jingles in your pocket, you may sit in a little window on the Quai des Grands Augustins, and eat such a dinner as London could never design. Or you may admire the white walls and the peerless cook of the *Café Anglais*, whose decadence you need not deplore with the journals so long as the dinner is cooked to a point and the delicate wine soothes your palate. And if fortune frown, are there not a dozen modest taverns hidden in dark streets or darker passages, where you may find (for nothing) such a dinner as few aldermen are permitted to consume? Only on the one hand you must avoid the vast hotels, whose plate-glass dining-rooms are expected to pay a proper percentage, and on the other hand those respectable eating-houses which give you your bill at the door, and which expect you to feed without amenity and with an unhappy despatch.

In the scheme of life, food and drink take up a large and merited space, and this space London denies to our delight. True it is that in the seclusion of a club you may dine with tranquil luxury, but there are times at which the fancy roams and when a row of familiar, contented faces appals the stoutest heart. But where shall we go to beguile our leisure? Where can we find a modest dinner and a bottle of sound wine? Certain restaurants there are where, if you have

a full purse and are dressed for the evening, you may survey the rich man at his dinner. Yet it is not entertaining; surprise is rare either in food or company, and after a very narrow experience both taste and economy suggest a simple steak and an evening paper quietly digested in a solemn corner of Pall Mall.

And when you have drunk your coffee, which is not always palatable in London, where shall you go to amuse yourself? To a music-hall, and be horrified by a raffish vulgarity? To a theatre where you shall hear an actor, who has not learned to speak, mouth the lines of a dramatist, who has not learned to write? No, not even if you can afford half-a-guinea for a seat! In Paris, on the other hand, an evening need never be dull. If the *cafés* tire you with their ceaseless movement, their infinite variety of type and character, then there are a dozen tiny theatres which invite you to entertainment and applause. You may go to the Tréteau de Tabarin, and delight in the topical songs of M. Fursy. If it be the summer, you may dine in the open air of the Ambassadeurs, and listen to Yvette or her successor. Or you may drive into the Bois, and listen as you drink your coffee in an enchanted pavilion to the wild strains of gipsy music. Or you may go to the Théâtre Français and marvel at the beautiful simplicity of a traditional art. Or you may see Sarah Bernhardt in her repertory, and even with luck you may witness this generation's supreme triumph of dramatic art, Coquelin as Tartuffe. All these joys are possible to you for a modest sum, and if they please not your idle taste, then there is the *café*, and still the *café*, and the *café* till one in the morning.

In London, then, life is solemn and demure. The unwonted comfort, the unusual calm persuades us to the dis-

cussion of literature or philosophy. It compels us to exchange dominoes for whist, a chance acquaintance for a solid friendship. A library soon takes the place of the *café*, and the home-comer is seduced by the sterner pleasures of virtue from the habit of trivial idleness. Which is better? Again I say it is a matter of temperament. Which is cheaper? Paris assuredly. For on the banks of the Seine, if no business disturb your leisure, you may buy twice as much for your money as on the banks of the Thames. There, indeed, you need not count your income for an inexorable tax; you need not starve yourself to pay such a rent as will claim you the respect of your fellows. For you may live, in Paris, where you will and at what altitude suits your convenience. And if you be really poor the payment of a single glass will give you shelter, and newspapers, and amusement for a whole afternoon. Then if the chase amuse you, you may wander up and down the Quais, hunting the rare books which now and then escape notice at the bottom of the box. Your bag is likely to be small: you may tramp many an unrewarded mile; but while there are trees overhead, the river is at your feet, and the collector will find it more amusing to turn over the cheap novels which may conceal a treasure, than to study the cold type of a bookseller's catalogue. In brief, if there were no such thing as nationality, no such virtue as patriotism, I should say, by all means take care to be born in London and, once grown to man's estate, to spend your life in Paris.

But happily there is a virtue called patriotism, there is a sentiment which endears to your heart an ugly prospect and a bad dinner. A tough steak may evoke a pleasant memory, and even were it not for the splendid character of London there would

be a reason for living out your days in your native land. To be abroad in a time of stress is for a man of spirit an intolerable affliction. How can we listen with equanimity to the partial (or impartial) discussion of a situation which involves our country's honour? The man who wakes up in his own land has at least a sense of home; the trees, the birds, the roads of the country, the cabs, the clubs, the parks of town are all familiar to him. Beyond that, he knows, if he have any faith in the government of the hour, that he can endorse the collective opinion of his fellow-men. So he may go through life with his nerves calm, and with no single bristle of antagonism on end. Moreover, he may enjoy the pleasure of a simple, unconstrained friendship, in which

silence is as highly privileged as speech, and in which a sign is as clearly intelligible as words. Nor can these advantages ever be counter-balanced by material luxury. In a strange city an Englishman may make many pleasant acquaintances; he will rarely make a single sincere friend. None the less the years spent abroad will be profitable beyond their momentary enjoyment; for absence reveals the less obvious virtues of our own land, and provides a standard of measurement, which the home-keeping man will ever lack. Moreover, London for two reasons is superior to Paris as it is superior to all cities in the world. It is inhabited by Englishmen, and through it flows the incomparable Thames.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE STATE OF SUZERAINTY.

At the present crisis there should be no apology needed for trying to ascertain the precise signification of the term Suzerainty. Perhaps *precise* is rather a rash word, if we may judge by the remarkably diverse opinions held by statesmen and lawyers as to the attributes which distinguish a suzerain Power. A few extracts from the debates which took place in Parliament, when the terms of the Convention made between this country and the South African Republic in 1881 were discussed, will be sufficient to convince the reader how little finality there is about the bare expression. Lord Selborne, then Lord Chancellor, gave it as his opinion that Suzerainty meant that the suzerain was lord-paramount of the people who were subject to his vassalage: that the control of the foreign and frontier relations essentially distinguished a paramount Power; and that no war could be made upon adjoining native tribes, and no treaty concluded with foreign Powers, except by the authority of the suzerain. From this it may be inferred that the Chancellor considered that a vassal State had full control over its internal affairs, an inference supported by Lord Kimberley's intimation that the word imparted the assignment to the vassal of "independent power as regards its internal government." On the other hand, Lord Cairns, a past Lord Chancellor and a lawyer of at least equal eminence, after quoting Sir Evelyn Wood's statement, that the country was to have entire self-government as regards its own interior affairs, but that it could not take action against or with an

outside Power without permission of the suzerain, expressed his belief that the reservation of foreign relations did not sufficiently define the meaning of the word, for if it were so, the sovereignty of Great Britain would be suzerain of Afghanistan in consequence of the arrangement with the Amir; while Lord Salisbury suggested that the existence of Suzerainty did not preclude interference with the internal affairs of the vassal.

Where the divergence of opinion among the doctors is so wide, the ordinary man must tread with care, more especially when he finds that the text-books on International Law treat this question somewhat lightly. The conclusion one is forced to is that, although the fundamental conditions of Suzerainty are definite enough, there are a number of incidents which vary materially in each individual instance; and this conclusion is substantiated by a writer whose special province is outside the Law of Nations. The truth of the matter possibly is that the term was introduced into International Law from the feudal system, in which it originated, as a convenient method of describing a connection existing between two States, one of which had certain rights of control over the other, without a very definite conception of the limitation which should be placed on its use.

In Calvo's *DICTIONNAIRE DE DROIT INTERNATIONAL* we find that the term Suzerainty was employed in the Middle Ages to describe the position of an over-lord who owed justice and protection to his vassals, while they, in

return, owed him homage, followed him to war, and paid him various kinds of dues. The term may have borne this looser meaning at a comparatively late period of the feudal era, but a more exact, and probably more correct definition of the position originally occupied by the suzerain is afforded by Pothier. Tenure in full fief and in under fief, the latter informs us, are thus distinguished: a heritage is held in full fief from a seignory when allegiance is due directly to the lord of the seignory; when allegiance is not due directly to the superior lord, but is owed to a vassal of the seignory, then there is an under fief. The holder in full fief is called simply vassal in relation to the lord of the seignory, and the lord, in relation to him, is called lord simply. The holder of the under fief is called under vassal in relation to the lord of the seignory, and that lord, in relation to him, is called lord paramount (*seigneur suzerain*). The under vassal is not properly the vassal of the lord of the seignory, inasmuch as he has not undertaken any duty towards him, so that the rule applies *vasallus mei vasalli non est meus vasallus*; but he may and will effectively become vassal in case of the reuniting of his fief with that of which it is held, or in case the lord reunites with his own holding that of his immediate vassal.

As the term has been incorporated into International Law it evidently approaches more closely to the definition given by Calvo than to that of Pothier, and it is obvious, if some of the acknowledged cases of the relationship of suzerain and vassal are carefully considered (those of Turkey to Roumania or Egypt, for instance, and of Great Britain to the Transvaal) that the reciprocal duties are by no means identical. Mr. Hall, in his work on International Law, treats the

relationship in a very general manner. States under the Suzerainty of others are, he says, portions of the latter, which during a process of gradual disruption, or by the grace of the sovereign, have acquired certain of the powers of an independent community, such as that of making commercial conventions, or of confirming the appointment of foreign consuls. Their position differs from that of confederated or protected States, inasmuch as a presumption exists against their possession of any international capacity. A member of a confederation, or a protected State is *primâ facie* independent, and consequently possesses all rights which it has not expressly resigned; a State under Suzerainty, being admittedly part of another State, has those rights only which have been expressly granted to it, and the assumption of larger powers of external action than those which have been distinctly conceded to it is an act of rebellion. Here Mr. Hall appears to agree with Lords Selborne and Kimberley that the vassal State is entitled to the independent management of its internal affairs. His description of the relative positions of suzerain and vassal will, however, scarcely harmonise with all the cases in which the relationship exists or has existed, and Dr. Stubbs, in an article in THE LAW MAGAZINE for 1882, has provided us with more detailed and exhaustive information on this intricate question.

States subject to vassalage may be divided into two classes, according to whether the vassalage is unmodified by express terms (is a *nude vassalage*, as it has been called), or the vassalage has been modified by express terms of a more or less onerous description. As regards the former class there is, it appears, practical unanimity among the authorities, whether they be writers on Inter-

national Law generally, or have more particularly considered the subject of national seignory, that States falling within it do possess the status of international persons. This view presents some difficulty, for clearly the possession of sovereign rights should entitle the possessors to external as well as internal control, and it is questionable how far a State which is in a condition of vassalage to another can be said to have control of its external relations. Dr. Stubbs, however, considers the position of the States in this class as closely analogous to that of persons who under the feudal system rendered plain or simple homage, which involved only the obligation to be faithful and to render service in war by deputy.

If it be necessary to determine which of the three kinds of homage (*i.e.*, ordinary, plain, or liege) was the one due from a sovereign vassal, it will appear that it could only be the plain or simple homage, the *homagium feudale*. Réal, indeed, says that the simple homage is the kind rendered by those who, without being by the nature of their fiefs in any dependence on another prince, yet render homage for the purpose of obtaining protection. This is exactly the case of the sovereign vassal States. . . . Whether the form of simple homage was that adopted in the case of sovereign vassalages or not is, however, of little consequence. It is sufficient to recognise that the special characteristics of the other two kinds of homage were from the nature of the seignories absent in the case of sovereign vassalages, and that their duties were therefore only fidelity, respect, and such service as one sovereign State can render to another.

That service with the suzerain in time of war was, and still may be a condition of such a vassalage, is proved by the fact that Egypt sent a military contingent to the assistance of Turkey in the Turko-Russian War; but the liability to the jurisdiction of the suzerain, involved in both ordinary and liege homage, has

always been absent from the relationship of Suzerainty and vassalage between States, as is clear from the case of the Transvaal, where the right of appeal to Her Majesty in Council determined as soon as that State became autonomous. And plain homage being the rule as between States, it would seem to be beyond dispute that, where there have been no express conditions limiting the rights of the vassal, the vassal State is regarded as *de facto* sovereign, and possesses in full all the rights consequent on the attributes of sovereignty, subject only to a restriction against the exercise of those rights in a manner derogatory to the due rendering of fidelity, service, and respect to its suzerain. It possesses the right of embassy, both towards its suzerain and to foreign States, the right of negotiation and of entering into treaties, the right of making wars and alliances with third Powers, though the two last rights must not be exercised to the prejudice of the suzerain Power. In the instance of war, the duty of fidelity would apparently forbid the vassal to take up arms against the suzerain, but since, as Dr. Stubbs observes, "Suzerainty gives no right of interference with the affairs of the vassal, but only to certain services, so an attempt to interfere with its freedom or other privileges may, it is presumed, be justly repelled by force." This, of course, does not prevent the suzerain from intervening in the internal affairs of its vassal in those cases in which it would be lawfully entitled to intervene in those of a State of its own standing, in order, for instance, to protect its subjects from ill-usage, or where the misgovernment of the vassal State is such as to react injuriously on the prosperity of the suzerain. It shows, however,

that the title of Suzerainty alone is not sufficient to justify intervention, except where the ordinary meaning of the word has been modified by express agreement between the suzerain and vassal Powers.

The extent to which service is due from the vassal State to its suzerain is deserving of a moment's consideration. It is perfectly clear that such service must always be rendered when the suzerain is in extremity, since that is a necessary corollary from the duty of mutual protection essential to the condition of vassalage; and it would seem that assistance is bound to be rendered during the continuance of all wars waged by the suzerain State, if such assistance is required. "As all vassals owed service," writes Dr. Stubbs, "limited or unlimited, personal or by deputy, without reference to the danger of the suzerain, but merely to his need, the service must therefore have been due in every war waged by the suzerain, and vassal States should be equally liable, while, as has been shown in the case of Naples, the practice appears to bear out the principle."

To come now to the second class of vassalage: where vassal States have been erected capable of sovereignty, the question whether they are or are not actually sovereign may become a matter of some perplexity. The vassal is clearly a sovereign State if so defined by the terms of the convention of settlement. When in former times princes intended to create non-sovereign vassals, they in most cases expressly reserved the sovereignty to themselves. The inference accordingly was that sovereignty, if not verbally retained, was included in the grant and became an attribute of the vassal seignory. It would, however, seem to be a fair presumption at the present day, that if the suzerain Power is found to be in the exercise of some

of the rights which would naturally belong to the vassal were it a sovereign State, sovereignty has been reserved by the suzerain, and we may take it that there are few instances of Suzerainty in modern times in which there has not been, in one way or another, a reservation of the abstract rights of sovereignty from the grant. Where this reservation has been made, where, in other words, the Suzerainty is not plainly nominal, the vassal State can, of course, only exercise such rights as have been granted to it by the instrument to which it owes its existence.

The liabilities already mentioned as attaching to nude vassalages, attach equally, it need hardly be said, to States whose vassalage is not of so nominal a character. What, however, are the rights of sovereignty which may be deducted from the grant without creating nude vassalage on the one hand, or complete subjection on the other, it is rather difficult to determine. The vassal State must obviously be allowed some power of internal control to remove it from the second category, while it would seem probable that all, and not merely some of, the external or international rights of sovereignty must be retained by the suzerain, if the latter is desirous of maintaining any real control over its vassal's actions. The relation between Egypt and the Porte is fairly representative of the second kind of vassalage, and shows in addition how Suzerainty may undergo subsequent modification in one direction or the other. In 1840 the administration of the Pachalic was granted by the Sultan of Turkey to Mehemet Ali and his descendants in the direct line, with the right to collect and retain to his own profit taxes and customs, and to maintain military and naval forces. But complete internal control was not granted ;

there was no right of legislation, and the laws of the Ottoman Empire were to apply to Egypt. The powers then conferred were confirmed and extended at various subsequent dates, and complete autonomy, including the right of legislation, was given by a firman of 1867, even to the extent of entering into arrangements with foreign agents in furtherance of the financial and commercial interests of the country. The original sovereign rights of the Porte were, however, expressly reserved, and Egypt could

conclude no treaties with any political signification.

From what has been said it will be understood that Suzerainty is a word which may express very distinct degrees of relationship between the parties which it connects; but if the bare term does not convey very precise information as to the rights and duties existing in a particular instance, it at least indicates the limits within which those rights and duties may be sought for.

TEMPLAR

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST.

THE life of an Englishwoman in one of the little wooden towns away out on the American prairies must, I am bound to say, be described as monotonous ; while, if she cannot adapt herself to circumstances and make the best of her surroundings, her fate is indeed pitiful. Housekeeping is a very simple affair, when the household goods are kept at an irreducible minimum with no opportunity of throwing away money on furniture, for the good reason that there is none to be got in the place ; and when all your rooms are on the ground-floor, in case of danger from fire, there is little trouble in keeping things straight. Shopping is an impossibility, and in the matter of clothes, all you have to do is to wear out the stock of old ones which you brought with you. Cooking is of the sort called plain, and your only trouble is to be able to provide variety enough.

With the Canadian women, the case is different. Their whole time is occupied in multiplying labour about the house ; they bake their own bread, and are adepts at wonderful cakes built up in different-coloured layers ; when they sit down, they are for ever sewing or knitting, making useless articles with which they adorn their bedrooms or decorate the walls ; books they never look at, and when nothing else remains, they upset the whole place in order to put it to rights again.

I knew one farmer's wife who made about ten different kinds of preserves from the various wild berries that grow in the bluffs, and when you can

buy such delicacies for a trifle, and capital bread from some excellent woman in town for a dollar a dozen, it would be foolish to bother about it yourself. You might amuse yourself with rearing fowls and getting eggs when there were none to be procured for love or money ; and of an afternoon in summer you might wander over the prairie in search of wild flowers, many of which are the originals of those growing in the gardens at home. Sometimes there was a dance at a farmer's house in the country, or a picnic to the Qu'appelle valley when work was slack in the fine weather ; otherwise there was nothing but whist, and that generally involved an expedition to some Englishman's house at a distance ; though I confess I have known Jack on an election-day to suspend the polling for half-an-hour or more, on the ostensible ground that voters were not coming in, but really for the purpose of retiring to a back-room with the election-clerk and the poll-clerk (both English, needless to say,) for the sake of a quiet rubber. But this, I think, exhausts the list in a general way, and afterwards you must fall back upon the study of the ways and customs of the natives.

In the face of such monotony it will be readily seen that a very slight cause is hailed as an excuse for a diversion, and on this particular occasion, it was that simple but obtrusive matter, a tooth-ache. Is that all, you ask ? Then why not go into the next street and find the nearest dentist ? Quite so, but in the first place, there were no streets at the

Hump, and in the second, there was no dentist. The nearest was Ozanne, a desultory young man who had found his way out from the Channel Islands and located at Poplar Bluffs,¹ about twenty miles east on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Like everybody else he had taken up land, though knowing absolutely nothing about farming, and having exhausted his funds before leaving the old country, in a vain endeavour to manage a theatre in a provincial town, he had to fall back on his profession to eke out a living, visiting the different settlements once a month or so with a little black bag. But as tooth-ache would not wait for a casual dentist, there was nothing for it but an expedition on one's own account.

Fortunately there was no trouble about getting a train out, for Buffalo Hump was an important point on the railway where the freight-trains stayed over all night and were made up afresh to start east and west in the morning. There was no other train but the mail which went east in the middle of the night, and that was out of the question. So having left Jack with a cold prairie-chicken and an apple-pie,—a flat one baked in a tin-plate, Canadian fashion, and made of course with evaporated apples cut in rings, for the bouncing red-cheeked article was unknown out West in those times—I made my way over to the station a little before six, and after groping about the yard among the trucks, and dodging various engines which were clanging their bells and running to and fro in an aimless fashion, I discovered the freight-train by accident on an out-of-the-way line of rails, and climbed up into the caboose. There are no

passenger-cars on these trains, so you have to do the best you can with the conductor's car, which is coupled on behind, and appears to serve him and his mates for sleeping-room, kitchen, and living in general, while odd benches fill occasional spaces at the sides of the car.

There was a fine aroma of fried bacon, which made me feel quite hungry (one is mostly hungry on the prairie) and the conductor was engaged in cleaning his frying-pan and tidying the place, while his two or three friends were preparing to enjoy their early cigar, which however they carefully returned to their breast-pockets when I appeared, for these men are always very polite. They gave me the best seat in the caboose, which was a home-made chair built entirely of wood and far more comfortable than any you can buy at a London shop, the back being high and fixed at the correct angle for producing sleep, the seat sloping gently towards the rear, and the sides at the exact height at which you can rest your arms.

In one corner of the caboose is a flight of iron steps leading up to a look-out place where there is an official turn-about easy chair for the conductor, and windows all round above the roof of the car, and here you have a full view of the prairie. After the train had rolled slowly out of the yard, with no other warning than the solemn clanging of the deep-toned engine-bell, and we had got well away from the houses and round Dead-Horse Hill, he asked if I would like to sit up there. Would I not indeed!

The sun was shining out of an absolutely clear sky, as it does for weeks together, and the vista of gently-rolling prairie sometimes stretched for miles on each side of you, until it sunk into the horizon. The train wound its way along in

¹ Bluffs is a Canadian misnomer for wooded country, as distinguished from the open prairie; it by no means signifies rocky or hilly ground.

front like a great serpent over the single line of rails visible far ahead until lost to view in a wider curve than usual. After a while the bluffs on the Indian Reserve came near on the left, the sun shining on the light trunks of the young poplars, a favourite spot for the farmers when they wanted to appropriate a load of wood without any risk of discovery. Prairie-fires, however, were sadly reducing the trees, and nobody seemed to interfere to prevent this destruction. Sometimes the remains of a last year's hay-stack were seen near the line, surrounded by the fire-break which some careful man had ploughed, and once we had to call a halt while the conductor and fireman dropped down to drive some cattle off the track, for they will often run along in front of the train on the clear space ahead, instead of having the sense to sheer off. Half-way on the journey we came to sidings, where some day there would be a station, and here was an empty car being loaded with trusses of fresh hay by some lucky man who had secured a Government contract for the Indian Department, or the Mounted Police perhaps. As we got near Poplar Bluffs the woods closed in on each side, giving the place an entirely different appearance from the approaches to the Hump, where we had respectable hills on both sides of us; but along the whole distance not a sign of a human habitation was there beyond a solitary Indian *teepee* in a sheltered creek, thanks to the short-sighted policy of the Dominion Government in reserving the land from settlement for a considerable distance, never less than a mile, on both sides of the railway. Certainly this gave you a good idea of the original wilderness, but none whatever of improvements effected by hard-working settlers.

The arrival of a train is the loadstone for all the idlers in a prairie-town, the one thing that connects them with the existence of the great world outside; it was natural therefore that, as I alighted on the platform, I should catch sight of someone I thought I knew. Sure enough, it was Teddy Willoughby, an amiable young Yorkshire giant, whose land was somewhere near here, only he was sneaking off in the direction of the freight-shed. His costume was the picturesque sort of thing that looks so well in a sketch, a broad-brimmed felt hat, that had once been white, cocked on the side of his head, blue flannel shirt and corduroys, and an old blue and black striped smoking-jacket, the property of himself and his brother. He must have seen me as I was getting down, for when I called after him, he stopped and looked ashamed of himself.

"Well, Mrs. Bellasis," said he, "who would have thought of seeing you at this hour of the morning! If I had known you would be here, I should have put my stockings on." And glancing down I saw there was a considerable gap of brown skin between his great unlaced boots and the corduroys.

"But this is the correct costume of these parts, isn't it?" I asked. "Can I get breakfast anywhere?"

"Over at old Busby's; but there'll be no breakfast till eight o'clock."

"Then," said I, "I may as well see the dentist first."

Now Ozanne, having no house of his own, had his quarters at Mugridge's Store, being the sort of man who always depends upon somebody else; but when we got there, the place was still wrapped in slumber.

"He told me I should always find him here at this time of day," I observed.

"Oh yes," said Teddy, "he's here

right enough, because he's in bed;" and after considerable kicking and thumping at the door, a sleepy-looking man made his appearance and let us in. He seemed rather disappointed when he found we had not come to buy him out, and after more thumping at a door at the further end Ozanne showed himself. His consulting-room consisted of a space at the back of the store screened by a curtain, and here he succeeded in ridding me of the offending tooth, having on a previous occasion carefully extracted a perfectly sound one, for which, however, he profusely apologised.

This over, I made for Busby's, a gentleman who was said to have retired from the Civil Service on a pension. Upon making enquiries, I found that he had had charge of the sticks and umbrellas at the National Gallery; I thought I had seen him somewhere.

The hotel was a crazy building of the original prairie sort, put up when lumber was poor and dear, and now in consequence verging on debility. No more disheartening place to drag through a day in could well be imagined. Comfort was an impossibility, for the law of Prohibition being strictly in force, no landlord could afford any outlay for the purpose; his profits were of the smallest, made out of the simplest meals at twenty-five cents apiece, and less if you took a quantity.

In due course a dozen dreary-looking individuals seated themselves at the long table, and breakfast was served, — a ladle-full of porridge slapped into the middle of a plate, then a slice of ham, or a piece of steak cut from an ox that was too old for the plough, and the inevitable tea. The bread and butter, however, were good, and this you might alleviate with molasses, which is to say treacle; but I noticed that the know-

ing ones spread a layer of brown sugar over their bread-and-butter, and made it into a sandwich. I can recommend this plan with confidence.

Upon Teddy turning up again after breakfast, I asked him where I could get any books. What did I want books for? To while away the day until the evening mail passed through. That, he suggested, was perfectly absurd; I had much better go out with them to old McDermot's farm. He was stopping there, and they had come in to get a plough-share sharpened, but it would not be ready yet, so we could go out and come back again before evening.

The chance was not to be missed, for I had often wanted to pry into the *ménage* of the lonely bachelor farmer,—the genuine article as contrasted with the sort who *clurks* it in a village-store all day, and puts in his government requirements by purporting to rush off every evening for half the year, and sleep at his *shack*, paying other men to do the work. I gladly therefore accepted the offer, promising to cook their dinner for them if he would drive me back before evening.¹

Old McDermot turned out to be a brisk young Scotchman of forty or so, and while Teddy and I climbed on to the driving-board McDermot stowed his salt and lard and nails and things into the hay in the bottom of the wagon, and then curled himself up by the side of them to finish his night's sleep. The team of stolid oxen lifted their noses into the air, and off we jolted. There are no reins; the only driving required is to give demoniacal yells at the cattle, and a touch with the stick on the side of the head by

¹ I should perhaps explain that in Canada an assistant in a shop or store is called a clerk, pronounced as *clurk*. A *shack* is any sort of rough wooden hut which such a man might put upon his homestead to do duty for a house.

way of steering them in the right direction.

We crossed the track, and by-and-by got out of the scanty wood on to the open prairie. Here you realised the full glory of the summer day, with a gentle breeze from the west and air that it is pure luxury to breathe. That is the eternal delight of the prairie, which is nowhere else to be surpassed. On and on went the trail, which is nothing but the track worn over the grass into a smooth hard surface by the constant traffic of the farmers going to and from the village. I once read in a book written by an Englishwoman, that "a trail is made by skinning the turf from a strip of ground wide enough to allow two vehicles to pass each other." How she could possibly conceive that such an amazing piece of work could be accomplished, who would have the ordering of it and the settlement of the route over miles of wilderness, or who would do the actual ploughing, when men mostly cannot find time to plough fire-guards for their own stacks and buildings, passes my comprehension. Besides, turning over the light soil would only result in a thick dust-track in dry weather and in mud when it was wet, with a rank crop of coarse weeds on each side.

After a while something seemed to go wrong with the oxen; they stood stock still, and refused to move a step further.

"Mrs. Bellasis," said Teddy, "may I swear? It's hopeless to attempt to go on any longer like this, for they don't understand politeness." I begged him to make himself understood and then he poured forth a volley of unintelligible uproar, which possibly was in the Yorkshire dialect, but it had the desired effect, and there were no more stoppages.

Every now and then prairie-chickens would flutter up and off with a rush,

making Teddy lament the want of his gun,—which is the usual thing, when you have the chance of a shot; and another time a great skunk came tearing along, though fortunately too frightened to come near. In one spot, not more than a hundred yards from the trail, we saw a couple of foxes sitting at the mouth of their earth with their cubs playing around them, quite undisturbed at the sight of us. Beyond this there were no signs of life, which is the thing that astonishes one most in a long drive like this away from the railway-track. You know that the prairie is dotted with settlers, for you have the evidence of the wagon-trail before your eyes, with fainter trails branching off every now and then; but it is rare indeed to catch sight of a shanty, or a struggling field of young wheat or oats. All is still and wild and desolate; and here and there the trail will wind past a lonely slough in a hollow surrounded by flowering willows, and there the grass would be long, and much sought after by the farmers for the winter's hay.

At last Teddy announced that the house was in sight, though I could see nothing like it. There was a mound not far off covered with sods, which might have been a heap of turf, or a stack of firewood, or roots, but certainly not to be recognised for anything else. Nevertheless it turned out to be the house, but the trail had led us round to the back, and the entrance was on the other side.

Farm-houses on the prairie are of various kinds, according to the means of the farmer; this was of the dug-out order, though not entirely, for the dug-out pure and simple is hollowed out of the side of a hill, like a cave, the sides and roof being shored up as you dig inwards. It was about half-underground, a wide slope leading

down to the doorway, where a lot of fowls were patiently waiting to be fed, the window being long and narrow and level with the ground on the outside.

It was a fairly big comfortable room, with furniture of the box, board, and nail-keg order. The covering of sods which I had seen formed the outside of the roof, and these had been skilfully laid on branches, and compacted together to keep out the cold and wet. The upper part of the hut was of logs, and inside, across the middle, was a great beam supported by the trunk of a tree firmly fixed into the ground, which was trampled quite hard and smooth, so that it could easily be swept with a broom. The sunshine poured in at the window, and the place looked as cheerful and pleasant as one could wish, perfectly clean and tidy, with the bunk in the corner at the further end concealed by chintz curtains drawn across it. McDermot was evidently a careful Scot. There was a book-shelf with a few books, the usual easy-chair made out of a barrel, and the table was another barrel with a couple of boards laid across the top. Besides a big sheet-iron stove, the rest of the furniture consisted mainly of boxes, bags, and harness, but everything was stowed away in its place.

Standing against the pillar in the middle was a barrel of flour, and on the top of this an orthodox paste-board. Hanging on long nails driven into the pillar were the rolling-pin, tin mug, an iron spoon, and a dipper, all used for cooking. When first McDermot showed me the flour-barrel, it struck me as a capital arrangement to have the flour so handy; but upon finding that every time you wanted to get a little more flour you had to shift the whole outfit, I concluded the plan was not worth adopting.

Without wasting time, I asked him what there was for dinner. "There's bacon," was the answer, "and you can perhaps make some biscuits."

"Make biscuits without an oven! Haven't you any bread?"

"No, we never have any bread;" and then he instructed me in the mystery of cooking biscuits in a frying-pan. The bacon was hanging on the wall, in the shape of two sides of a pig, one of which was in process of reduction. To carve this was beyond my strength, so getting out from some corner a long pointed knife, he slashed off seven or eight great rashers about a foot long, and fetched an enormous frying-pan big enough to wash a baby in. Then he produced a tin pail of lard, a jar of salt, some tin plates and cups, brought in a great armful of firewood, and went off with Teddy to look after the oxen, and possibly to make themselves presentable for dinner, leaving me in possession for an hour.

The cooking was all done on the top of the stove, where there were several large holes for pots and pans, in one of which stood a great kettle of water. The bacon was not like the toothsome article of commerce, and had to be fried in water, because of the particular way in which it was cured.

While the bacon was frying, I set to work on the biscuits, as the Canadians call them in their slipshod fashion, for they are really nothing but cakes made in the ordinary way like piecrust, and then fried with lard. The only thing I ever saw in the North-West in the shape of biscuits were called crackers. I made a good heap of these, each as big as a saucer; but they took a tremendous time to cook, and by the time they were ready, and a great pot of tea made, the men came back. Then,

serving out all round a slab of bacon and a biscuit, and a mug of tea without milk or sugar, all round, we fell to work. They said they enjoyed that dinner, and had never had such biscuits before.

After dinner McDermot proceeded to wash up, and Teddy and I adjourned to a long bench against the front of the hut. At this spot the prairie was a perfect garden of wild flowers; pink and yellow balsam, sun-flowers, Michaelmas daisies, twice as big as those in the gardens at home, and red and yellow lilies as large as a tea-cup. Here I sat and rested, made a few sketches, and by plying Teddy with a hundred questions, added to my general stock of information.

Soon, however, it was time to think of jogging back to the railway again; the oxen were hitched up, and I said good-bye to the Scotsman, promising to send him down a couple of Plymouth Rocks when I got home, if I could spare them. In the intervals of bellowing at the cattle, Teddy enlivened the journey by whistling, and finally, plucking up his courage, he shouted some of his Yorkshire songs, though the only one I can call to mind was when he apostrophised the prairie in general with *Do ye ken John Peel?* at the top of his voice. But there was no reply, and when after a while we overtook an Indian stalking across from a slough, with an old gun across his shoulder, and Teddy yelled the question at him, the Red Man only stared and said "Bo' jo'," and then held up a couple of prairie-chickens which he offered me for a *shunyias* (shilling). I handed him over a twenty-five cent piece, which would doubtless be exchanged for tea of the sort kept by the storekeepers to suit the Indian taste, coming out

very black and strong in the brewing.

As we jogged along we were fortunate enough to see one of those strange sights in the sky which seem so frequent on the prairie in comparison with those on this side of the water; and this was the strangest thing in this whole day of (to me, at least) strange experiences. It was a couple of sun-dogs, *parhelia*, I see they are called in the scientific books, though both names are equally vague to me. The sun was on its downward journey, and halfway between it and the horizon was a smaller and paler sun, with another exactly similar the same distance above; but there was no connecting band of light, as in most of the pictures of this curious phenomenon, which remained steady in the sky until we got in to Poplar Bluffs.

I caught the Western mail and reached the Hump about nine, when I was gratified to find the house had not been burnt down, and that the fowls were locked up to secure them from the attacks of foxes, as they were called for the sake of euphony. Jack was hard at work in his office copying out a long paper from Prideaux's CONVEYANCING, while on the other side of the table sat a smooth-faced young Englishman, steadily turning over the pages of a volume of PUNCH of the Du Maurier period, which was kept for such purposes.

Some days after, I was surprised to receive a letter from one McDiarmid, thanking me for the fowls which I had sent him. I concluded that this must be the full-dress name of the owner of the dug-out, and I wondered whether it would possibly occur to anybody but a Scotsman that such a simple word as McDermot could properly be spelled McDiarmid.

WOOD WILLIAM.

TWENTY years ago you might have seen him standing on the downs near Chipping Olds, with a couple of lean dogs at his feet and the best flock of Cotswolds in Gloucestershire grazing within sight. He rested always upon his tall crook, and stared fixedly under shaggy eyebrows across the rich marsh-land beneath him to the tower of Alberstone Church above the river. In summer-time he was there all day, and often most of the night; and in the worst of weather he was not far off. For his lonely cottage and the field where he penned his sheep were close by, and they too faced westward to Alberstone.

He was a silent man and stern. Not even his dogs were intimate with him, though they knew his wishes before he uttered them. The expression in his eyes was that of a man who is always listening; listening, one might think, for the voice of Nature, with whose moods his fifty years of shepherding had brought him familiarity, not unmixed with contempt. For, could he have put his thoughts into words, he would have told you that Nature is a faithless, empty-pated wench, who promises many things which she never means to perform. When a man has borne with her tempers and welcomed her smiles for fifty years, for the sake of his sheep, he has a right to expect that she will reveal to him, for his own sake, some of the real meaning of her vagaries; that she will tell him why she has played her wanton tricks not only upon the flock, but upon the shepherd too. In the twilight of his half-conscious rustic

mind Wood William was for ever asking one question; on breathless summer afternoons, when the valley quivered in the heat and the Welsh hills beyond the Severn seemed to pant for air; on winter nights, when the cold stars looked down on the sheep huddled close in a corner of the single scrap of brown in a world of white. But Nature never answered him. Occasionally his eyes would gleam under lifted brows; a flash of grateful intelligence would cross his face; then, as the stern silence settled down on him again, he would shake his head in resignation.

Twice a month, at Marlbury Market or Brentwood Fair, he might be seen in public; a noticeable figure, not only because he clung to the dress that his fathers wore, a white smock, white breeches and gaiters and a rough beaver hat, nor for his quaint air of bewilderment, which gave the impression that he had looked too long across the valley and could not now bring his eyes into focus on any nearer object. Everyone knew him and everyone welcomed him, for it was common fact that in all the Marlbury Level there was no such knowledge of the points of a sheep, and no authority on their treatment so valuable, as that of Wood William. Man after man would seize his arm, and lead him, as if he were blind, to the pens that ran down the side of the street. A question would be asked; with incomparable shrewdness William would lean on the rail in thought, and then in one sentence give a maxim that might save his disciple £10 on

the deal, or the life of a whole flock.

Yet, when he stood erect once more and wandered off with the air of a blind man upon him again, the disciple nine times out of ten would shake his head, saying: "Ah! there be a judge of a sheep, if thou like. 'Tis a pity 'e be a wood un."

For all were agreed that William Thursfield was *wood*, or mad. If so, his was an honourable madness, the madness of Don Quixote or King Lear, which is born of the strife of high ideals with the petty bunglings of Nature or Fate. For, all unknown to himself, he was full of high thoughts, inherited, perhaps, from some long dead member of the great family he alone survived to represent. He could not see things quite as other people saw them, and the considerations which determined the conduct of his neighbours he passed over as trifles. He was an idealist, blinking in the twilight of a material world.

His parents died when he was but a boy, and he lived alone on the heights, with no desire for companionship, until he was nearly forty. Then he fell in love, suddenly and violently, as lonely men will. Betsy Riddle was his exact opposite, a showy, full-blooded woman of twenty-two, with a lawless tongue and a smutched reputation. But William was blind to her faults, seeing in her, as his habit was, something that other people could not see. He had no mother or sister to give him the disturbing results of a woman's intuitive power of reading character, and the ribald jokes made by the men at market or fair he disregarded altogether, or turned aside with a counter-accusation of jealousy. Then it was that he was first called *wood*, and possibly deserved the name; for he contrived to maintain his faith in

Betsy, even after her visit to him on the eve of their wedding, when she told him without a blush that circumstances compelled her to throw him over and marry his scapegrace cousin Jacob.

After that he was more alone than before. Day after day he tended his flock in silence, dumbly asking of wanton Nature, not only why she suffered his sheep to die of damp or drought, of heat or cold, but a new and more personal question,—why she had delivered Betsy into the hands of a man who would starve and beat her, and in time break her heart.

Jacob Thursfield justified his reputation. He set to work at once to beat and starve his wife; and if he could not break her heart, he at least cudgelled her rebellious spirit into submission. While her husband was roystering far and wide over the county, the wretched woman stayed in her wretched home, to do any odds or ends of scantily-paid labour that might keep her from utter starvation. Her many children, with the exception of the eldest boy, died soon after birth; her beauty left her; in a few years she became an old woman, grey-haired and haggard.

During those years, however, William never saw her. Jacob had taken her to live in one of the ruinous hovels that crouch behind the single street of Chipping Olds; and while William never entered the town, Betsy could never leave it. Thus it came to pass that he thought of her still as the merry wench he had courted. The stories of his cousin's behaviour, which were repeated to him at market and fair, seemed to make no impression on his mind. He would shake his head and mutter something inaudible, apparently not realising what was told him; certainly unaware that

he was gaining for himself the titles of close-fisted and mean.

"'E be worse nor 'is namesake, the old Miser of Alberstone," said his friends. "The old un at the Court ain't got no kith nor kin, but them childern o' Betsy Riddle's be William's own cousins, and the old skinflint 'ld see 'em starve afore 'e 'ld put 'is 'and in 'is pocket for 'em."

"Ah! but 'e be a grand judge of a sheep."

"Aye, 'e be that, sure enough."

One July market, however, when the farmers were busy looking out for extra hands for the coming harvest, William Thursfield, sauntering down Marlbury street about midday, saw a hungry woman trying to find a master for a thin overgrown boy of ten or eleven years. William would have looked through and beyond the group, as was his wont, and passed by without seeing it, but that something in the woman's face compelled him to stop. He stared at her for a moment, and turned to a man who stood near him. "Simeon," he said slowly, like a man unused to talking, "who be that? That 'oman, the one tryin' to 'ire out the 'odmedod?"

"Thou don't know, William? Why, that be thy cousin-in-law, Betsy Riddle as was."

"'Er, Betsy Riddle?" he cried. "Then—then where be Jacob?"

"Jacob? 'E be in gaol, William, —four weeks 'ard for poachin' on the Miser's,—Bond Wood it were."

"Ah."

The giver of information hoped for further speech on the subject of Betsy Riddle. He wanted to impress upon William the general view of his conduct in neglecting his relatives, and looked, at least, for a good story to tell afterwards. But William had suddenly become unapproachable. A farmer, to whom the woman spoke, moved away laughing scornfully at

the sickly boy: Betsy turned wearily up the street, searching for someone else to engage him; but Wood William's eyes remained fixed on the spot where she had stood. His friend stared at him in amazement, and left him with a compassionate shake of the head.

Late in the evening the shepherd stood before Jacob Thursfield's cottage in Chipping Olds. In spite of the heat the door was shut, and the window covered with the tattered but opaque remnant of a curtain, a pitiful attempt to guard the secrets of the household from the public eye. The room appeared to be lighted with but one candle; and out into the quiet evening shrilled the voices of a scolding woman and a crying child.

William crossed the road and tapped at the door with his crook. The scolding stopped instantly, and the crying hushed to a murmur of sobs. The door was half-opened, and round it peered the haggard face of Betsy Thursfield. "Thou!" she cried. "What do thou want 'ere?" She stepped out on to the threshold, and pulled the door to behind her.

"Aye," said William, "it be I, Bet. Thou won't ask I to step in?"

"Step in? Likely, baint it? Step in, so as thou can see what I've a-brought myself to? Step in, so as thou can see the baby dying for want o' food, and reckon up 'ow much of the furniture Jacob 'ave a-left? And then, like enough, read I a lesson on the mistake I made in 'aving 'im 'stead o' thee!"

William stood silent, bewildered between the accustomed vision of his ideal Betsy and the defiant shrew on the doorstep before him. "I seed 'ee at market to-day, Bet," he said at last.

"And I seed thee, William."

"Thou be ageing, my girl."

"Small wonder, be it? Thou be

just the same as ever, William, not a day older."

She knew from his tone that he had not come to reproach or taunt her. Looking into his gentle dreamy face, she thought of what might have been, and the tears came into her eyes and voice.

"I've a-brought 'ee summat, Bet," said William. His hand dived deep under his smock into his unbuttoned pocket, and he held out to her a small bag of money.

"What be that?" she asked sharply.

"Thy man be in trouble, Bet, and can't work for 'ee, and the children be my own kin."

"I won't put finger to un."

"'Tis but a little, Bet."

"May the grass be green over my bones afore I touch a penny of un!"

"But, Bet, my girl——"

"Never, I says! my pride ain't all gone yet, William. I throwed 'ee over for a worser man, but I'll never 'ave it said as I came back to 'ee for 'elp. I'll go on the parish first!"

He understood her feelings, and the knowledge of her determination was a minute drop of happiness in the cup of his misery; for in the ideal Betsy of his imagination that defiant indomitable pluck was one of the chief elements. Words, as usual, failed him. For a moment he and she stood looking into each other's dim eyes; then he turned quickly away. "Likely I sha'n't be seein' 'ee again, Bet."

"'Tis to be 'oped," was the half-sobbed answer. "I can't abide seein' 'ee now, William."

"Good-night to 'ee, then, my girl."

"Good-night, William."

The door slammed and woke the sleeping infant to fresh wailing.

Once only did Wood William see Betsy again in the flesh. Meanwhile, her visible form was quickly replaced

in his mind by the obstinate dream of her which he knew far better. Harvesting came and went; quiet September days were startled by the crack of guns; golden October flashed by like the fall of a cock-pheasant. The ploughmen chaunted to their teams, the cider-presses rolled and rumbled, the folded sheep rushed madly to and fro as the cub-hunters passed in the dewy morning; and still Wood William lived apart from the world, leaning solitary on his crook. Sometimes he consciously sought for a way to help his cousin's wife; sometimes he mused on the wastefulness of Nature, who had ruined Betsy's life much in the same spirit as she had killed off his most promising lambs in the spring, or suffered the rich valley at his feet to be for centuries a bleak, unfruitful marsh. But connected thought was rare with him; for the most part he stood dumb in mind and body, waiting for he knew not what.

About midday of Christmas Eve, as he was making his way across the down, there struck upon his ears the sound of a distant bell. The booming notes, tossed across the valley by the wind in sets of three, were no call to church, for at Alberstone they were proud of their peal of six. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked out; and there, above the grey woods to the right of the whitewashed tower, he saw something that was no usual part of the view. A flag was flying at Alberstone Court; and even at that distance William could see that it was half-mast high.

The Miser was dead, then! The last of the old family of Thursfield (so people declared him to be, deeming it mere accident that William and his cousin Jacob were Thursfields also,) was gathered to his fathers, and the property, no doubt, would pass to a stranger. And a good thing too,

thought William. That had been more waste; for the broad lands had long lain in the clutch of one who did no good to man or beast, who lived the selfish life of a recluse, while all round him men and women were starving, and the farms going to rack and ruin. Now, no doubt, the place would be bought by some rich man from Bristol, and Alberstone parish would see better days.

Before the new year came William heard the bell tolling for the funeral, and on the next market-day learned that the Miser had left no will. The news did not interest him. He never noticed that he himself was a centre of observation, pointed out by man to man with nods, winks and expressive gestures. Evans, the pettifogging little lawyer, who tried, by means of a big brass plate and unwearied attendance in the Police Court, to push himself into the place in the public confidence held by the older firm of Dawson and Gregg, tracked him up the street, ostensibly to ask his opinion of a hog he thought of buying; but William took no notice of his proffered hand, and answered, with a flash of local wisdom, that a Welshman and a hog were cousins, and he wouldn't interfere in a family matter.

A few days afterward he received a letter from Dawson and Gregg, asking for the favour of an immediate call on business of the utmost importance. It was the time of the birth of the early lambs, and William was busy day and night with the ewes. He had no time to spare to lawyers; and having lighted his pipe with the letter, he thought no more of the subject. But the letter was followed by a second, the second by a third, all pressing the importance of the business; and at last, being obliged to attend the February market, William bethought himself of the lawyers. Finding

their business to hand, he picked his way through the pushing, lowing herds of cattle, that, guarded by small urchins with long sticks, stood prisoned against the very walls of the houses on that side of the market-place. His left hand stroked the nose of a terrified cow, as he knocked with his right at the door of Messrs. Dawson and Gregg's office.

The office-boy saluted him with the graceful sweep of the arm that has given way in less homely places to the curt touching of the forehead; a clerk who was running down the stairs shook his hand and called him "Mr. Thursfield;" and the five or six young men who sat behind the wooden rail in the outer office contended for the honour of bringing him a chair and *THE TIMES*, of hanging in the hall his hat and crook, and hoping that the cold weather did not affect his health. Half-shy and half-contemptuous, the old shepherd looked from one to the other, wondering vaguely why Wood William, the common butt of their humour, had suddenly become Mr. Thursfield, the object of attentive deference.

All was explained when, after a few moments' waiting, he was shown into the senior partner's room. The grey-bearded, fussy little man rose to shake him by the hand; and then, after much hemming and hawing and aimless turning over of documents, came the great announcement.

"Our Mr. Gregg," said the senior partner, "has been investigating the Thursfield pedigree, and has collected, with the exception of one trifling fact, all the evidence necessary to prove that you are the heir to the Alberstone Court property, the late owner of which died intestate and a bachelor." Wood William gasped. "I wish you had been able to call upon us a little sooner, for there is another claimant, for whom—er—we do not act, Jacob

Thursfield, whom I understand to be your first cousin, that is, the son of your father's younger brother. His solicitor, Mr. Evans, has been very busy since Christmas, and we anticipate some little opposition to our view. The property has been sadly neglected, and is heavily encumbered. The late owner, far from being a miser, was a man of most extravagant tastes. But we calculate that the income is sufficient to yield some five or six hundred a year, after paying the mortgage interests."

"And it be mine?"

"Absolutely, if the single piece of evidence we want you to give us turns out satisfactory."

"And if not mine, whose then?"

"Presumably your cousin Jacob's."

William rose from his chair and looked out upon the surging, swaying mob of cattle, the shouting men and screaming children. An idea had suddenly flashed into his mind, and his decision was taken with startling rapidity. He turned and spoke: "Let Jacob 'ave un, then."

"What?" cried the lawyer in amazement.

"Let Jacob 'ave un, I says."

"But, my dear sir, it isn't mine to give to whom I please; it's purely a question of law. If you are the heir, the legal estate is vested in you, whether you will or no."

Brought suddenly face to face with a new and astounding creature, a man who actually did not want a good property, the lawyer was bewildered. He stammered and stuttered, and was on the point of launching forth into further argument, when a clerk tapped at the door. "Mr. Jacob Thursfield to see you, sir."

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Dawson, more bewildered than ever. He would have refused to see the man, had not Jacob already shouldered his way into the room. "'Ello, William,"

he cried with offensive jocularly, and the whole room was filled with the smell of spirits and tobacco. "I've a-caught 'ee at un, 'ave I? Evans, 'e told I not to speak to old Dawson 'ere, nor Gregg, on no account. But I seed 'ee slink in 'ere, and made up my mind to come in and tell 'ee as it bain't no good. That there property be mine."

"Sir, this is an unwarrantable intrusion!" cried Mr. Dawson, but Jacob cut him short. "'Old your tongue, old ram! I do know well enough what you and William be shut up 'ere together for; and I tell 'ee it bain't no good. My father were the elder brother, not William's."

"What?" cried the lawyer. "That's the very point at issue. What proof have you of your statement?"

"Proof? Ask Evans; 'e do know; 'e've a-got 'eaps o' proof. There be two old 'omen at least as be ready to swear to un."

"Tsh!" said Mr. Dawson impatiently; and turning to William he went on. "It is an unfortunate fact, Mr. Thursfield, that the parish registers of Chipping Olds, which alone could prove the point we want, were destroyed by fire in 1837. But I shall want a good deal more evidence than the statement of your cousin or his two old women. Now, have you no records, no documents of any kind, to support your claim?"

Wood William looked to the floor, to the fireplace, to the ceiling, finally at Mr. Dawson. He had opened his lips, as if about to speak, when Jacob burst forth again. "Not 'e! Look at un! my father were the older, and there be no sayin' nay to that."

William rose slowly from his chair, and moved towards the door. "Jacob be right," said he, with his fingers on the handle.

Jacob stared incredulous. Great as was his belief in the power of impu-

dence, he had never expected so easy a victory.

"Mr. Thursfield," cried the lawyer, but too late. William had left the room, taken down his hat and crook from the peg in the hall, and turned away up the street; and the clerk who was sent after him reported that he would not return.

He went straight back to his old spot on the down, and leaning on his crook looked across towards Alberstone. The vague thoughts that drifted through his mind summed themselves at last in a feeling which translated into the language of a conscious thinker, would be a half-hearted apology for having lost sight of what is good in the power that rules men's lives. There might be much waste, much cruelty, in Nature; but he could not think her wholly bad, when she had put into his hands so great a chance of doing good to poor Betsy. It had all been very easy, very simple. A word had made a rich man of his cousin, a rich woman (as he thought) of his cousin's wife; and thus the difficulty of Betsy's pride was overcome. She would never know the truth about the Alberstone inheritance.

When evening fell, he trudged slowly home, and took down from its shelf his great family Bible. There, entered on the fly-leaf by some long-dead Rector of Chipping Olds, were particulars of the marriage of William Thursfield and Anne Symes in 1798, of the birth of William Thursfield in 1800, followed by that of Eli Thursfield, the father of Jacob, in 1803. Their nameless mounds lay near the great yew-tree in Chipping Olds' churchyard. Wood William, then more nobly *wood* than ever, tore the leaf carefully from the book, and pushed it in among the embers of the fire. When the flame of the burning paper had died down,

he smiled. "There, Bet!" he murmured. "It be thine for good and all, then, now."

Of all that went on in Marlbury during the next few days he knew nothing. Dawson and Gregg remonstrated with Evans, Evans insulted Dawson and Gregg; two old women made statutory declarations before Evans, and were compensated with "travelling-expenses" at £5 each for any fear of the law of perjury. The story of William's submission leaked out. His name was tossed from mouth to mouth; he was sealed as wilfully and incurably *wood*, without the pluck to make a fair fight for his claim. But he dwelt alone upon the heights, and heard none of it. Three letters came from Dawson and Gregg: William burned them all; and the firm gave him up in disgust. Jacob entered upon the possession, and Evans upon the management, of the Alberstone property; and far away upon the opposite heights William's heart swelled daily with joy that a good deed had been done.

Jacob soon transformed himself into his own notion of a fine gentleman. His stables were full of horses, and his house of strange guests. He drank, rioted, and gambled from Bristol to Gloucester; and no one heard a word of his wife and only child. The farms fell into greater decay; the tenants left one by one, and the misery of Alberstone parish was doubled. Meanwhile, little Evans was at work. All the mortgages were transferred to his name, and his hold upon the property grew stronger year by year. More and more loans (with ever-rising rates of interest) were necessary to keep pace with Jacob's extravagance; and when, at last, Evans heard that his client had been trying to borrow money of a Bristol solicitor, he thought it time to strike.

All through the three terrible years of Jacob's downfall, Wood William on his distant downs had watched the smoke from the chimneys and the gaudy flag that floated day after day on the tower, and had smiled often to himself, thinking that now, at last, Betsy was happy in the enjoyment of wealth and comfort. No one took the trouble to enlighten him; he lived in his fool's paradise undisturbed.

One morning, however, he saw that no flag was run up on the tower of the Court, no smoke came from the chimneys. Jacob and Betsy were on a visit, no doubt; at the sea-side, perhaps at Aust, or even the New Passage, like rich Bristol folks. They would have taken Tom with them, of course; he must be quite a big lad by now. Poor Betsy! Life would have gone hard with her, but for the Miser's money.

An urchin came whistling across the downs, and handed William a scrap of paper.

"What be this, boy?" he asked. "And who sent 'ee with un?"

"Sent from Alberstone Court with un. You be wanted, Mr. Thursfield."

William opened the note, and looked at it. "Read un out, boy," he said. "I can't see without my glasses."

The urchin read in a loud sing-song voice: "Come and see me to-day. Jacob's gone, and I'm near dead. Betsy."

"Betsy, — Jacob, — near dead, — Jacob gone, does she say? Where be Jacob gone, boy?"

"Done a guy," said the urchin.

"Speak up, boy; I can't 'ear 'ee," said William, not catching the new slang-phrase.

"'E've a-runned away," roared the boy. "Spent all 'is money, and took 'isself off; no one don't know where to."

"And what about Betsy? What about Betsy?"

"Don't know."

William hurried away. The exertion of rapid walking, and his determination not to see, prevented his realising the total failure of his cherished scheme. He was all the more shocked, therefore, on reaching Alberstone Court, after an hour's battle against wind and mud, to see reposing in the hall the portly figure of the local bailiff.

"What, thou, George Gayner!" he cried; and his solemn voice rang hollow round the black panelled walls.

"Aye, William. Sent here by little Evans," said the bailiff, putting a fresh spill to his pipe. "Jacob's 'ooked it."

"And Betsy? Where be Betsy and the boy?"

"Boy, William, what boy?"

William stared blankly in response, and the bailiff turned away with a muttered *Wood!* "Betsy, then!" rang the shepherd's voice, now timid and querulous. "Where be my Betsy?"

"Up-stairs, William. My old 'oman 'ave just gone to get 'er a sup o' broth,—not but what 'er be too far gone to take un."

The shepherd stumbled up the broad Italian staircase, and entered the first room he found in the gallery. There, upon a great old four-post bedstead, lay Betsy Thursfield. She turned a wan and pain-racked face towards him. "William!" she moaned. "Thank 'eaven thou be come!"

"All alone, Bet?" he cried, still haunted with the idea that she was rich. "Where be thy servants, then?"

"Gone, William, gone with the rest of un all! There's been nothing but going for the last two year. First of all, 'twere my boy as died, just as I'd a-got fondest of un. Since

then I ain't noticed much, but one by one things 'ave been going, the 'orses, the servants, the money, and now Jacob 'isself. I've been lonesome, William, sad and lonesome ever since my boy died."

"But thou've a-been 'appy, Bet? Tell us thou've a-been 'appy!"

The dying woman looked round the faded luxury of the great room and sighed. "So long as there were money, I 'ad plenty; 'e didn't stint I o' that. But I've 'ad no love, William, no comfort nor kind words since my boy died." He fell on his knees at her bedside, with bowed shoulders and trembling lips. Taking her hands in his, he tried to chafe them back to warmth. "I were a foolish wench, William, though none so bad as folks did say. I throwed 'ee over for a worser man, and I've a-paid for un. We all of us 'as to pay, but mine was a cruel long price."

"What about I, then?" cried the old shepherd, stung into open revolt by failure. "What 'ave I done to pay for? I done all for the best, and this be what comes of un!"

But there was no time then for

questioning Fate or Nature. All his life afterwards he bore the air of a man listening for an answer that never came; but that moment was not one for thought. Betsy was sinking rapidly. She died quietly in his arms about half an hour after he had entered the room.

Wood William laid her reverently back, and closed her eyes. Her poor pinched face was smiling, as if she were glad that her debt, at last, was paid. But William stood erect, and with outstretched arms hurled his indictment against Nature. "Waste, waste!" he cried. "She and I and the money wasted! All waste!"

He lived for many years after Betsy's death. Day after day he would stand upon the open down, erect and motionless, like a monument to his own dead dreams, with his mind lost, for the most part, in a cheerful abstraction. But now and then, as he caught sight of the smoke from the chimneys of Alberstone Court, the country-seat of a Bristol draper, his old eyes would be troubled, and his snowy head shake sadly.

HAROLD CHILD.

THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE.

Now that the intensity of feeling caused by the reconviction of Alfred Dreyfus has been largely relieved by the knowledge that he is once more a free, though not a rehabilitated man, we may attempt to read the bearings of this remarkable case upon the political condition of France with some approach to judicial calmness. In the heat of a righteous indignation against the crimes of a few individuals, the English Press has in too many instances entered upon a scathing and unmitigated condemnation of the entire French nation, and has run the risk of copying that very violence of language which it deplored in the newspapers of France. Journalists have been too ready to forget that if the Republic has its Henrys and its Beaufort-Lauriers, it has also its Picquarts, Freystatters, Laboris, and Sheurer-Kestners, and that if Sodom was to be spared for the sake of five righteous men, France might still be held not unworthy of honour for the sake of such men as these. Deplorable, no doubt, was the attitude of open hostility or absolute indifference to the claims of justice of the majority of Frenchmen; but hardly less deplorable for a different reason was the tone of the foreign Press, which cannot have failed to militate against the cause which it was honestly but mistakenly intended to serve. Much as we have talked during the last few months of the impossibility of a Dreyfus-case occurring in this country, one cannot feel sure that if Englishmen had been hectored and lectured by the papers of other countries as Frenchmen have been by our papers,

a miscarriage of justice might not have resulted out of a spirit of sheer defiance. One may hope that it would not have been so; one may believe that a body of British officers, placed in the position of the Rennes Court-Martial, would be sufficiently courageous and enlightened to put aside all considerations except those of justice, and to bring in a verdict undisturbed by political and other extraneous considerations. Nevertheless, to be told beforehand what verdict must be given upon evidence not yet adduced, and to be threatened, on the one side with loss of promotion and the scorn of the majority of your countrymen, and on the other with the undying reprobation of the generations to come, might well flutter the nerves of a stronger moralist than the average French officer, or indeed than the average man in any country under the sun. However that may be, it can hardly be questioned that the heated language of the papers outside France made Dreyfus's reconviction more rather than less probable, by irritating the Nationalist Press, and breeding a determination to show the foreigner that Frenchmen are not to be dictated to in the management of their domestic affairs.

That the verdict of the Court Martial was wrong in point of fact is probably true. At the same time, the impartial critic is constrained to admit that there was evidence sufficient to form the basis of an accusation against Dreyfus. He had, it appears, been in the habit of visiting Alsace without a passport at a time when, to the knowledge of his judges,

the passport regulations were exceedingly strict, and the fact that M. Demange (no doubt by an oversight) made no reference to this point in his speech for the defence is said to have had considerable weight with the Court. There was also the evidence heard with closed doors, which, although everything points to its entire unimportance as making for Dreyfus's treason, may, for anything we definitely know, have influenced the minds of the judges. One would, therefore, prefer to ascribe the miscarriage of justice to the faults of a system rather than to the infamy of the judges or to the conscious wickedness of the witnesses for the prosecution. The generals long ago convinced themselves of Dreyfus's guilt, and, like men convinced all the world over, passed lightly over evidence which told against their conviction. They knew it to be a matter of difficulty to obtain in cases of treason evidence which would appear satisfactory to the ordinary man in ordinary circumstances, and were in consequence content to rest their decision upon a groundwork of the most trivial facts, assisted by the widest of presumptions, which in a civil court would have been deemed totally insufficient to establish the guilt of the accused. They were prepared to commit certain illegalities in what they considered to be the interests of the Service, but one may still believe that General Mercier was sincere when he said at Rennes that if he had seen cause to alter his opinion as to the prisoner's guilt since 1894 he would acknowledge his mistake, but that he remained as convinced of Dreyfus's treason in 1899 as he had been five years previously. It is, on the whole, more probable that the generals were men of mediocre intelligence than that they deliberately conspired to defeat the ends of justice out of personal spite towards a

Jew, or from fear of the consequences of past mistakes and irregularities. In the temper of the majority of Frenchmen General Mercier was unlikely to suffer severe punishment for the communication of secret documents to the Court-Martial of 1894, or for the irregularities he had committed since that date; and the errors of the other officers were insignificant by comparison and unlikely to be punished at all.

This view may strike the reader as too favourable to the witnesses for the prosecution, but it seems to afford a loophole for escape from the dilemma in which we are placed by Mr. G. W. Steevens who was present at the trial and heard the whole of the evidence. In *THE TRAGEDY OF DREYFUS* he thus contrasts Colonel Picquart on the one hand, with Major Lauth and Captain Junck, also Alsatians though bitter opponents of Dreyfus, on the other :

It was the most curious problem in life, and the most baffling. Here were the three Alsatians, Picquart, Lauth, and Junck, all equally positive, all equally lucid, all equally convincing; and either the first or the other two must be deliberately and elaborately lying. Only which? Of course the anti-Dreyfusards said Picquart, and the Dreyfusards said Lauth and Junck. But for the man who merely wanted to find out the truth it was blankly hopeless. True, there were two of Lauth and Junck against one of Picquart; on the other hand, it would probably pay twice as well to be on Lauth's and Junck's side as it would to be on Picquart's. If Picquart or Junck be false, and one or other must be, what do you think of men who face their fellows on the most important issue of France's recent history, and in plain, temperate, carefully selected language, without a hesitation, a slip, a discrepancy, a second of confusion, lie steadily for hours? If Lauth be false, what of a man,—it constantly happened in the subsequent days—who at every turn of the case, at every crisis, when Labori was flashing his searchlight, when the witness was silent and the judges were suspicious, and the generals lost their heads,—who flung up

his hand with "I ask to be heard," and, standing up on the platform, told, in simple, unaffected language, the right lie in the right place. You could never put him down, you could never take him wrong. Cool, ready, resolute, if Major Lauth was lying he is the master-liar of the world; and if he is not, Picquart is.

Well, I suppose we shall all see through the Dreyfus-case on the Day of Judgment; meanwhile I, for one, give it up.

Yet Mr. Steevens was originally predisposed in the accused's favour: "I came to Rennes firmly believing Dreyfus innocent; now I no longer knew what I believed."

The hypothesis that the witnesses for the prosecution were honest but stupid does not, it must be admitted, allow for the exaggerated idea of what is due to discipline which prevails with the majority of French officers, and which, it has been suggested, was the cause of a vast amount of deliberate untruthfulness during the proceedings. Colonel Maurel has shown us that prevarication is deemed a light offence when its object is to uphold the principle that the chiefs of the French Army can do no wrong, and Mr. Decle in his recent work has drawn an instructive picture of the relative values of obedience and justice in the eyes of a French colonel.

"Sir," I began, "I have been punished." "Punished," he exclaimed, "yes, you are always being punished, you are the worst trooper in my regiment. We don't want men like you in the French Army. What do you want?" "Sir," I once more began, "I have been punished by Corporal ——" "I know it," he replied, waxing quite angry, "I told you so before; you are always punished,—always punished. If it is to tell me that that you have come, you might have stopped at the barracks. Why the deuce don't you tell me what you want? Do you think I am standing here at your orders?" "If you will allow me to explain, sir," I replied, "I will tell you how and why I have been punished." "I don't want to know anything about it," said the Colonel in an angry voice.

"Let me see, how many days have you got?" "Twenty days, sir," I said. "Have you finished your punishment?" "No, sir, I have only done two days so far." "And you dare to come and complain to me! But I ought not to be astonished,—for cool cheek and impudence you haven't your equal. Go back to barracks and tell the Adjutant to put you down ten days more for having made an unjustified complaint. That's all—look sharp."¹

The treatment of Captain Freystätter, after being confronted with General Mercier, and the respect shown for the memory of Colonel Henry, in spite of his clumsy forgeries, prove that truthfulness and manliness are regarded as defects rather than virtues when they are likely to detract from the authority of the Juggernaut Discipline. That the discipline of the French Army has its advantages is evident from the ease with which General de Galliffet has been enabled to remove from their posts such men as Generals de Negrier and Zurlinden, in spite of the very strong current of military and popular opinion in their favour. Discipline, moreover, requires to be maintained with a stricter hand among the conscript and heterogeneous elements that compose the French forces than in a voluntary and homogeneous army like that of Great Britain. Nevertheless, when it is employed to stifle the manhood and moral sense of those who are subject to it, it cannot in the end fail to injure the nation whose bulwark of security it is intended to be; and it is to be hoped in the interests of France that future Ministers of War will be jealously watchful to prevent the zeal of senior officers from pushing reverence for discipline beyond its legitimate confines. Granting, however, that the spirit of obedience to the orders of a superior is in

¹ TROOPER 3,809: a *Private Soldier of the Third Republic*; by Lionel Decle. London, 1899.

France at present carried to an extent which is, or at any rate is likely to be subversive of the moral law, it is difficult to believe that there could have been such apparent unanimity of conviction among the witnesses for the prosecution (many of them, be it remembered, civilians) without a genuine belief (founded, no doubt, on insufficient facts and premises, but still genuine), that they had right on their side. M. Bertillon was unquestionably convinced by his own abstruse theories, which it was probably given to no one but himself to understand, and it is not difficult to conceive that their very unintelligibility may have conduced to the conviction of others, who were only too ready to follow the miscalled patriotic course, if they could see their way to do so without too glaring a violation of their consciences.

French ideas of discipline may be decidedly injurious according to our ideas, but it would not be fair to ascribe the reconviction of Dreyfus solely to their evil influence. They are the outcome partly of national characteristics, and partly of the geographical and political position of France; and the importance of implicit obedience in the eyes of a French general cannot be easily estimated by an Englishman. Great allowance must be made for the chiefs of the French army in judging of their efforts to maintain discipline and put down treasonable practices. They have ever-present in their minds the disasters of the war of 1870, begetting a state of nervousness and suspicion which must be almost impossible for us to realise in the safety of our island-home, with only one serious attempt at invasion in the last eight hundred years. The invasion of France by the Germans would be a matter of incomparably greater difficulty to-day than it was at the out-

break of the Franco-Prussian War; but those who are responsible for the safety of a country to which the horrors of invasion are still a memory of yesterday, may be excused, if any men may, for deeming it expedient to sacrifice an individual here and there on the slenderest of evidence to prevent the machine, which has been erected at such a vast expenditure of brains and money, from finding its wheels clogged on the outbreak of hostilities by treachery. In this country we can afford to treat with derision the mania which marks the military authorities in France for seeing a spy in every passing tourist with a kodak; but the trial has shown that Frenchmen cannot afford to treat the matter so lightly, since their country is surrounded by a network of espionage which naturally renders those in authority apt to be quickly suspicious of treason, and, where the conduct of an individual affords the slightest ground for unfavourable comment, not too careful to weigh out justice with exactitude. It is, in short, the time-honoured principle of expediency demanding that an innocent man shall occasionally suffer that the people may live.

What, then, of the members of the Court-Martial? Are they to be white-washed too? I think it must be so, now that we are quit of the heat of passion and can regard the matter from the soothing distance of a few weeks past. It is probable that the members of that body came to their duties with the desire to do right, hoping possibly that the path of duty would coincide with the course which would win popularity, but still with minds to which the result of the trial was not a foregone conclusion. There may have been, probably there was, a bias against the prisoner on the part of the majority. It could scarcely be otherwise, seeing that the feeling of

the army generally was firm in support of its chiefs. Still, had the evidence of Dreyfus's innocence been absolutely clear,—it is true that it was for the prosecution to conclusively prove his guilt, but persons without legal qualifications would not be likely to take account of such details as that,—had, for instance, the experts been unanimous in Dreyfus's favour, and the evidence of General Roget, with its magnificent assumptions upon the most meagre of foundations, been not forthcoming, it is well within the bounds of possibility that there would have been an acquittal. The members of the Court would certainly have been pleased to find finality on one side or the other; better pleased, no doubt, to find it on the side of the generals than on the side of Dreyfus, but still glad to be left without hesitation or doubt. They found it on neither side. Instead, they found themselves involved in a huge mass of evidence, a great part of it of a most complicated character which might well have appalled a trained lawyer. Much of it was totally irrelevant; still more of it was such as could not have been introduced in the courts of this country, although perfectly admissible in the French courts, and the judges at Rennes must have been reduced to a state of mental chaos by the conflicting opinions and testimony put before them. What, then, was more natural than that, finding that they were personally incapable of winnowing the wheat from the chaff, they should trust to the guidance of the five ex-Ministers of War whose conviction of the prisoner's guilt was pressed upon them with so much fervour? It has been vehemently asserted that the rider of extenuating circumstances was illogical and was a mere attempt to salve guilty consciences; but it is at least possible

that it was the result of a compromise (compromises are always illogical) between two opposite opinions, or that, as has been stated, Colonel Jouast was one of the minority and, as president of the tribunal, had sufficient authority to insist upon the insertion in the verdict of the obviously inconsistent clause. Considering the matter dispassionately there is, perhaps, more cause for wonder that the verdict was not unanimous than that the prisoner was reconvicted.

Captain Dreyfus was the martyr of the faulty system which sends cases of immense intricacy for the decision of men wholly untrained in the sifting of evidence, without any such check as exists in this country in the supervision of the sentences of courts-martial by the Judge-Advocate-General. But it must not be supposed that, because there has been a miscarriage of justice in quite exceptional circumstances, the legal system of France is essentially bad. The very possibility of revision after the sentence had once been passed speaks volumes for the sense of justice cherished by a considerable and influential portion of the French people. That revision, let us remember, could never have been brought about by foreign opinion and foreign journals alone; it was due almost entirely to the moral courage of MM. Sheurer-Kestner, Picquart, and Zola; let us remember, too, the demeanour of the Court of Cassation amid all the revilings and hysterical outcries of the scum of the French Press, and we must in fairness admit that the allegations as to justice being dead in that country, of which we have lately heard a good deal, were grave exaggerations due to the tension produced by the extraordinarily dramatic incidents of the case. If the condemnation had taken place in

Germany or Russia, the victim would in all probability still be languishing in a hopeless captivity; and the fact that the French Government has been strong enough to attempt a policy of appeasement by pardoning Dreyfus is evidence that the Republic is not so unstable as its detractors would have us believe. That the functionaries in the lower ranks of the French judicial service are prone to bow too much to political considerations is no doubt as true as it is deplorable, but that state of things is likely to continue so long as advancement depends largely upon the good offices of the Deputies and their political managers. In the higher ranks of the service, however, where promotion is not looked for and salaries are fairly adequate according to the general run of French incomes, the administration of justice is probably as efficient as in this country, for we may safely assume that a M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire does not rise to the Court of Cassation once in a century, and that his influence when there is not very great.

There is one regrettable feature of French life with which this case has familiarised us, and that is the scurrility of a large portion of the French Press. However leniently we may judge the army and its methods, there can be nothing but the sincerest abhorrence and contempt for the Judets, Drumonts, and Rocheforts of Parisian journalism. The classic reference by the last named to the members of the Court of Cassation is probably fresh in the mind of the reader, and it is a typical example of the tone adopted by a large proportion of French journalists towards public men whose opinions happen to differ from their own. They habitually employ language which in any other country would be considered the climax of chauvinism, recklessly dis-

regarding accuracy so long as they can imbue the minds of their readers with their particular views. It cannot be healthful for France that her statesmen, judges, and other public officials should daily be held up to the ridicule or contempt of the populace in language that is calculated to arouse the worst passions of human nature; but the fact that every political party has at its service organs given to the use of the most immoderate language forbids the hope that any Government will in the near future be able to eradicate this canker from the public life of France. In the present instance, royalist, clerical, and anti-semitic papers have vied with each other to defeat revision, totally ignoring the claims of right and justice. When the Brisson Ministry decided to send the case to the Court of Cassation, they were met with a virulence of abuse which ultimately brought about their downfall. It was not that the guilt of the prisoner was believed in, for the amount of evidence at that time before the public was very small, but for the clerical and anti-semitic papers it was enough that Dreyfus was a Jew, while by clerical, royalist, and anti-semitic journals alike the case was used as a stick to beat an unpopular Administration. The language applied to the members of the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation was of a kind which would have been inappropriate and indecent if used of a convicted felon. General de Galliffet, once the idol of the royalist Press, became, on taking office, the most abused man in France. The readers of the papers hostile to Captain Dreyfus were permitted to see no evidence or comments which could by any possibility tell in his favour. Thus the most widely circulating and influential journals in France,—the *clientèle* of the *TEMPS*, *JOURNAL DES*

DEBATS, and FIGARO, honourable exceptions to the general rule, is comparatively small—have deliberately ignored the most important function of a national Press, to enlighten the public as to what concerns its well-being truthfully and temperately, and without apparent qualms of conscience have reversed that initial duty by deceiving their readers and doing their utmost to arouse rancour and hatred. They have grossly misused their opportunities for doing good, and the best that can be hoped for the country which they victimise is that it will one day have the strength of mind to place restrictions upon the licence which they have mistaken for liberty. Until that day comes it is to be expected that many of the most upright and able of the citizens of France will hold aloof from public life, preferring to devote their energies to pursuits which will not render their private affairs the subject of systematic vivisection.

With the single exception of newspaper violence, however, there does not appear to be any symptom of disease seriously threatening a vital spot in the body politic of France. Nations, and particularly the Latin nations, have a habit of displaying unsuspected powers of recuperation, and it is quite possible that France will yet surprise the candid friends who prophesy her approaching dissolution by throwing off the effects of various recent scandals, just as she astonished Europe by the ease with which she discharged the enormous indemnity in which she was bound to Germany after the Prussian War. It may be doubted whether the militarism prevalent in the Republic is the burden which we are accustomed to assume. To our modes of thought, and with our peculiar traditions of freedom, the irksomeness of the conditions of life which the Frenchman cheerfully bears

would be immense; but our modes of thought are not those of the French, our traditions are entirely different, and the national characters of the two people altogether distinct. The militarism of France is probably not so great as that of Germany, and it is the price which the people must pay for the insurance of their existence as a nation. The army is not, as some imagine, constantly plotting to overthrow the Republic, because conscription incorporates in the ranks of the army elements which are directly favourable to the maintenance of republicanism, and therefore on the form of government the army is divided against itself. No doubt, a majority of military men, and particularly of the officers, would prefer a Monarchy or an Empire to a Republic, since the republicanism of modern France is of that *bourgeois* type to which the military spirit is naturally in opposition, regarding, as it does, trade-prospects as of far higher importance than the achievement of military successes, which may be barren of commercial advantages and will certainly be fruitful of increased taxation. But however much the military element in France may despise the commercial spirit, they are not willing to risk a war with a first-class European Power if they can honourably avoid it. The wish to recover the provinces yielded to Germany by the Treaty of Frankfurt is still deeply imbedded in the heart of every French soldier; but, to judge by numbers alone, the issue of hostilities between the two countries would to-day be too problematical for a Frenchman to enter upon them with a light heart, while French generals may have knowledge which leads them to suspect that in the matters of physique and discipline the French soldier is by no means the equal of his German rival, and perhaps inwardly to recog-

nise, however unwillingly, that the ability of the respective commanders would be by no means equally matched. It is not the senior officers of an army who desire war, but the younger men to whom fighting brings the chance of quick promotion, and with whom responsibility does not rest in case of defeat. The former recognise too clearly the possibilities of failure even where the prospects of success appear most assured, and the suspicion, of which a certain class of civilians cannot rid themselves, that soldiers, as a body, are consumed by an inordinate and bloodthirsty ambition is, if we may believe our own Commander-in-Chief, altogether inapplicable to the circumstances of to-day. The chiefs of the French army are not exceptional in this respect; they have little to gain by a war, and a great deal to lose, and they are not likely to risk the safety of the country and their own reputations in order to gain that little. Their distaste for the present form of government is, therefore, rather latent than active, and so long as the Republic allows them a fairly free hand in the management of their particular domain, it is highly improbable that any of the responsible military officials will make a serious attempt to subvert it.

The Republic, indeed, is more firmly established than the brevity of the lives of its Ministries might lead the casual observer to suppose. Ministerial instability is due to the adoption of parliamentarianism by a country to which that form of government is unsuited. Even in our own country, where representative government is a matter on which we specially pride ourselves, it may be doubted whether the palmy days of the institution are not behind us, since parties have an increasing tendency to split up into a number of cliques, each with its special objects

to gain, occasionally at the sacrifice of the dominating party interests. This subdivision of parties is yearly rendering the conduct of the country's business more difficult for British governments, and it has for years past made it well-nigh an impossible task for the governments of France. In that country the detriment to the national interests occasioned by the adoption of an unsuitable system is felt not only in its foreign relations, where the quick changes of ministry must necessarily render the conduct of negotiations with other Powers a matter of more than ordinary difficulty, but is also apparent in its economic condition. On the economical aspect of the parliamentary system in France Mr. Bodley has some hard words to say in his recent work. It leads, he assures us, to waste directly and indirectly: directly, by multiplying to an entirely unnecessary extent official posts and, therefore, the cost of government; indirectly, by making it the ambition of every educated youth to secure one of these posts, and thereby diverting his attention and efforts from the commercial ventures which can alone replenish the resources of his country.

The tendency of representative government is, therefore, to effect not economy, but the multiplication of State-paid offices, ruining the finances of the country, and turning the industrious French people into a nation of needy place-hunters. Under previous parliamentary regimes this evil was not patent, as the electorate was extremely limited, and if every voter in France had been given a post under Louis Philippe the bureaucracy would not have been unduly swollen. Whereas with ten million constituents encouraged to regard their members in this light, the rich resources of the land are strained, and citizens are taken away from callings which increase the national riches, are deterred from colonial enterprise, and are generally diverted from ambitious pur-

suits which elevate the standard of a nation.¹

Certainly, under the Republic France has not prospered either financially or (which is, no doubt, in part the effect of faulty finance) in the acquisition and administration of colonies. The difference between Great Britain and the Republic in the latter respect is pretty accurately gauged by the difference in cost to the Home Government of each individual colonist. To Great Britain the cost is about twopence, to France about twenty shillings. The French colonies are occupied mainly by the official class, and they chiefly serve the purpose of creating official posts for the employment of the friends of politicians in the mother country. Those persons, whom a more than ordinarily venturesome spirit does induce to try their fortunes in the French possessions over-sea, find the cost of living exorbitantly high owing to the protective system which aims at handicapping foreign manufactures; and the total result of French colonial enterprise is annually subjected to scathing comment by the reporter of the French Budget in the Chamber of Deputies, as he compares the immoderate bill which the Republic has to pay for the gratification of the desire to see her empire expanding, with the comparatively small cost at which Great Britain and Germany satisfy a similar inclination.

But the financial strain to which France is being subjected is, if not so superficially apparent, at any rate as severe in home as in colonial administration. That spirit of collectivism, which seems to be inherent in the French character, drives the Government to undertake a variety

of industrial enterprises, regardless of the question whether they will prove remunerative. A neighbourhood where a railway will not pay cries out for a railway; the Government accordingly builds it, and the cost of construction and the loss upon working are defrayed from the taxes. In consequence the taxes fall so heavily upon the wealth-producing industries that many of them find it impossible to exist. The Omnibus Company of Paris is a signal instance; it was taxed to more than double the amount of its dividends, and thus came under the control of the State, which is, presumably, now carrying it on at a loss. This reckless expenditure on public works, with the increasing cost of the military and naval services, leaves the country no opportunity for recuperating from such drains upon her financial powers as the war-indemnity of 1871, the waste of capital incurred in connection with the Panama Canal, and the ravages of the phylloxera. Her public debt is the largest in Europe, absorbing $36\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the national revenue, and there is not the slightest prospect of any reduction being attempted in the near future. Add to this an ominous sluggishness as regards population, which, however satisfactory it may be from the point of view of those who see a grave national danger in the inability of a country to produce sufficient food-stuffs to support its people, must yet, as things now stand, place France at a disadvantage by the side of so rapidly growing a neighbour as Germany,—and you have a situation to cope with which successfully will require a stronger Ministry than any that have governed France in recent years, or seem likely to govern her during the next decade.

For that, however, the republican form of government is only distantly responsible. That form may have

¹ FRANCE; by J. E. C. Bodley. Introduction, p. 26; revised edition, London, 1899.

deterred some able men from entering the public service, and may consequently have lowered the tone of parliament and public life generally by leaving the conduct of the country's affairs in the hands of professional and not always very single-minded politicians ; but reluctance to assume the burden of political life may, perhaps, be more accurately ascribed to a distaste for risking the loss of a reputation in the troubled vortex into which the parliamentary system has resolved itself in France, than to any very active dislike of the existing government. The country is republican at heart, and fears a monarchical reaction, although it would probably approve of some more showy figure-head than the Third Republic makes of its president. However that may be, it is probable that the Republic is as likely to stand as either of the other forms of government with which the French have been recently threatened ; and while the former continues to exist we may feel assured that the French Government will avoid hostilities so long as that course is possible, in spite of the disposition, of which the political prophets have been warning us during the past months, to drown in a foreign war the sense of humiliation from which it is rather rashly assumed that France must be suffering. It might be that if Russia were willing to take an active part in hostilities, a Republican Government would be willing to try conclusions with this country ; but Russia has enough to engage her attention for

the present in the consolidation of her Eastern empire, and will certainly not run the risk of indefinitely delaying the accomplishment of her designs in Siberia and Manchuria for the mere aggrandisement of her rather unstable ally. Even were Russia more ready to join in a contest with a first-class Power than she is at present, a Republican Government would hesitate long before embarking on war. An unsuccessful war would certainly lead to the overthrow of the present rule at the hands of an angry populace, while a successful one might very well place the general in command of the French forces in a position to acclaim a dictatorship without the possibility of resistance. Therefore, both for political reasons, and from the horror with which the chance of invasion is regarded by the class from which the Ministries of the Republic are mainly recruited, a breach of the peace by our volatile neighbour is by no means probable. Still, she and we have many pretty causes of quarrel in many corners of the earth, and the settlement of them is not likely to become the easier for language which, however well meant, is in truth the language of exaggeration. Let us by all means speak out against the perpetration of injustice and inhumanity, but let us withal remember, as we cast the stone of denunciation, that we have not ourselves been without sin in such matters in the past, and that we may have need of a charitable judgment in the future.

SPENCER BRODHURST.

A MODERN MONASTERY AND AN ANCIENT RUIN.

GREEK monasteries have always played a prominent, and a somewhat unecclesiastical part in the life of the country. Formerly, under Turkish rule, the spirit of Hellenic independence was naturally fostered by monkish communities like Megaspelaion or Mendele. They were centres of patriotic conspiracy; far away in the recesses of the hills (the Greek monk preferring a hill-top as regularly as his brother of England settled on a river-bank) these mountain-fastnesses were excellent hiding-places for arms and for men. Later, when the Crescent was expelled, it appears that cloistered piety was still the natural foe of law. About's legend of that holy man of Attica who was in league with Hadji-Stavros is, it would seem, an allegory signifying the natural fraternity existing between Friar Tuck and Robin Hood; the picturesque Asomaton monastery on the slopes of Lycabettus, now almost surrounded, as it is, by the recent growth of fashionable Athenian suburbs and only ten minutes' walk from the Plateia Tou Syntagmatos, was within living memory a notorious haunt of brigands. They have changed all that now. There are no Turks to expel (no thanks to Greek politicians!), and organised brigandage is said to be extinct, except here and there on the Thessalian frontier, where the justice of kings and sultans can be readily evaded by a judicious flitting across the border. At any rate in central and southern Greece tourists may go their ways peaceably with no better pro-

tection than an interpreter, and no fear of being bidden to stand and deliver except by some hospitable shepherd or road-mender who asks you to share his glass of native wine. Monasteries no longer harbour brigands; but as they are landlords, and therefore suffer from agricultural depression, they have followed the examples of Irish landowners who turn their houses into hotels, and undertake to provide at least a lodging for the wanderer who would otherwise (and this only in centres of extreme civilisation) be thrown on the tender mercies of an inn which could only satisfy an entomologist. It is true that the reverend brethren give you in general nothing but a strictly unfurnished apartment and the universal wine which is in Greece a cheap substitute for water; and your dragoman will occasionally complain that if they do not harbour robbers any more, they do the plundering on their own account. Still, it often happens that furniture is better away; and agricultural depression must be relieved somehow.

Thus it came about that on a certain April day we were riding up from the Pamisus valley through its orchards and olive-groves in search of a night's lodging with the fraternity of Vourkano, the monastery that stands boldly out on a green shelf of ancient Ithome. It was a stage in that well-known tour which a few decades since entitled the traveller to pose as a hardy explorer, but is now nothing more than the regular Peloponnesian round, no more a matter for self-

sufficiency than the ascent of the Matterhorn is to-day, or the crossing of Central Africa will be fifty years hence. Pursuing this well-trodden route, we had slept at Mistra, where a whole hillside of ruined medieval churches and palaces surveys, incongruously enough, the wide Eurotas valley below: we had ridden over Taygetus in thunder and snow; and eventually, chilled and sodden, we had found a shelter under the roof of a leading citizen of Lada, a cold, unsavoury, picturesque little hamlet clinging to the western flanks of the great range separating Laconia from Messenia. Our entertainer's hospitality was Homeric; but his apartments were rather excessively ventilated for inmates accustomed to an effete civilisation and glass windows. Rural Greece has only shutters, and the shutters do not generally fit. But as the traveller comes down to Calamata and the plains of Messenia, he has summer before him: winter is left behind among the snows and pines of Taygetus; and as he rounds a shoulder of the great mountain-chain he sees the blue bay at his feet, and a rich tract of brown and green champaign spreading between him and the end of his day's journey in the western hills. It is indeed a country fair to see and full of all material good things, with its rivers, Nedon and Pamisus (real rivers of water, not the dry torrent-beds of other districts), its ready access to the sea, and its abundant semi-tropical vegetation. No wonder that the Laconians coveted it, and spent year after year in besieging the mountain strongholds which made Messenia a difficult conquest even for the redoubtable Spartan soldiers. For while Laconia itself is a Garden of Eden compared with the bleak hills of Arcadia and the dusty plains of

Attica, the broad valleys sloping down to Calamata and Nisi are even more smiling and restful to the eye.

Assuredly the outward aspect of Vourkano, as we climbed the hill from Tsepheremini, was most encouraging to the weary traveller who had tasted hardships. The high white monastery, set amidst green fields, cypresses, and orchards, and backed by the great mass of Ithome, on a spur of which it stands, seemed to his hopeful eyes to be surrounded by an atmosphere of sanctity and hospitality. Jolting over the fieldpaths on the Greek apology for a saddle, one conjured up visions of Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time, and fat monks dispensing comforts at once spiritual and material, especially material. It was not really a justifiable expectation; still in the event we had perhaps some cause to quarrel with Fortune. We had dreamed of holy men smiling and hospitable; but the reverend brethren who received us in the archway of their quadrangle hardly deigned a word of greeting, and their manner of addressing our dragoman, Themistocles, implied that they wished him and us anywhere else. We had been told of guest-chambers; alas, it was too obvious that here was the secret of our hosts' lack of effusiveness; we had come at an unlucky time, when the nakedness of the land was revealed. There had been a great fire in the monastery, and the upper cells, opening out of the gallery, were on one side of the quadrangle blackened and roofless. Worse than this, it appeared that all the cooking utensils had perished in the flames, to the great anger of Themistocles, who went about demanding of heaven and earth how one should cook a dinner without a *casserole*. For a moment it seemed that board and lodging alike would be denied us. But the crisis passed;

Themistocles (like his namesake, a man invincible in emergencies) cooked a meal which proved that man can after all live without *casseroles*; we were lodged where at least there were four walls and a roof, and despite alarming rumours of gigantic mice ("aussi grands qu'ils font la chasse aux chats!") we passed a tolerable night.

Next morning all petty evils were forgotten. What are draughts and damp and lack of a *casseroles*, when valley and mountain are smiling in the sunlight, and the steep slopes of Ithome are bright with the first freshness of a Greek April? It is a stiff climb from the monastery to that famous citadel; but the Greek horse (*τὸ ἀλόγον*, the Unreasonable, as he is most unjustly called) makes nothing of mere steepness. He climbs like a cat up the rocky path, or up the rocks where there is no path; while his rider is carried safely and as comfortably as may be up over grass, shale, and crag, and the panorama of south-western Greece broadens momentarily below.

It is not till quite near the mountain summit that the few massive rectangular blocks are passed which are all that time and the Spartans have left of the ancient Messenian stronghold. There is a certain kinship between the citadel of Ithome and the monastery of Vourkano, in so far as both represent a mixture of religion and warfare; for in the ages when high places of worship and sacrifice were also centres of national life, Ithome was the sanctuary and fortress of all Messenia, whatever that somewhat vague geographical term may have included. Here was the first and the last asylum of Messenian liberty. In those early wars with Sparta, which are really almost as legendary as the tale of Troy, Aristodemus, one of the great

national heroes, is said to have held this mountain-top against the Spartan invader, until he himself perished and his walls were levelled with the ground. Evidently it is not the traces of that ancient warfare that we see to-day. But these massive fragments of fortification which nearly encircle the little plateau on the summit may perhaps have found part of the ramparts built at a later day (some fifteen years after Salamis) by the revolted Helots who entrenched themselves and for years defied attack in this historic centre of their forefathers' nationality. Then with this eventual capitulation Ithome practically disappears from history, reappearing indeed, but only for a moment, a century later, till the place with all its associations of legend and history, heroes and Helots, passes under the dominion of the Greek Church.

True to its traditions, it is still a sanctuary; a holy place consecrated to widely diverse creeds. Here in dark antiquity those human sacrifices, of which the dim and legendary memory so constantly clings to the beginnings of ancient religions (inheritances handed down from primitive savagery), are said to have been offered to Zeus of Ithome, or rather to the local or tribal deity whose cult came to be identified with the Zeus-worship of a more polished age. There is a huge flat-topped rock at the northern end of the summit, itself perhaps the very altar of sacrifice; and built right against it stands a little solitary *metokhi* (an appendage, that is to say, of the mother-monastery of Vourkano), its cells for the most part in ruins and its tiny Byzantine church sadly in need of restoration. It is not altogether uninhabited; there are signs of an inmate, and some flower-beds showing traces of human care. One solitary Stylites lives here, perhaps to ensure his passport to heaven;

or possibly sojourn here may be a penance inflicted on erring brethren of the house of Vourkano. But just now even he is not to be seen, and the place is absolutely deserted. There is the altar-rock, with its recollections of savage human sacrifices and wild battlings for freedom, haunted surely by the ghosts of priests and warriors of old. And in the *metokhi* is a little portal with the inscription rudely carved over it in ill-spelled Greek: *Blessed is he who has obedience and love, for he is an imitator of our good Master.* Truly not only men but places also in their time play many parts.

All about and around Ithome the course of history has left its traces. As you look down from the summit over one of the finest landscapes in Greece, valley and hill all illumined by the incomparable light of a Greek spring-day, you see to the east the plain of the Pamisus, as it flows from the hills towards Calamata: to the north and west lie the lower slopes of Ithome, green fells sprinkled with patches of cultivation and woodland; and across them runs a long line of wall, part of the fortification of Messene, that later city which Epaminondas founded a century after the Helot revolt. He had already humbled the pride of Sparta in the field; and the Lacedæmonians were to be finally curbed by the foundation of two strong and hostile cities on their borders, Megalopolis in Arcadia, and Messene. The establishment of the latter was even more than an insult to Sparta and a check to her ambition; for Messene was to be the capital of a new and independent country, carved out of the very best of Laconian territory, the rich valleys west of Taygetus which Sparta had held as her own for four centuries. Now, intended as it was to play so important a part in Peloponnesian

politics as the coercion of a nation of warriors till lately almost invincible in the open field, the new city was founded with due pomp and ceremony. The site chosen was at the foot of Ithome, that holy place of Messenia, one of the two horns of the Peloponnesus, the traditional stronghold of legendary champions who had defied the Spartan invader. A new acropolis was built on the top of Ithome itself; lower down, where the rocky mountain side gave place to a gentler incline, the birth of Messene was celebrated by a mixed multitude of Greeks, all for the moment united to exult over this symbol of the downfall of their ancient enemy. The most skilful architects of Hellas were employed to build a new city on what was already one of the loveliest sites in that land of beauty. It was to stand where Ithome falls in slopes and terraces to the fertile valley below, high enough to command a noble view of the hollow vale southwards and the blue Messenian gulf beyond: a brook of clear water ran through the town, the Black Spring which has given its name to the modern village of Mavrommati; and high above all to the north-east frowned the acropolis of Ithome. What with Nature and the best art Hellas could produce, Messene must surely have been one of the most beautiful cities of Greece; and even now when her glory is departed and the pillars of her temples lie grass-grown among green fields and orchards, she has still a beauty and a charm of her own, and none the less because the spade of excavation has so far dealt gently with her. Perhaps the reason is partly want of funds, land being fertile and proportionately dear; moreover, archæological research now busies itself, as is natural, less with the classical period than with the prehistoric civilisations of the Ægean and the brave men who lived before Aga-

memnon, so much so indeed that even the art of Mycenae is considered as representing a period of decadence. Whatever be the cause, Messene has been, comparatively speaking, let alone. The little theatre has been laid bare, and elsewhere some work has been done; but for the most part the ancient city's sleep is unbroken. And, if one may dare for a moment to regard antiquity from a strictly æsthetic and sentimental point of view, she has lost nothing by that.

Every student of course realises the enormous value of excavation; but when he is away from museums and sees nothing but the havoc wrought by pick and spade, his gratitude is apt to be a little tempered. No doubt the thing is inevitable. Our modern passion for the naked fact will never be satisfied with hint and suggestion; we must stand on the very stones of the street, we must bare the innermost recesses of the house, we must rifle the grave itself. Yet should we really gain (after such fashion one may suppose a sentimentalist to meditate) were Messene, like the Roman Forum or the Altis of Olympia, a naked ruin, a chaos of skeleton antiquities? Certainly it would be a sacrifice of pure natural beauty. Perhaps that is no great matter; yet for many, imagination finds it easier to people ancient sites with ancient life when they have been left to fulfil their peaceful destiny, unprofaned by an exposure which shows much that was never meant to be seen, or a restoration which by its necessary incompleteness is less suggestive than no restoration at all. Some excavation there must be, that imagination may have a solid basis; but let it be done without wanton excess, sparingly. We are more directly, certainly more agreeably and pathetically, conscious of the vicissitudes of human life, when change has not been rudely diverted from its

natural course; we are more alive to the mortal things which touch the mind when we see but the grave, than if we could actually touch the bones, the crumbling corpse of the Past that lies beneath. It is the broken column and the green grass growing over it that speak more eloquently than hand-books and museums of the transience of Man and the permanence of Nature.

Race after race, man after man,
Have thought that my secret was
theirs,
Have dreamed that I lived but for
them,
That they were my glory and joy.—
They are dust, they are changed, they
are gone! I remain!

Thus pleads the sentimentalist, uttering words which, as no one knows better than himself, he must eventually eat with sorrow and humiliation.

Time allowed us but little leisure to see the special glory of Messene, those fortifications which Pausanias declared to be the strongest he knew from sight or personal report. Designed as this town was to hold Sparta in check by keeping in touch with the Great City in Arcadia, it was natural that her most important outlets should look towards Laconia on the east and the Arcadian confederacy to the north; and indeed the conformation of the ground makes this arrangement the natural one. The Laconian Gate lay in a depression between Mount Ithone and Mount Euan (a southern continuation of the Ithome ridge) just above the monastery of Vourkano; of this a few massive blocks alone remain, which we had passed on our way to the old acropolis. But the Arcadian Gate stood right in our midday path; for we were riding northwards towards Arcadia and Elis, and thus, without delay and the fear of angering an imperious dragoon, we had the opportunity of seeing

one of the most famous relics of antiquity. This gateway, constructed according to the theories of fortification current in the fourth century before the Christian Era, resembles the celebrated Double Gate of Athens; that is to say, it consists of an inner and an outer entrance, with a circular walled space between. So, when your enemy has burst the outer barrier, he is hemmed in by a ring of the garrison, darts and stones raining upon him from the circle of wall to right and left, in front and rear; and he has thus to continue his attack on the inner gate under the most unfavourable conditions possible. But, unlike the Athenian Dipylon, the whole structure here survives above ground in the most remarkable perfection. A great block, some eighteen feet in length, has fallen obliquely across the inner entrance and partially bars the way; but the masonry of the interior circle is in excellent preservation, and on the city-side you tread for some thirty yards the stones of the ancient paved street. All the building, as we saw it, was most delightfully softened and adorned by trees and shrubs in their freshest April green, half concealing the line of towered wall that stretches to right and left up the hillsides in the depression between which ran the ancient road to Megalopolis. It would be hard to find a parallel to this picture of untouched antiquity, in itself supremely interesting and giving an added charm to scenery already charming. Years ago there were

pieces of our own Roman Wall that gave a similar impression. But the wild loneliness and natural beauty of Housesteads may ere now have been sacrificed to the cause of scholarship.

For all her beauty and her mighty fortifications Messene played no important part in the history of Greece. The best period was past; and presently came the Macedonian, and in later years the Roman, who took little account of double gates and towered walls:

For naught is tower or ship, if men be
not therein.

At all times the great length of wall must have been extremely difficult to defend; indeed it looks as if the actual houses of the city could hardly have extended so far as its fortifications. To-day these are but an incident in the landscape; and within as well as without are fields and orchards, and Messenians tilling the soil after the domestic Greek fashion, the father working in the midst of his household, gravely watched by his dog, his goat, and his pig. Through such scenes and along green oak-studded hillsides we rode towards Diavolitsi; and all the way Themistocles (a dragoman devoid of reverence) ceased not to inveigh against the monks of Vourkano in general and their reverend prior in particular, *ce grand diable* as he called him. It appeared that the holy man had outwitted Themistocles in the matter of a drachma.

A. D. GODLEY.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MUD-MARKS.

It will be remembered that in 1894 there was a great stir in Northern India over a matter which was known as the Mud-daubing Movement. By some means a mystery had arisen on the Nepaulese frontier. It was noticed by European and Native alike, that several trees in many large mango-topes were being smeared with clots of white mud, and in some cases a solitary long black hair was found adhering to the mud. So long as the sign was but a local affair it attracted no particular notice, beyond giving the ignorant agriculturalists a topic for conversation. But the phenomenon spread, until in a month it had covered almost the whole area of Bengal. From native gossip it became a topic of public speculation, and then the European Press took the matter up. Yet the means by which this strange sign spread remained a mystery, profound and inexplicable; and as the area over which the daubing took place increased, the interest in the matter grew to fever-pitch. By the end of May it had developed into a serious panic. In spite of strenuous efforts to penetrate it, the mystery remained unsolved. The correspondence columns of the leading journals teemed with theories on the subject; some laughed at it, others received it with the utmost alarm, maintaining that it was the work of native anarchists, or that it compared in purport to the circulation of the *chupatti* which preceded the great mutiny of 1857. More observant folk assured the public that it was simply the work of homestead cattle, scraping

the mud off their backs after they had wallowed. The more flippant were positive that the village children were playing a practical joke upon the credulous public. But the upshot of it all was, that in spite of the vigilance of the police, mud-daubing increased both in circulation and mystery, until the Europeans of Bengal were thoroughly alarmed; to such good purpose indeed were their fears aroused, that a revolver could not be bought in the Presidency towns for love or money. And so far as I know, the agency by which the mud-patches spread, or their object, is a mystery to this day. For myself, though I cannot explain much, I have been afraid to tell the little that I know until to-day, when I am clear of the East for ever.

During the year in which the mystery appeared, I was the manager of an outwork of a large plantation in upper Bengal. I was the only European in the station, my nearest neighbour being away. My home was comfortable enough, and as I liked the native of India, and had taken the trouble to make myself acquainted with his habits and language, I did not find the solitary life too irksome. I had read about the mud-daubing in the papers, but as no sign of it appeared in my neighbourhood, I treated the report with a certain amount of indifference; especially as I had questioned many of my native servants and friends and had satisfied myself that they knew nothing further about the matter than the gossip in the bazaars that it was existent, and was the work of a *debi* (spirit).

I had been troubled with the depredations of thieves, who had frequently broken into my cattle-sheds and stolen the grain of the draught-bullocks. The pilfering had become so systematic that I determined to play detective myself, knowing that the thieves could not be successful so often without collusion on the part of my night-watchman. Occasionally therefore, when my household believed me to be asleep, I would steal out into the night and make a solitary patrol of the premises. Three or four times I made the round without success; but one evening, early in June, we had a dust-storm followed by a considerable fall of rain. The clouds made the night as dark as pitch, an ideal night, I thought, for the grain-lifters. It may have been midnight, or perhaps a little earlier, that I started on my round. Fearing that some of the grooms might be awake in the stables, I did not keep to the path, but skirted round my small garden into a mango-grove which stood behind it. It was very dark and I had to feel my way with a stick; I remember regretting that I had ever left the bungalow, for without a lantern I was in constant fear of treading on a snake or scorpion. The air was full of insect-voices, for the recent rain had brought hosts of ground-cricket to the surface, and they were chirruping in shrill concert. The bull-frogs too had been transported to happiness by the water, and were declaiming in a chorus of quavering bellows.

Though it was too dark to see with any clearness, I became aware of figures moving stealthily near me, dark shadows flitting among the tree-trunks; it was only by their movement that I could distinguish them. Concluding that I had stumbled upon the thieves, and congratulating myself

thereon, suddenly my ear caught a sound which made me all attention. It was a swishing sound, hardly perceptible indeed, but reminding me of bill-stickers at work upon a wall. In a second the truth flashed upon me; I had discovered the mud-daubers, had come upon them red-handed at their work!

The situation seemed so strange and ghostly that a fearful excitement pervaded my whole being, and I stood irresolute. For the moment I was not sure whether I was face to face with the supernatural or not; then I heard a voice, muffled and whispering, but it declared the mortal to me, and I do not hesitate to say that I drew a long breath of relief. My interest was fully aroused, and determined to discover whom these midnight marauders might be, I crept closer, and instinctively sank to a crouching posture. Though I could make out no detail, yet I was able to count at least four figures at work among the tree-trunks. Then, suddenly, a man stood motionless, outlined against the lesser darkness of a break in the wood. I had seen enough, for in the ungainly mass which exaggerated his head, I recognised the hair-coil of a Biragi, a religious mendicant of a particularly truculent order.

I had indeed discovered the agency of the mud-daubing, and knowing the disposition of these half-mad wanderers, whom no law binds and no order restrains, I crept cautiously away, for I knew not what extremes might follow my discovery.

This discovery I liked not. It may have been the simple uneasiness bred of the darkness of that stormy night, but the journey back to my bungalow seemed terribly long, and I had a sensation of being followed. Once in my own verandah, and with the light of a candle, my courage returned, and for a moment I con-

templated waking some of the servants and raiding the daubers. Under the influence of a cigarette, however, I thought better of this, my maturer reasoning making me prefer to leave perhaps the most wide-spread of secret brotherhoods alone. As events proved, it was well that I took this course.

Having finished my cigarette, I turned into bed, the punkah swinging spasmodically, the cold air after the storm doubtless having made the operator in the next room more sleepy than usual. I was young and healthy, and even my strange nocturnal adventure did not keep me awake. In a few minutes I was asleep, my last thoughts being those of congratulation that the night was such a cool one after the week of stifling weather which had preceded the storm.

I awoke suddenly with the impression that a great weight had fallen upon my chest. Then I felt that I was surely choking. I could not move, and all that I could see was the white gleam of the punkah swaying above me. In a moment the truth was evident, and amid the pain of strangulation I realised that a stout bamboo had been placed across my neck and that two strong men were holding it down on either side of me. Slowly they were killing me; already my lungs felt as if filled with molten lead; I tried to struggle, but I was powerless. Then the bamboo was relaxed a little, and I do not know which was the more excruciating, the absence of air, or the return of it into my lungs. The relaxation was only slight, but it was sufficient to allow of a painful respiration. At

last I became aware of a form bending over me, and again I recognised the mass of matted hair. I knew what had happened; the Daubers had discovered me, and now were intent upon destroying evidence for ever. Next a voice whispered in my ear: "Will you swear never to divulge what you have seen to-night?" What could I do? The axe was laid to the root of the tree; I was as good as a dead man; I swore. "So be it, but one of us will remain with you; treat him well." With that the bamboo was switched off my neck and I lay alone, bathed in perspiration and panting for breath.

In the morning, when my servants were moving about the house, I went on to the verandah. A mendicant appeared and asked for alms. I felt compelled to give, for my neck was still smarting from the rough handling of the previous night. For a whole year that mendicant billeted himself on the plantation. Is it wonderful that I kept a silent tongue?

In due course my servants reported that the daubing had appeared in my garden. They shook their heads and said it was "*Debi bāt* (supernatural)." I agreed with them.

I can throw no light on the reason for the circulation of this peculiar sign; my knowledge is confined to the agency which spread it, and that knowledge proved a sufficient weight for me to bear. But it is a curious coincidence that the strange mud-daubing preceded a period of unprecedented unrest and affliction in India. It was followed by plague, famine, earthquakes, war, rioting, murder, and tribulation.

LIONEL JAMES.

OUR AUTOMOTOR OMNIBUS.

THERE is a certain collect in our prayer-book in which allusion is made to things that are more than we can either desire or deserve. Something rather after this nature, to myself at all events, was our new automotor omnibus, a present to the establishment from our good Aunt Hannah. Miss Hannah Lovejoy was, if the truth be told, aunt only by courtesy and kindness, being in reality a very distant cousin of my wife. But she had first of all adopted Molly (my wife) when the latter was left an orphan in early childhood, and later on had been graciously pleased to accept myself (a briefless barrister) as her titular nephew-in-law, and had practically established me as squire of the parish of which my father had been vicar for thirty years past. I really think that Aunt Hannah, who had dowered my wife in the most liberal manner, only retained a moiety of her large income in order that she might from time to time enjoy the pleasure of making us some costly present. I gathered from what I had overheard that the advent on the scene of this latest addition to an already lengthy list of benefactions was a mere sequel to the fact that Molly, who was rather fond of novelties and of castle-building, had once in Aunt Hannah's presence volunteered the remark that it would be infinitely more pleasant to make our annual jaunt to the sea-side in an automotor carriage of our own, than to be cooped up for six hours in a "horrid, shaky, dusty railway-carriage." Aunt Hannah, true fairy godmother, had taken the hint, and

here was an automotor omnibus, ordered by herself and to a certain extent actually designed by herself, for a little seat at the end had been added by Aunt Hannah's express desire.

"I know, my dear," she remarked to Molly, "that I am very old-fashioned; but when I was a girl every omnibus had a seat at the end and I always used to like to sit upon it. When I went to London two years ago to see the dentist, I thought I would like to try once more what a ride in a public omnibus felt like; so I got into one and went to sit down in my favourite place, and there was no seat; so I sat right on to the floor, and it was exceedingly uncomfortable and embarrassing for all parties. You see, dear, the omnibus was very narrow, and I had my sealskin cloak on, and if it had not been for the conductor and a policeman and two or three other kind people, I really think I should have been there now."

I could quite imagine the situation. For Aunt Hannah is a very substantial lady, and has, like many other elderly people, a decided taste for being warmly clad. I am not a particularly good judge of a lady's weight, but when duly equipped for a drive in the winter, or a railway journey, I should guess that our dear old benefactress would pull down the beam at eighteen or twenty stone. The builder, to whom Aunt Hannah must have confided her intention of occupying that particular seat herself, had made his calculations as to the sitting-room she might require on a

liberal scale, with the result that our automotor omnibus was about a foot broader than its London relations. This gave to the vehicle a decidedly cumbrous appearance, and as I stood contemplating our new possession I felt that, had I been given the choice, I might have preferred an equivalent in hard cash. However, it was clearly my duty to make the best of Aunt Hannah's present, and I soon found that our white elephant needed someone to champion its cause. Giles, the old coachman, one of those privileged individuals whose long service seems to entitle them to have a word in their master's business, evidently resented its presence in the yard.

"Well," said he, "what are you going to make of that great ugly thing, Master George? Going to get a elephant to draw it, I suppose; leastways none of my carriage-horses sha'n't try."

"Thank you, Giles," I replied loftily; "they won't be required. It's an automotor carriage."

"Well, what's a horto-motor carriage, then? If it don't want horses nor yet a elephant to draw it, I don't see it's a carriage at all,—not a gentleman's carriage, anyway."

"My good Giles," I exclaimed, "do you never read the papers? Have you never heard of the new automotor conveyances?"

"No, I don't never read the papers, Master George," he replied sulkily, "and if that's a horto-motor conveyance, I don't want to hear about one nor see one neither. They dratted traction-engines is bad enough, but I never reckoned as you or the old lady was going to set one up."

To the best of my ability (I was not very clear on the point myself) I attempted to demonstrate to the obstinate old fellow the difference between a traction-engine and an

automotor omnibus, and to point out all the advantages that the latter possessed. "No taking your horses out of a warm stable on a cold night, you see, Giles, no standing at the door in frosty weather while the ladies are putting on their wraps," etc., etc. But Giles remained unconvinced. Presently he enquired in quite an aggressive manner: "And who's a going to drive it?" This was really a point that I had never taken into consideration. However, the obvious reply was, "You, I suppose."

"Thank ye, Master George," he answered shortly. "I've lived in this world nigh on to sixty years and never done no stoking yet, and don't mean to neither."

"Stoking?"

"Yes, stoking,—leastways you said as there was a engine."

"My good fellow, it's not that sort of an engine at all. It goes by an oil-engine; it's only a case of sitting on the box and turning a handle."

"Well, I aint no hand at organ-grinding, and I don't know as there's any one on the place as is;" and with this parting shot Giles dived into the recesses of the saddle-room, where I could hear him relieving his feelings by grumbling at the groom.

When I went into the drawing-room after dinner that night, I found my wife very busy and very full of importance. It is a phase in Molly's character that whenever she is busy she is important, and *vice versa*. Aunt Hannah had retired to bed with a headache, having been, I think, over-excited by the arrival of the omnibus. Molly being, as I have said, busy and important, it was clearly incumbent upon me to enquire into the nature of her occupation. "What in the world are you busy about, darling?"

"Working; working for you, Sir."

"Working for me? Well, that is

right enough ; but pray what are you making,—rabbit-nets ?”

“No, I am not making rabbit-nets ; try again.” I suggested a new lawn-tennis net.

“No, not a lawn-tennis net ; try again.”

Now, like other male beings, I abhor guessing where there is nothing to be gained, so I gave it up.

“Well, then, Mr. Curiosity, I am making a hammock.” A hammock ; and a hammock for me ? What, in the face of the earth, was I going to do with a hammock ? Were all my friends and relations going to conspire together to present me with a herd of white elephants ? “I don’t want a hammock,” I exclaimed, and then added with more emphasis than graciousness, “I abominate hammocks.”

“Oh you ungrateful monster ! How like a man ! And yet you will want a hammock all the same. Now don’t frown at the wife of your bosom in that awful manner, but listen while I tell you my charming little plan. You will listen, won’t you ?”

Of course I undertook to listen, and the whole secret was soon out.

We were to start for the seaside on a certain Monday, some four weeks off, in our automotor omnibus, Giles on the box, Aunt Hannah, Molly, a maid, and myself inside ; or, if I preferred, I might sit on the box with Giles. Molly had calculated that we should have to spend three nights on the road, when she had planned that Aunt Hannah, the maid, and herself should occupy the omnibus, while Giles and I were expected to sleep in hammocks slung upon neighbouring trees. “I thought it would be so nice for you both,” she explained, “in this lovely weather. I’ve often felt as if I should like to sleep out of doors myself, but of course one can’t do it in one’s own garden. But there we should be just like a gipsy caravan.

We should have such delightful picnic meals by the roadside and boil our own kettle, and in the evening we would encamp in a wood, and you and Giles could sling your hammocks on trees, and bathe in a river or a brook in the morning, and—— what’s the matter, dear ? Do say you approve.”

From the sudden change in Molly’s voice, I am afraid that my hair must have been visibly standing on end at the prospect unfolded to me. I am really at a loss to say which idea commended itself least to my liking, the *al fresco* meals, the *al fresco* slumber, or the *al fresco* bath to be followed by the *al fresco* toilet in the morning.

“My darling Molly,” I remarked quite kindly, though firmly, “from your point of view all this may be very attractive ; and if you and Aunt Hannah have set your hearts upon sleeping in an omnibus by all means do so. And if you can work upon Giles’s feelings and persuade him either to sit on the box of an automotor carriage or to sleep in a hammock on a tree, I will promise not to interfere with the arrangements. But for my own part I must absolutely decline either to sleep in a hammock out of doors, or to bathe and perform my toilet in public, or to eat my meals on the roadside. No, my dear, if we camp at all, we will camp near a town if you please, where I can get my dinner, bed, and breakfast at a decent hotel ; and you and Aunt Hannah can sleep in the omnibus or the hammocks just as you like.”

Poor Molly looked terribly crest-fallen and disappointed for a minute, but fortunately the thought of Aunt Hannah in a hammock came to the rescue, and we both laughed till our sides ached.

“Now, don’t you fuss, little woman,” I said when I had re-

covered myself; "we will work out something between us before the day comes. But in the meanwhile we must provide a driver for that precious omnibus. Old Giles has struck."

"Giles has struck?"

"Yes, refuses to have anything to do with motor conveyances; objects to them on principle, I suppose, as I object to hammocks."

"Oh, bother the hammocks!" exclaimed Molly pettishly, and with that she threw the result of her evening's labour, some two yards of netting, on to the fire, where it frizzled and smoked for a minute, and smelt abominably for the next hour. "I can tell who will drive, though," she continued, "if that obstinate old Giles won't, and that is Alfred."

"By Jove, yes! I never thought of him."

Alfred was a fresh-faced, muscular youth, a *protégé* of Aunt Hannah's, under whose protection he had passed through the various grades of garden-boy, house-boy, and under-footman, and had now arrived at the dignity of being head-footman, and was a very important functionary both in his own eyes and in the estimation of the household. To give Alfred his due, he was a man of many virtues, absolutely devoted to his mistress, a very civil and obliging servant, and possessed with a ready good-nature and spirit of self-confidence that might have prompted him to volunteer with equal alacrity either to command a regiment of cavalry or to stand umpire in a county cricket-match. It was a recorded fact that he had once offered to carry Aunt Hannah upstairs, a feat which a professional weight-lifter would hardly have cared to undertake. The dear old lady had just returned from a shopping

expedition, and by way of making a remark to Alfred, who was following her with a load of parcels, observed: "The stairs look very long to-day, Alfred." "Not at all, Ma'am, thank you," was the answer. "If you are at all tired, Ma'am, would you allow me to carry you, Ma'am?" The offer was made in such good faith and with so evident a desire to be of assistance, that Aunt Hannah did not even allow herself to smile as she graciously declined the proffered assistance. But Molly, who overheard the conversation, was forced to beat a hasty retreat into the drawing-room, where she could laugh at leisure.

I interrogated the great Alfred later on in my smoking-room. "Alfred," I said, "do you think that you would be up to driving or steering the automotor omnibus?"

"Oh yes, Sir, I could manage her all right. Why I rode a elk into Barksted on Wednesday, and drew a giraffe behind me."

For the moment I really thought that the man had suddenly taken leave of his senses. "Rode an elk and drew a giraffe behind you! What in the name of nonsense are you talking about?"

"Oh, begging your pardon, Sir, I was forgetting that you was not a rider,—it's not animals, Sir, not live animals that is, Sir, but it's what they call bikes or bicycles, Sir. A giraffe is a high bike, Sir, and a elk is a more solid machine like. It was Mr. Binks's elk, Sir [Mr. Binks was the butler, and certainly required a fairly solid machine to carry him], and it was the Curate's giraffe, Sir, as had punctured hisself, and he wanted it set right, Sir, and so Mr. Binks he lent me his elk to tow it. And the roads was awful; I don't know as Mr. Binks——"

"Oh, bother Binks," I interrupted,

"and his bicycle too. Look here, Alfred, an automotor carriage is not quite the same thing as a bicycle, you know."

"Oh, no, Sir," he assented; "but lor bless you, Sir, [it was a failing of Alfred's to become rather too familiar when he wished to inspire confidence] I ain't afraid of no sort of a carriage. Why, I drove a steam-plough once."

I do not know that even this apparently unassailable argument had much effect upon my mind. However, it was satisfactory at any rate to feel that there was one person in the establishment who thought that he was capable of driving an automotor carriage, and was ready to step into the breach if old Giles continued obstinate. "Well, you had better go to bed and think it over, Alfred," I said finally; "you shall have a look at the omnibus to-morrow;" and amid a shower of protestations Alfred withdrew.

On the following morning Molly and I were sitting alone at breakfast (Aunt Hannah seldom came down-stairs before eleven o'clock) when a sudden thought occurred to me. "May I ask, Molly," I enquired, "what you had intended to do with that precious infant of yours when you made all your plans about going to the seaside in our omnibus?"

"Baby? Why of course he would go by train with his nurse, George. You really do not suppose, darling, that I should,—that I should,—" and here she came to a dead stop.

"That you should do what, dear?"

"Why, that I should let poor baby travel in an automotor carriage; of course he would go by train."

"But, my dear woman, I thought that you objected to trains, and said that they were always dusty and shaky and horrid."

"Oh, yes, I dare say that I did say so, and so they are; but then after

all one knows more about them, and they are much safer, you will allow, George."

This was really a bit too strong. I am by no means devoid of paternal affection, even though I am not so absolutely wrapped up with my son and heir as Molly and Aunt Hannah are. I am honestly fond of the little brat and hate to hear him cry; but I could not help feeling that Molly's remark savoured of cold-blooded calculation, and almost implied that it would not matter much if the baby's father, mother, great-aunt, and sundry domestics came to unutterable grief in the automotor omnibus, provided that the child himself was safely stowed away in a railway-carriage. "Perhaps in the circumstances, my dear Molly," I said rather stiffly, "it might be as well that we should all go by train."

"Oh, but that would spoil all the fun of the thing," exclaimed the lady. "I don't suppose that there is much danger really for us; but I am sure, George, that you yourself would not like to run any risks with baby."

I am not particularly fond of running risks on my own account, but did not think it politic to say so. I held my tongue, waiting for further elucidations, and presently they came. After a rather prolonged silence, Molly commenced. "You see, George dear,—though I don't suppose you will understand,—men never do understand these things somehow,—but you will agree with me, darling (won't you?) that it would be a dreadful thing if anything did happen to poor baby."

"Oh, yes, dear," I assented hastily, "I quite feel that; but—hum—ha—I confess that I don't quite see exactly what you are driving at."

"Well, George dear, it's not very easy to explain to people who seem determined not to understand. But

you will admit that we do not know much about these automotor carriages, and there might be an accident, an explosion, or an upset, or something, and well—if anything—did—happen—to baby—what would become of all poor, dear Aunt Hannah's money? It would have to go to a hospital or to somebody no one ever knew anything about;” and having with difficulty managed to ejaculate this long sentence, which came out one word at a time, just as I have written it down, Molly fairly burst into tears over the picture of desolation which she had herself conjured up.

Of course there was nothing left for me (for I wish it to be clearly understood that, whatever may be my shortcomings as to that precious baby, I am not a brute so far as my wife is concerned) but to let my egg get cold and fly round the table to Molly's assistance. I comforted and consoled her in every way I could think of, assuring her again and again that Aunt Hannah, Alfred, the maid, and above all I myself, were ready to run the risk of being blown into countless smithereens so long as not a hair on the baby's head (there certainly were not many to spare) was in any way injured. I was so far successful in my efforts that I was presently able to resume my breakfast in tolerable comfort; and presently, when Molly had quite recovered her composure, I made a brilliant suggestion. “You are quite sure, dear,” I remarked, “that you would not like to get your Uncle Tom down here for a day or two so that he and Aunt Hannah might take a trial trip in the omnibus? I have no doubt that Alfred would be delighted to drive them, and of course we should see that their wills were properly made before they started.”

Uncle Tom, let me add, from whom Molly was supposed to have expecta-

tions, was a Crimean veteran, who lived at his club in London, and suffered from intermittent gout and a permanently bad temper.

For a moment Molly really took the proposition seriously. “I am afraid, darling, that it would hardly do. You see I don't think we should ever get dear Uncle Tom to move out of London, and besides, if any little thing did go wrong, he would very likely swear horribly and shock Aunt Hannah, and——”

“And not be in a proper frame of mind to be blown up aloft,” I put in parenthetically.

“Oh, you bad boy,” exclaimed Molly, “now I see that you are only laughing at me. But seriously, George, I think that we ought to try the thing on the roads about here before we attempt a long journey.”

I cordially assented to this proposition, and, as I was myself obliged to go to London for a night on business, it was settled that Alfred, with the assistance of a groom, should make a trial of the omnibus on the high road in my absence, and, if the result proved satisfactory, should take Aunt Hannah, Molly, and myself for a formal trial-trip on the first convenient day. On my return from London, I received from the great Alfred an assurance that, “She ran as easy as butter, and made no noise nor smell nor anything.”

“And you can manage it all right, Alfred?”

“Oh lor yes, Sir, why a baby in arms, or even the Missis herself could drive it. There's just a feeling on the box as if a bit of bacon were a frizzling under the seat, but not what any one wouldn't call a virbation.”

Encouraged by this assurance, Molly, Aunt Hannah, and myself spent most of the evening in planning out a short circular tour for the next day, choosing a route by which we

could avoid villages and stiff hills, and have no more dangerous obstacle to pass than a bridge over the river with a toll-gate at one end. The next morning was fine and warm, so warm in fact that we postponed our expedition till late in the afternoon. Personally I was anxious to see the actual start, and so, having planted the ladies outside the front gates, I went into the stable-yard. There I found Alfred already mounted on the box, while old Giles was standing with his coat off and his hands in his pockets, posing as an unconcerned spectator, though I could see that he was really deeply interested in the proceedings.

"Are you ready, Alfred?" I asked.

"Right as rain, Sir," was the cheery answer.

"Go ahead, then."

Now whether the consciousness of being overlooked had upset Alfred's presence of mind, or whether he was merely over-anxious to distinguish himself, I cannot undertake to say. But certain it is that on receiving the order to go ahead, he managed at one and the same time to turn two contradictory handles and to put on moderate speed and a strong brake simultaneously. The effect of this combination of opposing powers was that the ill-used omnibus, anxious to do its best under difficulties, plunged forward for about three yards and then came to a dead stop, while the front wheels kept gently rising about half a foot in the air and then falling again without making any perceptible progress, reminding one rather of a ship riding at anchor in a heavy swell or a militia recruit practising the goose step.

"Why, d——d if she ain't jibbing at the start," roared out Giles, at once discarding his attitude of passive neutrality. "Get to her head, Bill,

quick, afore she kicks the place to pieces."

"Out of the light, you great silly," yelled Alfred, as the obedient Bill rushed forward with the evident intention of carrying out the order literally and planting himself in front of the omnibus. "She's all right; let her be. It's only as I got mixed up along of this blessed brake, and it's all right now," and as he spoke the omnibus commenced to travel quietly and easily down the yard.

"Now stop it," I shouted, and it stopped at once. "Alfred," I said very sternly, "you are quite sure that you can really control it now?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; I've got her tight. Why, Bill and me went three miles yesterday, and only run over a lame duck."

"Well, don't run over any ducks to-day, please. Go ahead."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. George," whispered Giles confidentially, "but if so be as Missis and Mrs. George is a going to travel in it, I think I'd best clap on my coat and go and sit alongside of Alfred, just to help him with that brake."

"Well, yes, Giles, I think you had better do so, if you don't mind," I replied; and accordingly Giles put on his coat and mounted the box with an air of professional gravity, contrasting strangely with his late attitude of indifference.

I was relieved to see that Alfred pioneered his way down the yard, through the gate, and round the sharp corner with perfect confidence.

We took up the ladies outside the front gate, and I got inside with them, Aunt Hannah of course occupying her own special seat, which she filled very comfortably, and we soon found ourselves sailing along the road at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, while the omnibus almost justi-

fied Alfred's description of going along like butter. There was just the least perception of a throbbing sound, and a very gentle oscillatory movement, but nothing that could in any way be called uncomfortable. Under these happy conditions we had gone about three miles, and Aunt Hannah had produced her knitting, when the omnibus came to a sudden stop.

"What's wrong now?" I exclaimed.

"Do get out and see what the matter is, George," said Molly, who is always rather on the nervous side. I descended accordingly.

"What is the matter, Giles?"

"Oh, nothing much," he replied; "only a baker's cart run away; serve him right too for not leaving any one to mind it. Ah, there go the loaves and there goes the cart and horse into the ditch comfortably. Steady, my boy," he continued, apostrophising the horse which was some three or four hundred yards away from us; "it's no manner of good you struggling; we'll come and pull you out presently."

Accordingly, after I had reassured the ladies, Giles, Alfred, and myself went to the rescue of the baker's horse, which we found considerably frightened, but, barring a few scratches, quite unhurt. We unharnessed the animal and righted the cart, and were just resting from our labours when the baker arrived on the scene, very red in the face, very much out of breath, and very short in the temper.

"Pretty blooming goings on, these here, Mr. Engine-driver, ain't they?" he commenced, addressing Giles, who was just beginning to reharneß the horse.

"You call me an engine-driver again and you'll find yourself in the wrong box, Mr. Dough-messer," retorted Giles, highly indignant.

"Hold your tongue, Giles," I interposed; "and if you have got anything to say, my man, say it to me."

"Anything to say? I've got a blooming lot to say, Mister. I'll have the law on you. What do you mean by upsetting of my cart?"

"I never touched your cart; the horse ran away."

"About time to run away too, when you comes puffing and snorting along the road with your blasted engine. Where's your red flag?"

"I don't happen to have a red flag; there is no reason why I should have one."

"What, not when you're driving of a traction-engine?"

"As it happens, I am not driving a traction-engine."

"Not driving a traction-engine?" he exclaimed in an angry scream.

"What do you call it then?"

"I call it what it is,—an automotor omnibus."

"You can jolly well call it what you like, but I tell yer it is a traction-engine;" and with that he stamped down the road to have a closer inspection of the machine, followed by Alfred and myself, Giles considerably holding the horse which he had just finished harnessing.

"You may as well pick up those loaves, Alfred," I remarked, "and put them back into the cart." For as they were lying all over the road, they seemed likely to obstruct the progress of the omnibus.

"There," said the baker, who was gradually cooling down, "didn't I say it were a traction-engine? You ain't got no horses."

"That does not make it a traction-engine," I replied. "It's an automotor carriage, and neither requires horses nor a red flag."

"Then I suppose there's one law for the rich and another for the poor. When a gemman drives it, you calls it

a horto-something and yer don't have no flag; but if a poor bloke were to ride on it, he'd have to call it a traction-engine and have a man to walk ahead with a flag."

"Oh, dear no," I answered; "the laws are the same for every one; but the only law that has been broken now is the Highway Act about leaving carts on the road without any one to look after them. Here's my card, my man; you probably know my name and you can summons me when you like, but I'm afraid you will find it rather an expensive process."

The baker seemed rather staggered on hearing this view of the case, and on finding that I was neither afraid of giving my address nor anxious about the result of an action at law. However, he accepted the card, and after fingering it for a moment, put it into his waistcoat-pocket. "Look here, Governor," he said presently, "we don't want to have no words about it, not you and I. Says you to me, 'How much will you take,' says you, 'to say nothin' more about it?'"

"Suppose I don't say anything of the sort," I answered, more inclined to laugh than to be angry at this sudden change of front.

"Give the poor man something, George, and let us get on," whispered Aunt Hannah from the interior of the omnibus, and unfortunately the baker overheard her.

"Look you here, Governor," he said, raising his voice and going up close to the carriage so that the inside passengers might catch his remarks; "here's you a swell with a carrivan of your own and two men on the box and all; and me a poor bloke, with a wife with twins and expecting more, a man as works hard for his food, and a whole baking spoilt, and cart knocked about, and horse all nohow, all along of you, as I don't say it was your fault, not if you—oh, thank you

kindly, Mum, you're a lady if your husband ain't, anyhow;" and off marched the baker in triumph, whistling as he went, and pocketing a sovereign which Molly, aided and abetted by Aunt Hannah, had quietly put into his hand. In another minute our friend had mounted his cart, and having apparently thrown one loaf of bread at Giles's head and another at Alfred's, he whipped up his horse and went off at full gallop down the road. I was a little annoyed myself by Molly's rather unnecessary liberality, but old Giles was simply dancing about the road in a perfect frenzy of rage, and continued to shake his fist and shout threats at the baker long after the latter was out of hearing. I learnt from Alfred, who looked rather amused than otherwise, that the baker on getting into his cart had picked out the two dirtiest loaves he could lay his hands upon and chucked them to the two men as a sort of reward for their assistance.

"Catch hold, old engine-driver," he shouted; "here's summat for you and your mate. I take it your governor keeps you a bit short."

When we resumed our journey, I sat outside with Giles and Alfred, partly in order to watch the working of the machinery, and partly because I was still a little sore over the incident of the baker and the sovereign. I noticed that foot-passengers generally stopped to have a good stare at our conveyance, but the two or three horses that we passed did not seem to be much disconcerted by it. We only travelled at a moderate pace, as I positively forbade any attempt to run the villain baker to ground. In about an hour we came in sight of the bridge with the toll-gate. The keeper of the gate was a rather well-known character in the neighbourhood, as in addition to his official salary he earned a good many odd

shillings in the course of the year by killing and cutting up the farmers' and cottagers' pigs. In the winter months Mr. Hodge's services were so much in request that his wife had to do most of the toll-gate work, but in summer he was generally to be found at his post, and on this particular day he was very much in evidence. As we approached the bridge, we saw, to our astonishment, that the gate was shut and the great Mr. Hodge was sitting on the top of it.

"Why, whatever is up with Master Hodge?" exclaimed Giles. "Man and boy I've driven through that gate for forty years, and I've never seen him do that afore."

When we pulled up at the gate Hodge showed no sign of any intention to relinquish his position, but sat there whistling with an air of stolid indifference.

"Well, Master Hodge, aren't you going to let us through?" enquired Giles.

"Noa, I aren't," was the reply. "I aren't a going to have no traction-engines over my bridge."

"This isn't a traction-engine, my good fellow."

"Aren't it? I knows better."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Hodge; get off the gate and open it at once."

"I sha'n't do nothing o' the kind, so there, Mister." This was a poser, but Alfred at once suggested a solution of the difficulty. "You sit tight, Sir," he remarked, "and if I put on full speed, I'll bust that gate and old Hodge too."

I hastily declined to be an accessory before the fact to wilful murder; but it occurred to me that we might effect our object by feigning an attack. "Now you listen, Alfred, to what I say," I whispered. "If you let the 'bus move one inch, I'll discharge you on the spot; I only want to frighten

the man;" and then I shouted out loud to Hodge: "Now, my man, I give you one minute to get off that gate, and after that we'll drive straight through it. Be ready, Alfred," and I pulled out my watch; "ten seconds gone, twenty seconds——, thirty——, forty——"

"And the Lord have mercy on your soul," murmured Giles, with much solemnity.

The remark had such an effect on Hodge, that he tumbled off the gate with creditable celerity. "You'm no manner of right to drive traction-engines nor nothing that weighs more than six tons over my bridge," he remarked, as soon as he reached *terra firma*.

"It is not a traction-engine, and it does not weigh six tons," I said; "and if you don't open the gate at once, I'll take it off the hinges."

"Aunt Hannah says that she would like to walk over the bridge," screamed Molly from the inside. Aunt Hannah had evidently overheard some of our conversation and had been seized with the idea, not wholly unjustifiable, that her weight might make an appreciable difference. So, accompanied by Molly, she got out of the omnibus, and the two passed through the foot-gate and walked over the bridge, leaving me to make my own terms with the pork-butcher.

"Now," said Hodge, looking at me in an insinuating manner, "supposin' as how I were to let what you calls a omnibus and I calls a engine, go over my bridge, what are you goin' to stand?"

"The proper toll, of course," I answered sharply.

"Which there ain't no proper fare for they things. It's what I likes to charge."

"Or what the Master likes to pay," struck in Giles.

"Well, supposin' we was to say 'arf a crown, or five bob more like," suggested Hodge, adding the "five bob more like" very hurriedly, seeing that I did not look so indignant at the idea of the half-crown as he had perhaps expected.

"Oh, nonsense," I answered at once, to his huge disappointment; "I'll give you sixpence, which is three times the ordinary toll."

"Make it a bob, and I opens;" and weakly consenting, I handed over a shilling. Having now, as it were, concluded the terms of peace, Hodge opened the gate and, as I had got down to follow the ladies, he condescended to walk over the bridge with me and even to wax confidential. "Why, the baker he took a suvrin over this job, didn't he, and I only get a bob! He's a rare un to drive a bargain, is baker."

"Oh, the baker put you up to this game, did he?"

"Yes, he give me the tip, he did. But I say, Mister," he continued, jerking his head in the direction of Aunt Hannah, whom he evidently regarded from a strictly professional point of view, "the old lady would cut up well, wouldn't her? There's many a one as I knows on as would like to have one fed like that. Why, she'd go well-nigh forty score."

It was by no means the first time in my life that I had heard the phrase *cutting up well* used, not quite in the sense that Mr. Hodge applied it, in reference to Aunt Hannah; but I absolutely declined to discuss the question of the dear old lady's weight with a vulgar pork-butcher. "I don't think it's much concern of yours, Hodge," I said curtly, "what Miss Lovejoy weighs, and we'll talk about something else, please."

"Well, no offence, Mister, but it does a man's heart good to see such a one as her;" and after another long

stare at Aunt Hannah, Mr. Hodge sauntered back to his toll-gate.

By special request I again took an inside seat, and the ladies talked merrily about our adventures, while I could not help reflecting that if every short country expedition was to cost a guinea in incidental expenses, our white elephant was likely to prove a somewhat costly toy.

We were only two miles from home when Molly's evil genius prompted her to remark to Aunt Hannah, who had not spoken for some few minutes: "Auntie, dear, does not this little throbbing noise remind you of the engine on the Dover packet?"

"Yes, dear," responded Aunt Hannah, and then after a momentary pause she added in a tone of deep conviction: "and I am sorry to say, my dear, that whenever I hear that noise I feel that I must be ill, and—and——"

I will draw a veil over the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that Aunt Hannah acted in full accordance with her conviction, and that Molly, who, according to her lady-friends, has a sweetly sympathetic disposition, dutifully followed suit. We had to leave them at a labourer's cottage, whereby another half-crown was added to the incidental expenses.

"I knew all along as no good would come of it, no more nor out of they great ovens as Missis bought to hatch chickens in," remarked Giles with an air of unholy triumph, as he started half an hour later to fetch the ladies home in the brougham. "You mark my words, Master George, it's never no good goin' agin nature."

Our automotor omnibus is now on sale and may be viewed on the premises. If it is not sold within six months, Molly thinks that it will be a good plan to fit it up as a locomotive poultry-house, and to buy some prize Wyandottes to keep in it.

THE LESSON OF 1881.

It is natural that recent events in the Transvaal should have produced a flood of reminiscences of the short and disastrous campaign of 1881; and, as there appear to be in many minds false conceptions of the causes and circumstances of our military failure on that occasion, an attempt to describe briefly the incidents of the three actions on the Natal border, and to point out the lessons to be derived from their unfortunate result, may possess some value.

It will be remembered that the Republic of the Transvaal had been annexed to the Empire in March, 1877, and that a large proportion of the Boers of that day had approved of the annexation; partly because of the unsatisfactory internal administration of the Republic, and partly because of its external weakness, which rendered its continued resistance to the surrounding black population very uncertain. The people of England had fair reason to believe that the Boers would in time come to appreciate the safety and prosperity that would be conferred on them by their acceptance of British rule; and, as a matter of fact, it is well known that three thousand out of the eight thousand adult Boers then inhabiting the Transvaal signed petitions in favour of the annexation.

Partly from a genuine national feeling and love of independence, which Englishmen must admire, but largely also in consequence of the persistent agitation of mercenary politicians, among whom Mr. Kruger, the present President, was prominent, the Transvaal Boers gradually worked them-

selves into a determination to regain, by either peaceful or violent means, the independence which they had resigned; and as the English Government, after its custom, had prematurely weakened the garrison in South Africa, and particularly that in the Transvaal, the desired opportunity for rebellion presented itself at the close of the year 1880, that is to say, within four years of the British annexation.

At this date the Governor of Natal and High Commissioner in South-Eastern Africa was Major-General Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, a distinguished staff-officer of unusual talent and force of character. Sir George, who at the time of his arrival in Natal in June, 1880, was under forty-five years of age, and in the prime of his mental and bodily powers, had seen active service in Kaffraria, in China, and in Ashanti. In the last-named expedition he had gained a high reputation by the energy with which he re-organised a collapsed transport-service; and his subsequent employment as private-secretary to Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India during the second Afghan war, had gained for him the assurance of a brilliant future. To this varied and valuable training Sir George Colley was now about to add the experience of an independent command, and it may safely be said that the confidence which he felt in himself was universally reflected in the minds of his professional superiors.

No sooner had General Colley assumed the reins of office from his predecessor in the post of High Com-

missioner (Sir Garnet, now Lord, Wolseley) than he made a rapid inspection of the military garrisons in the Transvaal. Few if any, signs of coming trouble were observed by him in the course of this journey, but he saw with natural alarm the extreme weakness of our position in the Boer territory.

The Transvaal garrison consisted of little more than the strength of two battalions, scattered over lines more than six hundred miles in extent; and, from the inefficiency of the means of transport then available in South Africa, unable to make any combined movements either for attack or defence.

The General determined to concentrate these detachments as much as possible, with the objects of saving expense in the carriage of supplies and of checking desertion, which had been terribly prevalent in the small and dull out-lying garrisons. Before however the desired concentration had been effected, the disaffection of the Boers came rapidly to a head, and the first move of a detachment not only coincided very nearly with the outbreak of rebellion, but unfortunately gave the Boer leaders a chance of inflicting a blow on our prestige which they promptly seized.

The first shot of the war was actually fired on December 16th, 1880, at the town of Potchefstroom; but the affair was merely an interchange of volleys brought about by the aggressive and insulting action of a body of mounted Boers, who moreover were the first to fire. On the same day the Boer leaders, then sitting at Heidelberg, wrote to Sir Owen Lanyon, the Resident at Pretoria, a formal demand for the restitution of the independence of the Transvaal; and at the same time they sent orders to the local Boer commandants to arrest the concentration march of the British detachments.

The detachments which had been ordered to move were two in number; one consisting of two companies of the 94th Regiment, ordered from Wakkerstrom to Standerton; the other, consisting of the head-quarters of the same regiment with about three hundred men, had been ordered from Middleburg to Pretoria.

As but brief notice can be taken of events in the Transvaal it must here suffice to say that the Wakkerstrom detachment, ably conducted by Captain Froom, 94th Regiment (now a Lieutenant-Colonel retired) reached its destination safely, while the disaster which befell the head-quarters of the regiment at Bronkhurst Spruit is well known. In spite of warnings of possible hostilities on the part of the Boers the unfortunate commander of the 94th marched on his way, hampered by a long train of waggons, and taking but the most meagre precautions against surprise. At the river-crossing which has given its name to the disaster the Boers suddenly appeared on all sides of the small main body of the 94th, and a peremptory order to cease his advance was handed to Colonel Anstruther. How unexpected was the appearance of the Boers may be judged from the fact that the band of the regiment was playing at the time.

Colonel Anstruther replied briefly that he should continue on his way, and ordered his men to extend for attack. Before, however, it was possible for any adequate preparations to be made, and while the bandsmen and prisoners were endeavouring to get out their rifles from one of the waggons, a murderous fire was poured in on the unhappy detachment from all sides. The 94th defended themselves as best they could and returned the Boers' fire gallantly, but in less than ten minutes one hundred and twenty of them were either killed or disabled.

The officers exposed themselves fearlessly and were picked off almost immediately by the Boer marksmen. The courage displayed by all ranks was the one satisfactory feature of this disastrous episode; and by none was greater gallantry displayed than by the mortally-wounded commander of the little force, who disregarded his injuries and retained the command of his men to the last. Whether or not the attack of the Boers on the 94th Regiment is to be considered an act of treachery is a moot point; but it is safe to assert that no English commander would have attacked a Boer force in like manner.

The news of the outbreak of hostilities at Potchefstroom, of the declaration of independence at Hiedelberg, and of the disaster to the 94th at Bronkhurst Spruit came to the General in rapid succession, and those Englishmen who may have been tempted by the bitter smart of defeat to attack the memory of Colley should remember that his first act on hearing of the massacre of the 94th (for so it was universally called at the time), was to issue a general order to the British troops under his command, urging them, "Not to allow the soldierly spirit which prompts to gallant action to degenerate into a feeling of revenge," an utterance worthy of an English commander.

Colley's position was now a very anxious one. He had at and about Maritzburg a very small force of regular troops, and he had to choose between three courses, to all of which there were grave objections. He could attack the enemy at once with the small force at his disposal, with the risk of suffering a defeat which would undoubtedly encourage any waverers among the Boers to fly to arms: he could accept the offers of the Natal colonists to raise local levies as reinforcements, particularly

mounted troops of which he stood greatly in need; or he could await reinforcements from England. Being aware that delay on his part would do almost as much as a defeat to encourage the spread of the rebellion, General Colley at once decided not to await reinforcements. He also decided not to accept the aid of local corps, with the praiseworthy wish to avoid stirring up racial hatred between the English and Dutch inhabitants of South Africa. Finally, being anxious to kill the rebellion at one blow by a successful action, and thereby to secure the safety of the beleaguered garrisons in the Transvaal, he decided to advance as soon as possible against the Boers with what force he possessed. He set out therefore from Maritzburg on January 10th, 1881, and proceeded to Newcastle, whither the troops had preceded him. Eighteen days later he had made the attack on Laing's Nek and had been repulsed.

The position of Laing's Nek is on a saddle, on a salient spur of the Drakensberg mountains, a few miles within the northern border of Natal; and the occupation of this position by the Boers was therefore an act of invasion. The position is a strong one from the Natal side, the ascent to the Nek being steep, while the ridges on either side of the road of 1881 curved forward and somewhat enveloped it. The position was secured from attack on the west side by the Drakensberg mountains, and on the east by the Buffalo river, both absolute obstacles to turning movements so far as a small force was concerned.

Having then decided to attack the Boer invaders with what means he possessed, and without colonial aid, the General moved out of Mount Prospect Camp, situated on a high ridge about a mile to the right of the road from Newcastle to Laing's

Nek, on the morning of January 28th, 1881, at the head of about twelve hundred men of all arms; consisting of eight hundred and seventy infantry, one hundred and eighty mounted men, six guns and three rocket tubes. Two Gatlings and about two hundred men were left to guard the camp and stores.

The force, small as it was, had been so to speak scraped together from all parts of the Colony, and was, in the General's own words, as queer a mixture as was ever brought together. The mounted men consisted of some details of the King's Dragoon Guards, Army Service Corps men, and volunteers from two infantry battalions. They were indifferently mounted and mostly unskilled horsemen.

The "little mouthful of men" moved across the grassy ridges between Mount Prospect and Laing's Nek under cover of its guns, until it reached a point at the foot of, and about two thousand yards distant from the Boer position, where it formed up for attack. The enemy's right and centre being practically unassailable, Colley promptly decided to attack a spur on their left, much of which was dead ground, that is, ground sheltered from the fire of the defenders. Against a ridge on the right rear of the attack, from which a flanking fire would be sustained, the General adopted the hazardous expedient of launching his mounted men.

Disaster soon befell the English troops. Gallantly led by Major Brownlow, one of the handsomest and bravest of soldiers, the leading troop of the little squadron boldly charged up the steep ridge in the teeth of the Boer fire. The horses of Brownlow and his subaltern were killed on reaching the crest, and his sergeant-major and a corporal, who

also charged home among the enemy, were both killed. The Boers had received the order to retire and were running to their horses when the supporting English troop, that composed of the partially-trained mounted infantry, seeing, as they thought, all their leaders down, turned and galloped down the hill. The Boers immediately rallied and pelted the whole squadron with fire, driving them back. This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Brownlow's charge, which was intended to have been simultaneous with that of the infantry, had been made somewhat too soon, but it was now too late to stop the assault. The 58th Regiment, its officers in front, was conducted to the point of assault by Colonel Deane, Sir George Colley's chief staff-officer. Riding before the regiment, and accompanied by three other staff-officers, Colonel Deane impetuously hurried the unfortunate 58th up the steep slope (so steep as almost to require climbing on hands and knees) bringing them under the Boer fire "in a confused mass and quite beat and breathless." Deane made a gallant and desperate attempt to charge, and fell riddled with bullets as he reached the brow, where his body, with those of Major Poole and Lieutenants Elwes and Inman were found ten yards ahead of any others. The men of the 58th gallantly struggled up after them, but no more could be done and they were quickly compelled to retire, leaving on the fatal ridge seven officers and seventy-six men killed, and two officers and one hundred and ten men wounded. Their retreat was covered by two companies of the 60th Rifles, who had been held in reserve, and behind them the 58th rallied with great steadiness, and continued the retirement in perfect order.

The lessons of the repulse at Laing's

Nek are very obvious, yet there can be no harm in noticing them. So much in war depends on first impressions that it is evident that a commander should launch his troops to their first attack with the utmost care. It does not appear that the tactical errors made at Laing's Nek were attributable to Sir George Colley. That he was justified in attacking a strong position, openly and without any attempt at surprise, with a force numerically weaker than the defenders, is very doubtful. That matter, however, was one of which he, knowing all the circumstances, was the best judge, and it would be presumptuous to say that the attack, made, as it was, by trained soldiers on a body of undisciplined farmers, was foredoomed to failure. Certainly few, if any, of Colley's force had realised the courage and tenacity with which the Boers would fight, and brave and tenacious though they proved themselves many hold that their success on this occasion was won by a very narrow margin, and that had care been taken to ensure the punctual co-operation of our two attacks, all might have gone well. The lessons then of Laing's Nek are as follows :—

- (1) When simultaneous attacks have been arranged, perfect punctuality on the part of the various portions must be achieved. This punctuality requires the utmost care.
- (2) All troops should be led to the assault by their own officers. The assumption of this duty by staff-officers is most improper, and has frequently led to disaster.
- (3) Infantry, which has approached a position over difficult ground, should on no account be called upon to charge before the men have recovered their breath; and no charge should be attempted before the defenders have been shaken by a previous heavy fire. This is, of course, a well-known principle, yet many failures

in attack have been caused by its neglect.

The conduct of the defeated general after the repulse at Laing's Nek was truly admirable. In all his letters, public and private, as in his recorded utterances, Sir George Colley frankly and freely took all blame to himself, blame that in many instances was not his due. His one hope and desire was that the Boers would take heart of grace and attack his small and isolated force at Mount Prospect Camp, and afford him a fair chance of retrieving his position. Elated though they doubtless were by their unexpected victory the Boers had no taste for an enterprise of this nature, yet they soon showed their military instinct by movements directed against Colley's line of communications.

Before describing the action of Ingogo, brought about by an attempt of Sir George to rectify this difficulty, a few words may be said regarding the force which he (after Laing's Nek) considered sufficient to subdue the Transvaal and, if necessary, the Orange Free State.

In a letter to Sir Evelyn Wood, who, though his senior, had volunteered to serve under his command, Sir George Colley wrote the following scheme.

He, with two thousand two hundred infantry, four hundred and fifty cavalry, and eight guns was to capture Laing's Nek. Wood, with a second column was to march from Newcastle to Utrecht towards Wakkerstrom, and thence threaten the Boers at Laing's Nek in rear, thereby facilitating Colley's movement. Wood was then to relieve Leydenberg and settle the Swazi border and the Wakkerstrom and Utrecht districts, while Colley pushed on to Pretoria to resume the government. Should the Orange Free State prove hostile, Colley considered that Sir Evelyn would be equal

to disposing of it with three battalions, a strong cavalry regiment, and eight guns. This is all interesting matter now; but four days after this letter came the fight at Ingogo.

On February 7th, ten days after the assault on Laing's Nek, the post, carried by mounted natives, was attacked on its way to Newcastle, and the arrival of a convoy which was expected at Mount Prospect seemed likely to be prevented. At eight o'clock, therefore, on the following morning, the General marched out of camp with thirty-eight mounted men, four guns, and about two hundred and eighty infantry. He intended to escort the mail beyond the point of danger, and then to return to camp with the expected convoy.

At about seven miles from camp the Ingogo river was crossed without any sign of opposition, and two guns and a half-company of infantry were dropped to secure the passage. From this point the road could be seen for more than a mile, leading up to a triangular plateau, having a fairly level top some four acres in extent. The English column here found its further progress barred by a strong skirmishing line of Boers in a semi-circular formation, and was compelled hurriedly to take up a defensive position round the crest of the little plateau. This ground it held from about noon till night-fall, the greater part of the time under a very heavy and well-aimed fire. The small artillery detachment suffered especially heavily, its commanding and subaltern officers, and nearly all its rank and file being killed or wounded. The artillery-subaltern, who highly distinguished himself, was Lieutenant C. S. B. Parsons, now Colonel Sir Charles Parsons, K.C.M.G.

In the action of the Ingogo the superiority of the Boer marksman-

ship was strikingly shown. Nothing but the most dogged courage enabled Colley's small force to hold its ground. Two-fifths of the entire force, and three-quarters of the horses were killed or wounded, yet so bold was the front shown that all the efforts of the Boer commander failed to induce his men to drive their attack home. The numbers of the attacking force were increased during the day to at least eight hundred men, but after night-fall, in pitch darkness and heavy rain, Sir George extricated the survivors of his little force from their perilous position, and safely conducted them over the eight miles of rough ground that lay between Mount Prospect and the plateau that was the final resting-place of so many of their comrades.

The lessons of the action of the Ingogo are especially valuable, for in addition to the lurid light thrown on the supreme importance of good shooting to the infantry soldier, the Boers on this occasion gave, by their natural military instinct, a lesson for all time as to the manner in which infantry should attack artillery. The incident, which occurred at the beginning of the action, is thus related by Sir William Butler.

A thousand yards distant on the right a strong body of mounted men were standing close enough together to offer an easy target to artillery. Between this body, which numbered about one hundred, and our position the ground descended into a *donga*, rising again to the opposite ridge on which the Boers stood. It was a chance for artillery not to be lost; the gun swung quickly round, unlimbered, and came into action.

There was a momentary hesitation on the part of the Boers, and well there might be. Here was the arm whose prowess they had most reason to fear. Would they turn and gallop back to seek shelter behind the ridge on which they stood, or go forward and get within rifle-distance of the nine pounders? There was little time given to chose.

The first shell burst high and beyond them, as at full gallop the band descended the hill, gained the lower *donga*, and, dismounting, began at once to push up the little valleys leading to the plateau, where from the cover of every rock and grass-patch they opened a rapid and most accurate fire on the guns . . . get within rifle-range, and their straight shooting would do the rest.

What the Boers did at the Ingogo English marksmen can do wherever they meet artillery.

The gravity of the task before Sir George Colley was now evident to him. Only a fortnight had elapsed since he had left Newcastle: the Boer invaders were more firmly established than ever at Laing's Nek; and a third of his force had been killed or wounded. The burden of his misfortunes was heavy to bear, and heavier yet the load of responsibility for the future.

That he was unfortunate at Laing's Nek we may willingly admit; that his attempt to re-open his communications at Ingogo with so small a force was a tactical error can hardly be denied; and there will be few to defend his third throw for fortune, the seizure of Majuba. Yet there is much to admire, much to love, in the character of the unsuccessful general as drawn by his biographer and friend, "fixed in purpose, unshaken in resolve, bearing upon his shoulders many loads, and striving manfully for the honour of his country and the reputation of her soldiers."

The hill of Majuba, a name of bitter memory for England, dominated the western extremity of the Boer position at Laing's Nek, but was not held by them. They had contented themselves with posting a piquet of observation daily upon the hill, while concentrating their energies on strengthening the defences of the pass itself. They believed, in fact, by holding the pass they could

bar the road into the Transvaal, while Colley persuaded himself, or was persuaded, into the belief that, by seizing Majuba, he could vitiate the whole Boer line of defence and compel them to abandon Laing's Nek.

It is easy to be wise after the event, and it now seems clear enough that had it been possible to drag, or carry, even one gun to the summit of Majuba, and had the seizure of the hill been immediately followed by an advance of the troops at Newcastle (now increased by reinforcements to a regiment of cavalry, a battery of artillery, two battalions of infantry, and other details) to a renewed attack from below, Majuba might have been a victory instead of a defeat. What actually happened must now be told.

On the evening of February 26th Colley marched silently from Mount Prospect with a small and, unhappily, mixed force numbering five hundred and fifty-four of all ranks. These consisted of seven companies, belonging to the 58th Regiment, 60th Rifles, and 92nd Highlanders, with sixty-four sailors. Three of the companies, namely the two of the 60th Rifles and one of the 92nd, were posted at important points between the camp and Majuba, so that but four companies and the sailors, numbering under four hundred men, finally occupied the summit. With this little force the crest of the plateau of Majuba was to be held, a perimeter of some twelve hundred yards; but so commanding in appearance was the position that no shadow of doubt as to their ability to hold it against all comers seems to have crossed the minds of any of the defenders. To this fatal confidence, and the consequent failure to entrench the position, the disaster which now befell our arms must be attributed.

The effect on the minds of the Boers of the discovery that Majuba

was occupied by our troops has been variously described. Some writers assert that a panic ensued, and that the majority of the garrison of Laing's Nek prepared to beat a hurried retreat. Others again assert that the Boers were so far from being alarmed that they at first thought that the Highlanders who showed on the crest line were a mere patrol, and they in consequence sent but a small number of men to drive the intruders away.

Be this as it may, the Boer attack on Majuba Hill on that Sunday morning eighteen years ago was a most gallant feat of arms, and the performance of the assaulting party may be looked on as a model of conduct in hill-warfare. The actual assault on our position was carried out by the men who had fought in the two previous actions, while covering-parties engaged the attention of the defenders with long-range fire from three directions. At the same time patrols were sent by the Boers to ascertain if any move against them was threatened from Newcastle. Veteran soldiers could have taken no better precautions.

To describe the disaster in detail would be too distasteful a task. Suffice it to say that steady firing opened on our men at about seven in the morning. At about eleven no great harm had been done; the Boers appeared to be wasting their ammunition, and no doubt as to the event was entertained. Suddenly, at about half-past one, about sixty Boers appeared close to a body of our men, occupying a small stony knoll, and fired a volley which killed, disabled, or dispersed them in a moment.

The sudden collapse of this party

so dumb-founded those who were in sight of the spot that they recoiled from the brow of the hill, thus leaving the attacking force free access to the summit. The Boers promptly availed themselves of this unexpected piece of good fortune, and rapidly mounting the crest poured so heavy and well-directed a fire into the defenders that an irremediable panic set in,—and the day was lost. All the efforts of the unhappy Colley and his officers to rally their men were in vain; and then, at last, having suffered all the bitterness that life has in store for a soldier, Colley had the supreme good fortune to find death.

In the grave, that temple of reconciliation, no self-reproaches, no vain regrets trouble his soul. His countrymen, knowing that he laid down his life for England, will not dwell too curiously on the causes of his defeat. Yet the lessons of Majuba should not be forgotten. Never again should over-confidence tempt us to neglect precautions of universal application from a false sense of security. If this lesson, so often ignored by Englishmen, be now thoroughly learned, even the humiliation of Majuba may have its uses.

And England may surely lay a lesson to heart from the great national humiliation of 1881. Never again, let us pray, will an English statesman cry peace when there is no peace, and with an enemy occupying English soil bid our soldiers stay their hand. We are to-day reaping the bitter crop sown by Gladstone in 1881.

HUGH PEARSE, Major,
East Surrey Regiment.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER XXI.

ADMIRAL DE MELLO had been true to his word, and had obeyed the order which had reached him through the proper channel. He was within a hundred miles of Port Said when the despatch-boat, with the Agent of the Republic, had been met. He at once changed his course, and steamed towards the city he had so lately left. His fleet consisted of two battleships, which, though slow and out of date, were yet formidable machines, two cruisers, and a gunboat. The inopportune bursting of a steam-pipe on board the flagship, the *Fortuna*, caused a delay of several hours, and it was not till two o'clock in the afternoon of the second day that he rounded the point and saw the harbour and city of Laurania rise fair and white on the starboard bow. His officers scanned the capital, which was their home and of whose glories they were proud, with anxious eyes, nor were their fears unfounded. The smoke of half-a-dozen conflagrations rose from among the streets and gardens; the foreign shipping had moved out of the basin and lay off in the roads, for the most part under steam; a strange red flag flew from the fort at the end of the mole.

The Admiral, signalling for half-speed, picked his way towards the mouth of the channel cautiously. It was so contrived that a vessel in passing must be exposed to a cross-fire from the heavy guns in the batteries. The actual passage was nearly a mile wide, but the navigable channel itself was dangerously narrow and extremely difficult. De Mello, who knew every foot of it, led the way in the *Fortuna*; the two cruisers, *Sorato* and *Petrarch*, followed; the gunboat *Rienzi* was next, and the other battleship, *Sal-danho*, brought up the rear. The signal was made to clear for action; the men were beat to quarters; the officers went to their posts and the fleet, assisted by a favourable tide, steamed slowly towards the entrance.

The rebel gunners wasted no time in formalities. As the *Fortuna* came into the line of fire, two great clouds of smoke sprang from the embrasures; the nine-inch guns of the seaward battery were discharged. Both shells flew high and roared through the masts of the warship, who increased her speed to seven knots and stood on her course followed by her consorts. As each gun of the forts came to bear, it was fired, but the aim was bad, and the projectiles ricocheted merrily over the water, raising great fountains of spray; it was not until the leading

ship had arrived at the entrance of the channel that she was struck.

A heavy shell, charged with a high explosive, crashed into the port battery of the *Fortuna*, killing and wounding nearly sixty men, as well as dismounting two out of the four guns. This roused the huge machine; the forward turret revolved and, turning swiftly towards the fort, brought its great twin guns to bear. Their discharge was almost simultaneous, and the whole ship staggered with the violence of the recoil. Both shells struck the fort and exploded on impact, smashing the masonry to splinters and throwing heaps of earth into the air; but the harm done was slight. Safe in their bomb-proofs, the rebel gunners were exposed only to the danger of missiles entering the embrasures; while such guns as fired from *barbette* mountings were visible only at the moment of discharge.

Nevertheless the great ship began literally to spout flame in all directions, and her numerous quick-firing guns searched for the embrasures, sprinkling their small shells with prodigal rapidity. Several of these penetrated, and the rebels began to lose men. As the ships advanced, the cross-fire grew hotter, and each in succession replied furiously. The cannonade became tremendous, the loud explosions of the heavy guns being almost drowned by the incessant rattle of the quick-firers; the waters of the harbour were spotted all over with great spouts of foam, while the clear air showed the white smoke-puffs of the bursting shells. The main battery of the *Fortuna* was completely silenced. A second shell had exploded with a horrid slaughter, and the surviving sailors had fled from the scene to the armoured parts of the vessel; nor could their officers induce them to return to that fearful shambles, where the fragments of

their comrades lay crushed between masses of senseless iron. The sides of the ships were scored and torn all over, and the copious streams of water from the scuppers attested the energy of the pumps. The funnel of the *Fortuna* had been shot off almost level with the deck, and the clouds of black smoke floating across her quarters drove the gunners from the stern-turret and from the after-guns. Broken, dismantled, crowded with dead and dying, her vitals were still uninjured, and her captain, in the conning-tower, feeling that she still answered the helm, rejoiced in his good fortune and held on his course.

The cruiser *Petrarch* had her steam steering-gear twisted and jammed by a shell, and becoming unmanageable grounded on a sandbank. The forts, redoubling their fire, began to smash her to pieces. She displayed a white flag and stopped firing; but of this no notice was taken, and as the other ships dared not risk going ashore, she became a wreck and blew up at three o'clock with a prodigious report.

The *Saldanho*, who suffered least and was very heavily armoured, contrived to shelter the gunboat a good deal and the remaining ships passed the batteries after forty minutes' fighting and with a loss of two hundred and twenty men killed and wounded, exclusive of the entire crew of the *Petrarch* who were all destroyed. The rebel loss was about seventy, and the damage done to the forts was slight. But it was now the turn of the sailors. The city of *Laurania* was at their mercy.

The Admiral brought his fleet to anchor five hundred yards from the shore. He hoisted a flag of truce, and as all his boats had been smashed in running the gauntlet, he signalled to the Custom-House that he was anxious for a parley, and desired that an officer should be sent.

After about an hour's delay a launch put out from the jetty and ran alongside the Fortuna. Two rebel officers in the uniform of the Republican Militia, and with red sashes round their waists, came on board. De Mello received them on his battered quarter-deck, with extreme politeness. Rough sailor as he was, he had mixed with men of many lands, and his manners were invariably improved by the proximity of danger or the consciousness of power. "May I ask," he said, "to what we are indebted for this welcome to our native city?"

The senior of the two officers replied that the forts had not fired till they were fired upon. The Admiral did not argue the point, but asked what had happened in the city. On hearing of the Revolution and of the death of the President, he was deeply moved. Like Sorrento, he had known Molara for many years, and he was an honest open-hearted man. The officers continued that the Provisional Government would accept his surrender and that of his ships, and would admit him and his officers to honourable terms as prisoners of war. He produced the authorisation of the Committee of Public Safety, signed by Savrola.

De Mello somewhat scornfully requested him to be serious.

The officer pointed out that the fleet in its battered condition could not again run the gauntlet of the batteries and would be starved out.

To this De Mello replied that the forts at the head of the harbour were in like condition, as his guns now commanded both the approaches by the military mole and the promontory. He also stated that he had six weeks' provisions on board and added that he thought he had sufficient ammunition.

His advantage was not denied. "Undoubtedly, Sir," said the officer,

"it is in your power to render great services to the Provisional Government and to the cause of Liberty and Justice."

"At present," replied the Admiral drily "it is the cause of Justice that appears to need my support."

To that the officers could find no more to say than that they had fought for a free Parliament and meant to have their way.

The Admiral took a turn or two before replying. "My terms are these," he said at last. "The leader of the conspiracy,—this man, Savrola—must be surrendered at once and stand his trial for murder and rebellion. Until this has been done, I will not treat. Unless this is done by six o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall bombard the town and shall continue to do so until my terms are complied with."

Both officers protested that this would be a barbarity, and hinted that he would be made to answer for his shells. The Admiral declined to discuss the matter or to consider other terms. As it was impossible to move him, the officers returned to the shore in their launch. It was now four o'clock.

As soon as this *ultimatum* was reported to the Committee of Public Safety at the Mayoralty, something very like consternation ensued. The idea of a bombardment was repugnant to the fat burgesses who had joined the party of revolt so soon as it had become obvious that it was the winning side. It was also distasteful to the Socialists who, however much they might approve of the application of dynamite to others, did not themselves relish the idea of a personal acquaintance with high explosives.

The officers related their interview and the Admiral's demands.

"And if we refuse to comply?" inquired Savrola.

"Then he will open fire at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Well, Gentlemen, we shall have to grin and bear it. They will not dare to shoot away all their ammunition, and so soon as they see that we are determined, they will give in. Women and children will be safe in the cellars, and it may be possible to bring some of the guns of the forts to bear on the harbour." There was no enthusiasm. "It will be an expensive game of bluff," he added.

"There is a cheaper way," said a Socialist delegate from the end of the table, significantly.

"What do you propose?" asked Savrola looking hard at him; the man had been a close ally of Kreutz.

"I say that it would be cheaper if the leader of the revolt were to sacrifice himself for the sake of Society."

"That is your opinion; I will take the sense of the Committee on it." There were cries of "No! No!" and "Shame!" from many present. Some were silent; but it was evident that Savrola had the majority. "Very well," he said acidly; "the Committee of Public Safety do not propose to adopt the honourable member's suggestion. He is overruled,"—here he looked hard at the man, who blenched,—"as he will frequently be among people of civilised habits."

Another man got up from the end of the long table. "Look here," he said roughly; "if our city is at their mercy, we have hostages. We have thirty of these popinjays who fought us this morning; let us send and tell the Admiral that we shall shoot one for every shell he fires."

There was a murmur of assent. Many approved of the proposal, because they thought that it need never be carried into execution, and all wanted to prevent the shells. Sav-

rola's plan, however wise, was painful. It was evident that the new suggestion was a popular one.

"It is out of the question," said Savrola.

"Why?" asked several voices.

"Because, Sirs, these officers surrendered to terms, and because the Republic does not butcher innocent men."

"Let us divide upon it," said the man.

"I protest against a division. This is not a matter of debate or of opinion; it is a matter of right and wrong."

"Nevertheless I am for voting."

"And I," "And I," "And I," shouted many voices.

The voting went forward. Renos supported Savrola on legal grounds; the case of the officers was now *sub judice*, so he said. Godoy abstained. The majority in favour of the proposal was twenty-one to seventeen.

The count of hands was received with cheering. Savrola shrugged his shoulders. "It is impossible that this can go on. Are we become barbarians in a morning?"

"There is an alternative," said Kreutz's friend.

"There is, Sir; an alternative that I should gladly embrace before this new plan was carried out. But," in a low menacing tone, "the people will be invited to pronounce an opinion first, and I may have an opportunity of showing them their real enemies and mine."

The man made no reply to the obvious threat; like all the others he stood in considerable awe of Savrola's power with the mob and of his strong dominating character. The silence was broken by Godoy, who said that the matter had been settled by the Committee. A note was therefore drafted and despatched to the Admiral, informing him that

the military prisoners would be shot should he bombard the city. After further discussion the Committee broke up.

Savrola remained behind, watching the members move slowly away talking as they went. Then he rose and entered the small room he had used as his office. His spirits were low. Slight as it was, his wound hurt him; but worse than that, he was conscious that there were hostile influences at work, and that he was losing his hold over the Party. While victory was still in the balance he had been indispensable; now they were prepared to go on alone. He thought of all he had gone through that day; the terrible scene of the night, the excitement and anxiety while the fighting was going on, the strange experience in the square, and, last of all, this grave matter. His mind, however, was made up. He knew enough of De Mello to guess what his answer would be. "They are soldiers," he would say; "they must give their lives if necessary. No prisoner should allow his friends to be compromised on his account. They should not have surrendered." When the bombardment began he could imagine fear turning to cruelty, and the crowd carrying out the threat that their leaders had made. Whatever happened, the affair could not be allowed to continue.

He rang the bell. "Ask the Secretary to come here," he said to the attendant. The man departed, and in a few moments returned with Miguel. "What officer has charge of the prison?"

"I don't think the officials have been altered; they have taken no part in the Revolution."

"Well, write an order to the Governor to send the prisoners of war, the military officers taken this afternoon, in closed carriages to the

railway-station. They must be there at ten o'clock to-night."

"Are you going to release them?" asked Miguel opening his eyes.

"I am going to send them to a safer place," answered Savrola ambiguously.

Miguel began to write the order without further comment. Savrola took the telephone off the table and rang up the railway-station. "Tell the traffic-manager to come and speak to me. Are you there?—The President of the Executive Committee of the Council of Public Safety—do you hear? Have a special train,—accommodation for thirty—ready to start at ten p.m. Clear the line to the frontier,—yes,—right to the frontier."

Miguel looked up from his writing quickly, but said nothing. Although he had deserted the President when he saw that he was ruined and his cause lost, he hated Savrola with a genuine hatred. An idea came into his head.

CHAPTER XXII.

THOUGH but a few hours had passed, much had happened since Savrola left his house to hurry to the Mayoralty. The deep and intricate conspiracy, which had been growing silently and in secret for so many months, had burst on the world's stage and electrified the nations. All Europe had learned with amazement of the sudden and terrible convulsion that in a few hours had overthrown the Government which had existed for five years in Laurania. In the fighting that had raged throughout the ninth of September upwards of fourteen hundred persons had been killed and wounded. The damage done to property had been enormous. The Senate-House was in flames; the

palace had been destroyed; both, together with many shops and private houses, had been looted by the mob and the mutineers. Fires were still smouldering in several parts of the city; in many homes there were empty places and weeping women; in the streets the ambulances and municipal carts were collecting the corpses. It had been a momentous day in the annals of the State.

And all through the terrible hours Lucile had waited, listening to the sound of the musketry, which, sometimes distant and fitful, sometimes near and sustained, suggested the voice of a wrathful giant, now sunk in sulky grumblings, now raised in loud invective. She had listened in sorrow and suspense, till it was lost in the appalling din of the cannonade. At intervals, between the bathos of the material consolations of the old nurse,—soup, custards, and the like—she had prayed. Until four o'clock, when she received a message from Savrola acquainting her with the tragedy at the palace, she had not dared to add a name to her appeals; but thenceforward she implored a merciful Providence to save the life of the man she loved. Molara she did not mourn: terrible and cruel as was his death, she could not feel she had suffered loss; but the idea that he had been killed on her account filled her heart with a dreadful fear of guilt. If that were so, she said to herself, one barrier was removed only to be replaced by another. But the psychologist might cynically aver that force and death were the only obstacles that would restrain her affection for Savrola, for above all she prayed for his return, that she might not be left alone in the world.

Her love seemed all that was left to her now, but with it life was more real and strongly coloured than in the

old days at the palace amid splendour, power, and admiration. She had found what she had lacked, and so had he. With her it was as if the rising sunbeam had struck the rainbow from the crystal prism, or flushed the snow peak with rose, orange, and violet. With Savrola, in the fierce glow of love the steady white fires of ambition had become invisible. The human soul is subjected to many refining agents in the world's crucible. He was sensible of a change of mood and thought; no longer would he wave his hat at Fate; to his courage he had now added caution. From the moment when he had seen that poor, hideous figure lying on the steps of the palace, he had felt the influence of other forces in his life. Other interests, other hopes, other aspirations had entered his mind. He searched for different ideals and a new standard of happiness.

Very worn and very weary he made his way to his rooms. The strain of the preceding twenty-four hours had been tremendous, and the anxieties which he felt for the future were keen. The step he had taken in overruling the Council and sending the prisoners into foreign territory was one the results of which he could not quite estimate. It was, he was convinced, the only course; and for the consequences he did not greatly care, so far as he himself was concerned. He thought of Moret,—poor, brave, impetuous Moret, who would have set the world right in a day. The loss of such a friend had been a severe one to him, privately and politically. Death had removed the only disinterested man, the only one on whom he could lean in the hour of need. A sense of weariness, of disgust with struggling, of desire for peace filled his soul. The object for which he had toiled so long was

now nearly attained and it seemed of little worth, of little comparative worth, that is to say, beside Lucile.

As a Revolutionist he had long made such arrangements with his property as to make sure of a competence in another land, if he had to fly Laurania; and a strong wish to leave that scene of strife and carnage and to live with the beautiful woman who loved him took possession of his mind. It was, however, his first duty to establish a government in the place of that he had overthrown. Yet when he reflected on the cross-grained delegates, the mean pandering crowd of office-seekers, the weak, distrustful, timid colleagues, he hardly felt that he cared to try; so great was the change that a few hours had worked in this determined and aspiring man.

Lucile rose to meet him as he entered. Fate had indeed driven them together, for she had no other hope in life, nor was there anyone to whom she could turn for help save to him alone. Yet she looked at him with terror.

His quick mind guessed her doubt. "I tried to save him," he said; "but I was too late, though I was wounded in taking a short cut there."

She saw his bandaged arm, and looked at him with love. "Do you despise me very much?" she asked.

"No," he replied; "I would not marry a goddess."

"Nor I," she said, "a philosopher."

Then they kissed each other, and thenceforward their relationship was simple.

But in spite of the labours of the day Savrola had no time for rest. There was much to do, and, like all men who have to work at a terrible pressure for a short period, he fell back on the resources of medicine. He went to a little cabinet in the corner of the room and poured him-

self out a potent drug, something that would dispense with sleep and give him fresh energy and endurance. Then he sat down and began to write orders and instructions and to sign the pile of papers he had brought with him from the Mayoralty. Lucile, seeing him thus employed, betook herself to her room.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when there came a ringing at the bell. Savrola, mindful of the old nurse, ran down and opened the door himself. Tiro, in plain clothes entered. "I have come to warn you," he said.

"Of what?"

"Someone has informed the Council that you have released the prisoners. They have summoned an urgency meeting. Do you think you can hold them?"

"The devil!" said Savrola pensively. Then after a pause he added: "I will go and join them."

"There are stages laid by road to the frontier," said the Subaltern. "The President made me arrange them in case he should wish to send Her Excellency away. If you decide to give up the game you can escape by these; they will hold them to my warrant."

"No," said Savrola. "It is good of you to think of it; but I have saved this people from tyranny and must now try to save them from themselves."

"You have saved the lives of my brother-officers," said the boy; "you can count on me."

Savrola looked at him and an idea struck him. "These relays were ordered to convey Her Excellency to neutral territory; they had better be so used. Will you conduct her?"

"Is she in this house?" inquired the Subaltern.

"Yes," said Savrola bluntly.

Tiro laughed; he was not in the

least scandalised. "I am beginning to learn more politics every day," he said.

"You wrong me," said Savrola; "but will you do as I ask?"

"Certainly; when shall I start?"

"When can you?"

"I will bring the travelling-coach round in half-an-hour."

"Do," said Savrola. "I am grateful to you. We have been through several experiences together."

They shook hands warmly, and the Subaltern departed to get the carriage.

Savrola went up-stairs and, knocking at Lucile's door, informed her of the plan. She implored him to come with her.

"Indeed I wish I could," he said. "I am sick of this; but I owe it to them to see it out. Power has little more attraction for me. I will come as soon as things are settled, and we can then be married and live happily ever afterwards."

But neither his cynical chaff nor arguments prevailed. She threw her arms round his neck and begged him not to desert her. It was a sore trial. At last with an aching heart he tore himself away, put on his hat and coat, and started for the Mayoralty.

The distance was about three quarters of a mile. He had accomplished about half of this when he met a patrol of the rebel forces under an officer. They called on him to halt. He pulled his hat down over his eyes, not wishing for the moment to be recognised. The officer stepped forward. It was the wounded man to whom Savrola had entrusted the escorting of the prisoners after the surrender of the palace.

"How far are we away from the Plaza San Marco?" he asked in a loud voice.

"It is there," said Savrola pointing. "Twenty-third Street is the number."

The rebel knew him at once. "March on," he said to his men, and the patrol moved off. "Sir," he added to Savrola, in the low, quick voice of a man in moments of resolve, "I have a warrant from the Council for your arrest. They will deliver you to the Admiral. Fly, while there is time. I will take my men by a roundabout way, which will give you twenty minutes. Fly; it may cost me dear, but we are comrades; you said so." He touched Savrola's wounded arm. Then louder to the patrol: "Turn down that street to the right; we had better get out of the main thoroughfare; he may sneak off by some lane or other." Then again to Savrola: "There are others coming, do not delay;" and with that he hurried after his men.

Savrola paused for a moment. To go on was imprisonment, perhaps death; to return, meant safety and Lucile. Had it been the preceding day, he would have seen the matter out; but his nerves had been strained for many hours,—and nothing stood between them now. He turned and hurried back to his house.

The travelling-coach stood at the door. The Subaltern had helped Lucile, weeping, into it. Savrola called to him. "I have decided to go," he said.

"Capital!" replied Tiro. "Leave these pigs to cut each other's throats; they will come to their senses presently."

So they started, and as they toiled up the long ascent of the hills behind the city, it became daylight.

"Miguel denounced you," said the Subaltern; "I heard it at the Mayoralty. I told you he would let you in. You must try and get quits with him some day."

"I never waste revenge on such creatures," replied Savrola; "they are their own damnation."

At the top of the hill the carriage stopped, to let the panting horses get their wind. Savrola opened the door and stepped out. Four miles off, and it seemed far below him, lay the city he had left. Great columns of smoke rose from the conflagrations and hung, a huge black cloud in the still clear air of the dawn. Beneath the long rows of white houses could be seen the ruins of the Senate, the gardens, and the waters of the harbour. The war-ships lay in the basin, their guns trained upon the town. The picture was a terrible one; to this pass had the once beautiful city been reduced.

A puff of white smoke sprang from a distant ironclad, and after a while the dull boom of a heavy gun was heard. Savrola took out his watch; it was six o'clock; the Admiral had kept his appointment with scrupulous punctuality. The forts, many of whose guns had been moved during the night to the landward side, began to reply to the fire of the ships, and the cannonade became general. The smoke of other burning houses rose slowly to join the black, overhanging cloud against which the bursting shells showed white with yellow flashes.

"And that," said Savrola after prolonged contemplation, "is my life's work."

A gentle hand touched his arm. He turned and saw Lucile standing by him. He looked at her in all her beauty, and felt that after all he had not lived in vain.

Those who care to further follow the annals of the Republic of Laurania

may read how, after the tumults had subsided, the hearts of the people turned again to the illustrious exile who had won them freedom, and whom they had deserted in the hour of victory. They may, scoffing at the fickleness of men, read of the return of Savrola and his beautiful consort to the ancient city he had loved so well. They may learn how Lieutenant Tiro was decorated for his valour in the war with the little bronze Lauranian Cross which is respected all over the world; of how he gratified the wish of his heart by leading the Lancers' polo team to England, and defeating the Amalgamated Millionaires in the final match for the Open Cup; of how he served the Republic faithfully with honour and success and rose at last to the command of the army. Of the old nurse, indeed, they will read no more, for history does not concern itself with such. But they may observe that Godoy and Renos both filled offices in the State suited to their talents, and that Savrola bore no malice to Miguel, who continued to enjoy good fortune as a compensation for his mean and odious character.

But the chronicler, finding few great events, other than the opening of colleges, railways, and canals, to recount, will remember the splendid sentence of Gibbon, that history is "little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind"; and he will rejoice that, after many troubles, the Lauranian people had learned to conduct their affairs with dignity and justice under the presidency of Savrola.

THE FASCINATION OF THE FOREST.

THE mystic spell which Vivien wrought for the undoing of Merlin finds its counterpart even in this dying century which it is the fashion to regard as a time more prosaic than any that the old world has looked upon. Charms and spells of many kinds are, if I may believe my brown friends, as much the things of every day in the year of grace 1899, as they were in the days of Solomon, in the time of ancient Greece and Rome, or in the darkest hours of the Middle Ages; and all who have dwelt in the forests, and so living have learned to love the jungle and its free, spacious life, know that there is one magic, one spell that can hold a man prisoner for all his years, making him as much a captive of the forest, as much a part and parcel of it, as was Merlin's self lying in his death-like sleep amid the wild woods of Broceliande.

Those in whose hearts the spell has worked need no aid from me to remind them of those thousand things which go to the making of the most resistless of all fascinations; but how am I to find words to tell of the forest's magic so that folk, who have never come under its influence, may read and understand? How can I hope to write of that, which to me is a thing so real, in such a guise that those who have never experienced the spell shall be able to realise something of it in imagination? Truly, it is an essay in the impossible, for no mere words can work so great a miracle. You must feel the fascination of the forest in the innermost fibres of your being, you must suffer the eye to

become filled with seeing and the ear to overflow with the fulness of its music, before ever the Spirit of the Jungle can come to possess you, before its voice can make itself heard not only "in the dead unhappy night when the rain is on the roof," but even in the noisiest places of this noisy earth, crying to you to come back once more to the forests whose creepers have twined themselves about your heart.

How well I remember with what a wild delight I heard once more the rumble and the roar of London on my return to England after my second six years' sojourn in the Malay Peninsula. How the muddy streets, the shrill cries of the news-boys, the lurching omnibuses, the hurrying hansoms, the eager crowds of foot-passengers jostling one another on the pavements, the bustle, the scurry, the murky atmosphere, the pulsing beat of the busy life, the indescribable noise and smell and sight of the most fascinating of all towns set my heart throbbing with excitement and my blood dancing through my veins. How keen is the pleasure of a return to Europe, after long years of banishment, none save the exile knows; and yet, in little more than a month after my arrival, as I walked up the broad staircase of that prosaic building, the Army and Navy Stores, the voice of the jungle, the voice that will not be still, rang out calling to me to come back, and made me of a sudden unutterably restless and ill at ease. I was not conscious of anything in my surroundings that could have suggested the

running rivers under the broad canopies of trees for which, at that moment, I was sick with longing; but, none the less, the voice was there, calling, calling, and giving me no peace.

"I don't know what has come to me," I said to one who walked by my side. "I want to be back in the jungle, back in the great, quiet, shady places, with the song of the birds and insects sounding in my ears, with the patter of the brooks playing their unending accompaniment, the whisper of the wind among the tree-tops, and the great olive eddies in the deep water-pools under the green branches. I want to see it all again badly, badly!"

My companion looked at me, rather sadly, I thought. "Already!"

I nodded and fell silent; but the voice called unceasingly, and I had no choice but to listen. My companion turned to do the shopping, and I stood by in silence, fearing to give pain by further speech, while the strange restlessness set my limbs a-tingling. I wondered what had been the cause of this sudden fit of forest-sickness falling upon me in so unlikely a place, among the jostling crowds of black-coated, trim-gowned respectabilities, and why, when I knew myself to be so thoroughly well off where I was, I should long for a land in which, as I was fully aware, I had often been supremely uncomfortable.

Our purchases made, we returned to the head of the staircase and began to descend. Suddenly I stood still; the walls were hung with engravings, and one of them, seen unconsciously as I mounted the stairs, was, I now recognised, the instrument upon which the jungle-spirit had twanged his song of welcome and reminder to me, whom he knew to be his votary. It was an engraving of some scene in a nameless land, the

land of fancy, may be, just two glorious banks of foliage and tangled vegetation, the trees fighting for standing-room at the edge of the stream, like wild beasts around a drinking-pool, the trunks leaning out over the river, their boughs nearly touching from the opposite banks above a rapid, down which a whitened, broken, splashing, tearing torrent of water rushed wildly. It was so like many scenes that were dear to me, so like many falls in which I had risked life and limb with a delight past all telling, so strongly reminiscent of the forest-land I loved so well, a land many thousands of miles from Hyde Park Corner, that even as I looked at it the nostalgia was bitter to me, and my bones were restless to be off and away.

"Would you never be content to live quietly at home?" my companion asked sighing; and I answered "Never!" knowing that in that one word I spoke the truth.

Is, then, this love of the wilderness a madness, or is the spell that the jungle works stronger and more mysterious than all human magic?

The fascination which the forest exercises over those among us who have fallen under the spell can, none the less, be traced to some of its more obvious sources. Its aloofness, its melancholy, its splendid freedom, its infinite variety which is still ever the same, its secrets, held so closely, yet revealed so lavishly to one who studies it with the eyes of love,—all these are things to which so much of its glamour is due.

As you leave the last of the scattered Malay villages, and enter the forest, quitting the garish sun-glare of the tropics, and exchanging it for the dark green twilight of the land that lies sleeping beneath the gorgeous canopy of spreading boughs and tan-

gled creepers, you seem to put off the things of the modern earth and to roam once more, as did the first man, through a world which is straight from the hand of its Maker. The brushwood, which you have parted to enable you to squeeze your way through its protecting barrier, closes behind you; the crowing of the village cocks, the bleating of the goats, the squeaking low of the kine die down in the distance, and the silence of the primeval world falls heavily around you. It is early morning, perhaps, and the glad clamour of all the forest creatures is resounding down the vast aisles of trees. The shriek of the parrots, the trilling lilt of the *bârau-bârau* thrushes, the far-carrying call of the *selanting*, the musical hoot of the argus pheasant, the twitter of a myriad tiny birds hidden in the dense foliage, the bark and howl of a troop of *sidamang* apes, the busy whirr and ticking of thousands of tree-insects and *cicade*, all combine to make that joyful chorus by which the denizens of the jungle make known to their Maker their thanks for the life that is in them, and for His good gift of daylight, that ever comes to them as a fresh blessing, a new and glad surprise. It was to such music as this that God, in the beginning, looked upon His new-made world, and saw that it was good.

The trees, fresh washed with dew, drip softly as the moisture trickles down their leaves, and all things glisten with a jewelled sheen. Across your path the great spiders of the woods have woven delicate gossamer webs, which show white as though covered with hoar-frost, sheets of fairy lace slung like hammocks for the frolic of a fairy queen. The dead leaves under foot shine and glisten, for they too are newly bathed in the fresh night-dews. The cool air braces your throat with something of the

pleasant tonic of a brisk, frosty morning in England; and the temptation to join your own discordant voice to that of the choir around you rises strongly within you. All nature tells its joy in sound, melodious or harsh, according to its need, and for the time, you who are no longer civilised man, but a part and parcel of the nature round about you, find in inarticulate song, not in human speech, the only expression of your happiness that seems appropriate or possible to you. And so the day in the jungle begins for you, as for all created things, in a whirl of light-hearted rejoicing.

Little by little the dew dries. The heavy heat of the tropics begins to make itself felt even in the dense woods. The songs of the jungle grow fainter, pause, begin once more less loudly than before, then wholly cease, and simultaneously the desire to sing dies down within you. Your dew-drenched clothes no longer seem cold as they cling to your skin, and as you walk on with long, regular strides the perspiration, that accompanies all toil in the Malay Peninsula, rises to your brow. The long, hot day is upon you, and the forest is making ready for its siesta.

Presently thirst comes to you, gentle and merely suggestive at first, then insistent and clamorous, crying loudly to be assuaged. There are streams running cool and clear on all sides of you. Once in every half mile or so you have to wade through the shallows of some small river, and the temptation to drink on such occasions is very urgent. You know, however, the risk of yielding to it on a long march in the forest, and you press on relentlessly until mid-day is at hand. Then, with a sigh of relief, you call a halt by the side of a little river, drink your fill of the sparkling, crystal

water, bathe your face and hands and arms from wrist to shoulder, roll a cigarette, and throw yourself down on the bank with your back resting against the trunk of a fallen tree. The air is very still, and heavy with a thousand pleasant forest-scents; the little spiral clouds of tobacco-smoke curl upwards slowly, almost straight, hanging low and blue above your head, as though loth to part company in so vast a solitude. The river at your side is whispering sleepily to its pebbles, and here and there an angry little jet of water quarrels discontentedly with a wedge of projecting rock. The jungle above the river is less thick than elsewhere, and the sunlight streams in upon the face of the running water gilding its smoother portions, making its little spurts and splashes white and glistening, and toning with a greenish bronze the deeper pools under the over-hanging foliage. On the banks, and under the trees, so far as the jealous under-wood will suffer the prying eye to penetrate, a deep and melancholy gloom broods over the earth. Here and there an adventurous sunbeam fights its way through the obstructing branches, bringing out the full rich green of a leaf, splashing a grey tree-trunk with tiny flecks of light, putting a brighter sheen and a gayer tint upon one bough of a shrub, while all the rest of it is still a dark, even green. As you lie gazing upwards, the maze of branches, twining, twisting, crossing, recrossing, spreading this way and all ways, make you almost dizzy when you try to follow them with your eye, marking where each strand of that tangled network of Nature's weaving has its beginning and its end. Against the grey and mottled trunk of one slender tree, which stands ever so little apart from its fellows, as though too fine for closer contact with the common herd, a creeper

with broad, sharply pointed leaves, each one growing flatly at regular intervals, has woven a garland that extends from the knotted roots to the slender branches sixty feet above them. Another hoary and fiercely-bearded giant of the forest rears his crest to a height of near a hundred and twenty feet, the whole of his trunk, and the great twisted arms that spread to north and south and east and west, overgrown with tufts and clusters of tree-ferns, orchids and parasitic creepers, till the gnarled bark is scarcely visible. From the boughs above you great ropes of creeper hang downwards to the earth, some still groping blindly for a hold in the rich soil, others already firmly rooted and sending the warm sap pulsing to the parent stem a hundred feet aloft. Here and there a grey trunk may be seen crushed out of shape, shamelessly mangled by the clinging grip of a parasite which flourishes greenly on the wreck of the victim from which, vampire-like, it has sucked the life-blood. One and all, the trees of this Malayan forest stand knee-deep in a wide sea of damp, warm vegetable growths, a tangled, tumbled, wrestling underwood, striving ever upwards from the dank soil, so heavily manured by the decaying leaves that all the long year through are falling, falling, and rotting into mould. One and all, the trees are not content to live their own lives, to produce only their own kind. Each one of them is a mother who cherishes all manner of strange waifs and strays of vegetable life; some hanging like drapery from the boughs and branches, some lying flat against the broad expanse of bark, others hidden away in little seams and crannies, the marsupial pouches of the forest-world; and others again growing from tree to tree, from bough to bough, and thence to earth, lashing the jungle

into one magnificent unity. The prevailing colour of it all is green, green of every conceivable shade and tint, from the hue that is black in many lights and only green in some, to the shade which is more brilliant and ethereal than that of the emerald. Even on the same tree the colour of the leaves is never quite the same. On a single bough may often be seen young leaves newly peeping from out their folded coverlets, looking forth enquiringly at the great strange world, strong leaves in their lusty prime, blooming vaingloriously, and old and ragged fellows, tattered by wind and weather, turning rusty at their edges, soon to assume the same red hue as those dying creatures that droop limply from their twigs so close beside them. Also each leaf, if you look closely, will be found to differ a little in size, or shape, or hue from those that grow around it; and the reverse sides, which some expose so freely, are quite unlike the upper surfaces. Add to this the constant change of light and shade, the flecks of colour that the sunbeams seem to paint, and you will find that in a Malayan jungle the greenery that is on all sides of you can never appear to be monotonous. Now and again your eye will fall upon a tree which has died like a man in a packed crowd, so closely wedged between its neighbours that it lacks the space to fall. Its limbs are bare, its trunk has faded in colour and grown dry and parched, and its departed glory is mocked by the beauty of the growths that flourish so sturdily around it. Sometimes, if a wind be blowing, some jungle-giant, that has stood through long years in the face of all assailants, comes crashing down, bringing half an acre of woodland to ruin in its fall, the sonorous boom carrying far and wide through the forest, while the cracking of the

lesser trees fires volley after volley of musketry above the hero's grave.

The orchids in the tree-tops trail their blossoms from the boughs. A creeper, here and there, flaunts its broad-lipped cup of scarlet, purple, or yellow. The trunks, rising one behind the other in endless, huddled ranks, show grey, and brown, and black, and white. The moss, the lichen, and the tree-fungi are rust-red, orange of many tints, mottled yellow, or leprous white. But for the rest, the eternal forest is green, green, green.

In a spot where some offal lies hidden from sight, a cloud of brilliantly painted butterflies whirls, and dances, hovers for a moment, the coloured wings flashing in the sunlight, then dances upwards once more in a little splashing jet of all the hues of the prism. High up in the tree-tops the swollen honey-combs of three large hives of wild bees cling perilously to a naked bough, the busy workers flying around them in hordes, making a gentle buzzing murmur. A great elephant-ant, an inch in length, looking like a common brown ant seen through a powerful magnifying-glass, crawls heavily across the path, a solitary creature, alone and unafraid in this vast wilderness. The trunk against which you lean is honey-combed by ants of a different species, creatures with great swollen heads terribly out of all proportion to their bodies, busily intent upon trivial nothings after the manner of their kind. Up the bark of a tree over against you two long streams of tiny black ants rush distractedly, each insect shaking hands perfunctorily with its neighbours, till those ascending are lost to sight among the branches overhead, and those descending are swallowed up in the rank growths about the roots. They are all eagerly employed in carrying nothing. Half

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a dozen lean leeches come bowing and scraping towards you, some chocolate in colour, some green, some striped brown and green and grey. Now and again they stand erect, their sharper ends waving hither and thither to catch your scent, before they again begin their ungainly advance upon you.

Very far away a band of grey monkeys hoots faintly. A flying-squirrel, which has crawled up the trunk of a tree a few yards distant, suddenly spreads its wings, covered with the soft brindled fur, and launches itself into space, its little one clinging tightly under its belly. Down it comes, in a long, curved swoop, then rises in its flight ever so slightly, clutches the bark of the tree at which it has aimed its course, and forthwith begins to climb laboriously up its trunk, preparatory to taking another headlong drive. A tag of verse runs through your head :

Herr Lilienthal, dull earth on pinions
scorning,
Has flown five hundred yards, adventurous soul!

Unseen, but clearly heard, a woodpecker taps loudly on a hollow trunk, the bell-like notes growing louder, then fainter and fainter, till they abruptly cease. A sleepy hum of many insects makes a little stir, lulling the world to slumber; and over all, as the long, hot hours creep by, there falls a kind of hush which, added to the shade of those sombre aisles of tree-trunks, makes the sweet melancholy of the forest-places, a melancholy unutterably peaceful and serene.

With an effort, that is near akin to pain, you drag yourself to your feet, slowly, reluctantly. The sleepy spell of the forest is on you, and if the march that lies before you is to be

accomplished, you must tear yourself away from its seductions and plod doggedly forward. You stretch yourself elaborately, yawn, groan aloud, after the manner of lazy human beings when unwelcome toil insists upon claiming their attention, and fall to quoting poetry in self-justification :

All things have rest : why should we
toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of
things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another
thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy
balm ;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit
sings,
" There is no joy but calm ! "
Why should we only toil, the roof and
crown of things ?

Whereon you add prosaically, " Because God has seen fit to create a British Government ! " and so saying you move forward once more at a reluctant shamble, presently settling down into a steady, swinging stride, that cuts the miles off one by one, as the Malay reapers sever the ripened ears of rice with their primitive sickles.

The temperature has risen considerably during the last few hours, and in the dark shade of the jungle the air, heavy with many perfumes, is close as that of a hot-house. The perspiration drenches you. A thorn catches at your sleeve with detaining hand, and calls your attention to its own graceful, sinuous beauty with the annoying persistence of an importunate child. A trailing creeper seizes you fast by the ankle, and you kick angrily and violently in your effort to win free. Suddenly the creeper parts, and your released foot flies forward like a bolt from a catapult, striking you shrewdly on

the other ankle-bone and causing as much pain as you know what to do with. Then, unless you are more than human, you swear aloud, and the forest repeats the ugly word in a shocked whisper. You put your hand up to the back of your neck, and find there a bloated leech, so blown up with its feast of blood that it is almost circular in shape, which comes away unresistingly when you pluck it from its hold. Every mile or so you stop and search diligently for other leeches, pulling them in clusters from the seams of your coarse Cannanore trousers, from the wrinkles of your flannel-shirt, from the tops of your socks where they are striving eagerly to get past the tight bands of boot-lace that are made fast about your ankles to prevent their entrance. A huge elephant-fly, with a bright green head, enormous beady eyes the size of boot-buttons, and a fine spread of delicate transparent wings, buzzes teasingly about you with a cat-like purr. Without breaking your stride, you make futile efforts to kill him with blows of your broad felt hat; but he has eyes that look all ways at once, and he avoids you neatly with contemptuous light-heartedness. Presently his song ceases, and you are glad that he is gone, until a sharp pain in your back apprises you of the fact that he is eating you alive with complete enjoyment. Eventually you succeed in slaying him, but not until the combat has attained to almost Homeric proportions, and for a mile or so you trudge on unmolested. Then from nowhere, there springs up a swarm of horse-flies, and these you kill in scores, slapping the spots where the pain tells you that some of their number are beginning to feed.

The day wanes slowly, and the birds and insects awake. The first of all to sound his note is the *sanggit*, the inch-long tree-cicada that acts as

Boots to the other inmates of the jungle, waking them relentlessly from their peaceful slumbers. From a neighbouring tree it screams shrilly, with a surprising volume of sound for so tiny a creature. Strangely metallic, strident, and far-carrying, its brazen shriek echoes again and again through the forest, and presently all the world joins in the chorus. The cool winds of evening make a gentle stir in the tree-tops, setting them a-rocking, while the branches saw and creak against each other, and a shower of dying leaves falls slowly and reluctantly towards the earth.

A stream running gaily through the woods comes into sight, and you cry to your Malay companions that here the camp shall be pitched for the night. Bundles and loads are thrown to the ground with guttural grunts of satisfaction, and soon the note of the native wood knife is heard ringing through the noisy forest. You divest yourself of your clothing, exchanging all for a bathing-cloth, count your leech-bites ruefully, and walk on sore, tired feet to the brink of the stream. Then comes a moment of luxury such as no mere words can fittingly describe, as the cool, pure water ripples over your hot and dusty body, and the little curious fishes sail up to look at you, and then dart swiftly away in tiny flashing arrow-points. By the time you have purged yourself of all the dust and discomfort of the march, your hut has been constructed, and your people are washing the rice preparatory to cooking the evening-meal. Your mat is spread upon a bed of boughs, fragrant, and springy as is no other couch, and upon it you fling yourself, with the red blood rippling warmly through your veins, with all your limbs tingling pleasantly from the exertions of the day, and a great content of body and mind filling you with a lazy delight.

The forest spreads around you, and about you, and above; the songs of the jungle are in your ears; the mystery of the vast solitude is over all; and again you drop back insensibly into the primitive man, alone with God and Nature, in a new-made world where no human hand has yet been suffered to set its disfiguring mark.

Over the rocks of a rapid, a hundred yards below your camp, the tumbled waters of the river are brawling with a sound like that of a heavy rain-squall. A flash of the dying sunlight catches a spray thrown up by the angry fight that is being waged about a vast block of granite standing boldly in mid-stream. Thus it stood, with the same angry little river quarrelling with it, with the same vast green jungle surrounding it, with the same song of bird and insect making music for it morning and evening, with the same beasts of the forest coming and going in the woods about it, in the days when Abraham began the history of the Jewish race, when Moses led the people forth from the Land of Bondage, when Spartans fought and died at Thermopylæ, when Rome ruled the world, when Edward was the Hammer of the Scots, when the Grand Monarch flaunted at Versailles, and when England and Napoleon came to the death-grip at Waterloo. All the noisy clatter of the great world has no power to make itself heard in the depths of the eternal forest. This is God's country, and like its Master it is everlasting, calm, serene, unchanging, wholly untroubled by the little ripples on the surface of time that we puny mortals regard as the great events of our world. It is as it was in the beginning, and ever shall be, till all our earth is in due time hurled back to the chaos whence it came.

The blue smoke of the fires curls
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lazily upwards. Against the red flames, leaping scarlet through the gathering gloom, the brown figures of the Malays are dimly outlined, as they stoop over the rice-pots, stirring listlessly. The pleasant smell of cooking food, very grateful to the nostrils of one who has gone fasting since the dawn, rises around you. The great, dim shadows steal up, like hungry monsters waiting to be bidden to the feast; the waters of the river, dimly seen in the gathering gloom, sing merrily, and the fuel of the fires crackles and snaps.

The long-expected meal is eaten ravenously; and then your tired limbs are stretched to rest, and the night falls upon the forest-world, melancholy and mysterious. The great tree-frogs cough out their musical bell-like note at frequent intervals, the sound, only heard in the depths of the jungle and during the quiet night-time, that seems to me to express, as nothing else can do, the aloofness, the cool, vast stillness, the magic and the mystery of this wild world of woodland. On another tree hard by the tiny frog we name George the Third cries "What? What? What? What? What? What?" every few minutes with high-pitched interrogative. The full-throated hoot of the argus-pheasant rings out through the woods, and is answered by similar calls from the bare and trodden drumming-grounds of other cocks on half a dozen hill-tops. The melancholy love-song of an owl is borne to you faintly on a little breath of lazy breeze; very far away some huge tree comes crashing down, the noise softened by distance into a kind of prolonged splash; near at hand a dead bough breaks off from the trunk to which it has clung so long, and falls rustling to the earth; the movement of some unseen animal overhead causes a shower of dry twigs and

fragments of bark to patter upon the palm-leaf roofing of your hut; many branches creak slowly; and the little, quiet noises of beast and tree, that together make up the splendid silence of the tropic-night in the jungle, tell of the throbbing life on every side whose pulse-beat they are.

Sleep comes to you easily, and you pass from indolent consciousness to dreamful rest without any gradation or interval. But the jungle does not sleep at night, and as you wake from time to time, you hear the sounds that tell unmistakably of the free, wild life about you.

Thus dreamily and uneventfully pass away the days and nights spent in a Malayan forest. Perhaps for weeks, or even for months at a time, the jungle swallows you up, and save that now and again you emerge into some sunny clearing where stands a little cluster of native huts, you are as completely cut off from your fellow creatures as the veriest hermit could desire. But the jungle-life is round about you, and, if you are blessed with the gifts of the seeing eye and the loving heart, you will find in it a plenitude of sympathy and content. The beasts live in a polity of their own, and for a space you are merely a trespasser on their domain, until you have learned the forest-lore that makes you free of the only land of freedom. Gradually every mark on ground or tree tells to you its tale, every cry and lilt and sound has for you its meaning. The tracks of many beasts lie plain upon the damp soil, and from them you will presently

learn to conjure up all manner of pictures of the numberless incidents of the jungle, with such distinctness of detail that they are as clear to your mind's eye as though you had been an actual witness of all the scenes that have left such sure traces behind them. Occasionally you will see, in a sort of meteoric flash, some huge beast, startled at your approach, tear through the thick underwood, with a mighty crashing of rent boughs and a protest of angry snortings. Occasionally, through a tiny glade of the forest, you will see a stately stag, standing with hoof lightly poised and graceful head turned enquiringly in your direction, uncertain whether your coming forebodes danger; then, with a leap, he is off and away, and the protecting cover swallows him up. Now and again, as you cross a stream, the lapping of a huge tongue can be heard a few yards away from you, the drinker itself unseen, and presently a loud crashing through the jungle shows that your presence has been discovered. For the most part, however, the forest tells you little save only that which the keen eye can gather from the picture-writings of Nature round about you.

And how comes it that these things hold a fascination for you that, like a madness, eats into your brain, depriving you of your sanity? In truth I know not; but sure it is that, once heard, the voice of the jungle rings in your ears for ever, calling, calling, calling, and giving you no peace till you rise and obey.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

ROBARI.

(THE STORY OF A VERY LITTLE WAR.)

IN the heart of the West African Bush some sixty miles up country from Freetown, the seaboard capital and seat of government of Sierra Leone, a rectangular blockhouse and two or three round native huts mark the site of an old African war-town named Robari, which enjoyed some local notoriety thirteen years ago as the chief stronghold of the Yonnies.

The Yinnie War of 1887 is one of numerous long-forgotten little expeditions that have taken place on the West Coast. The Yonnies were a restless, warlike tribe who subsisted on plunder and were the terror of all the country round. Their frequent marauding expeditions had spread such universal consternation that the neighbouring villages were all deserted and in ruins, while Robari itself was constantly being strengthened by the labour of the large number of slaves captured on these forays. Their last exploit was a raid upon a large town called Senahu, some twenty-five miles to the east of Robari, a place of considerable importance to the trading interests of the colony of Sierra Leone. They stormed the town, burnt it to the ground, killed all the men and made slaves of the women and children. At that time the territory of the Colony comprised only a narrow strip of land along the sea-coast, and the Protectorate since established over the back-districts of Sierra Leone had not yet come into existence. Consequently the warlike enterprises of the Yonnies

only concerned the British Government in so far as they blocked the country and hampered the free passage of the traffic to the coast. But their unbroken series of successes emboldened some of these marauders, in an evil hour for themselves, to march down country as far as Songo Town, a place only ten miles from the village of Waterloo on the borders of the Colony, and itself more or less under British protection, as there was a Frontier policeman stationed there. This official, fortunately perhaps for himself, was absent at the time. The Yonnies broke into his house and plundered his goods, but did no hurt to the man's wife who was at home alone.

The Colonial Governor of that period troubled himself very little about the Yonnies. A long and valuable service on the Coast had made serious inroads upon his originally magnificent physique, and at best the climate is not conducive to superfluous energy. He only summoned a few of the leading Yonnies down to Freetown for a palaver, told them they must be good boys and not break the peace any more, and sent them away with presents of money. They promptly took advantage of his generosity to purchase fresh supplies of guns and powder, and returned to Robari and their other war-towns to continue the practice of ravaging and murdering their neighbours. And still the Governor cared for none of these things. Colonial Secretaries in those

days had not begun to think the West African Colonies worth developing, and a policy of rigid non-intervention with the tribes beyond the frontier was strictly enjoined upon their governors.

However this Governor went home on leave to recruit his health, and the Administrator who reigned at Sierra Leone in his stead, deeming the Yonnie entry into Songo Town and their looting of a police-station an insult not to be overlooked, especially when following close upon such an interruption to trade as the sack of Senahu, applied forthwith to the Home Authorities for permission to despatch a punitive expedition to crush these troublesome folk and restore peace and security to the frontier.

Meanwhile the Yonnies themselves clenched proceedings by sending down a message to Government House to the effect that it was their intention shortly to come down and sack Freetown itself. Probably this was a mere piece of impertinence, an idle threat never meant to be carried into execution ; but it is quite possible that their long succession of easy triumphs over the most redoubted of their fellow countrymen had inspired them with a belief that they were irresistible. The message was received on September 8th, 1887. On the next day a meeting of the Executive Council was summoned, at which it was decided that immediate action must be taken. Accordingly on the 10th and 11th of September detachments of the West India Regiment then stationed at Tower Hill, Sierra Leone, were despatched to occupy Songo Town and Rotifonk, both of which places were threatened by the Yonnies. The detachments were each under command of a subaltern, with a medical officer attached to both. Rotifonk was distant only

six miles from Robari, and the small garrison there had rather an anxious time of it, being kept constantly on the alert by news of an intended attack, though no actual assault was ever attempted.

Two months passed before any further operations were begun. Sanction for an expedition had to be obtained from the Home Authorities, and there was no senior officer on the spot of sufficient experience to be entrusted with the command of it. Sir Francis de Winton was sent out from England to take charge, and arrived at Sierra Leone at the beginning of November with a couple of staff-officers to assist him. The force did not err on the side of excessive strength, but proved amply sufficient for the task required of it. It was composed of four hundred men of the 1st West India Regiment under command of their adjutant and three other subalterns, about one hundred of the Sierra Leone police, and a score of Bluejackets landed from the gunboat, H.M.S. Acorn, then lying in the harbour of Sierra Leone. The sailors, under command of their first lieutenant, were in charge of the artillery of the Expedition, which consisted of a single six-pounder field-gun, and they also brought a Maxim, at that time a new toy which had never yet been tested on active service. Another gunboat, H.M.S. Rifleman, furnished the same number of men, chiefly to manage the boats bringing up supplies to the base of operations.

No European had ever explored the Yonnie country, and only the haziest notions prevailed as to the precise position of their capital. But there was, or had been before the Yonnies laid it waste, a riverside village named Mafengbeh, which was believed to be no great distance from Robari, on the Ribbi river. The Ribbi joins the sea just south of the Sierra Leone penin-

sula, and is navigable for steamers for the first twenty miles or so of its sinuous course, up to a point called Peyboul, seven or eight miles below Mafengbeh, where rocks make further progress, except in small boats, impossible. Under favourable conditions steamers can make Peyboul in eight hours from Sierra Leone, so that Mafengbeh made a convenient and very accessible base. Sir Francis de Winton with his Staff, the Blue-jackets, and as many of the West India troops as a small steamer, the *Susu*, could carry, came up the river to Mafengbeh, and there met, on the evening of November 16th, the remainder of his force, who had marched there in three days overland. Mafengbeh was then merely a heap of ruins, half smothered with bush. There was nothing that could be called a road any further, only a rough overgrown track plunging into the deep forest, and nobody had the least idea how far on Robari was. The only information to be obtained was from a native trader, who had visited the place some years before, and stated that it was surrounded by a high mud wall and triple stockade, and that a deep river ran in front of it, crossed only by a fallen tree.

Two days were spent at Mafengbeh before any further movement took place, during which a hundred native labourers were busily employed in cutting a road through the high bush, and in making log-bridges and corduroy-causeways over the numerous streams and swamps, under the superintendence of an officer of the Royal Engineers. A covering party, consisting of one company, always accompanied them, in case of an attack by the Yonnies. On the third day the bulk of the force were able to advance as far as Mayumorah, a village about five miles on, leaving a small party to guard the base, with

two subalterns to assist in the forwarding of supplies. Bush-cutting and bridging were meanwhile continued in front, so that next day, the 20th, there was a road clear to Mafulumah, a picturesquely situated village only three and a half miles from Robari, then, like all the rest, deserted and in ruins.

Nobody even then had any notion that Robari was so close, and next morning bush-cutting was going on as usual in advance, when suddenly the labourers were fired upon, and a white overseer who was driving them was shot in the back. The firing was heard in camp at Mafulumah, and Sir Francis promptly fell in his whole force and ordered a general advance. Then began the nastiest part of the whole business. There was no means of advance save by a narrow track, only wide enough for one man, and the Yonnies had blocked that at intervals by felling trees across it. It was supposed that they had also cut parallel tracks on each side of the old one, because they constantly fired upon the troops, vanished into the bush, and were ready to fire again a little further on from behind some fresh ambushade. However, their fire, in spite of being almost point-blank, was not very deadly, their weapons being mostly old flint-locks or worn out shot-guns, and though casualties among the troops were numerous, not one wound proved fatal.

Progress under such conditions was naturally not very rapid. Sir Francis had left camp at Mafulumah early in the morning, and about three in the afternoon had almost decided to form camp on a small clearing (no doubt the site of an old farm) scarcely half a mile from Robari, having no idea it was so close; when the advanced party of the force suddenly caught sight of

the town through the bush, perched upon a hill on the opposite side of a small river. Till then following the track had been like walking through a narrow green tunnel. There were still some hours of daylight left, and it was determined to attack at once.

Robari, as it presented itself to the eyes of Sir Francis de Winton's force, was a capital specimen of the West African war-town of the period. For a place of so great importance it was surprisingly small, covering a roughly circular area no more than eighty yards in diameter, though this was quite as large as that of the average war-town. The defences consisted first of a thick mud wall about eight feet high; outside that a wide ditch nearly as deep, of which the inner side was almost perpendicular and artificially strengthened to bear the weight of the wall immediately above it. Thus from the top of the wall to the bottom of the ditch there was a sheer drop of from fifteen to sixteen feet. At intervals round the wall eleven watch-towers projected, commanding the ditch, from which any assailants could be taken in flank. Beyond the ditch came a triple stockade of heavy logs, forming in itself an almost insuperable obstacle to any attacking force unprovided with a field-gun or other means of breaching it. The place was entered by three narrow gates, one facing towards Mafengbeh, and two more on the opposite side opening out on to the roads, or rather paths, to Makundo and Rotifonk. The construction of these gates was simple, but peculiar. They were formed of solid slabs of wood, some six feet high by four feet wide and three or four inches thick, cut from one of the flat buttress-like roots that grow out from the trunk of the silk-cotton tree, and swung on projecting knobs formed by

a continuation of one side of the slab, which fitted into socket-holes in the stout framework of the doorway. The gate was secured on the inside, on which only it opened, by a heavy beam passed across it. In native warfare such a place was well nigh impregnable, though instances have occurred of a war-town being successfully stormed by means of an unexpected assault at night with long scaling-ladders. A civilised foe with the aid of a single field-gun could take one without the slightest difficulty. The capture of Robari resembled nothing so much as the taking of a wasps' nest. The Yonnies were literally smoked out, and the much vaunted war-towns in which they took such pride proved to them veritable death-traps. The whole interior space was closely covered with the circular thatched hut of the country, in shape very like a beehive with a pointed roof. In many cases the thatches of adjoining huts positively overlapped.

The method of attacking such a place suggested itself. The Blue-jackets planted their six-pounder and Maxim on the slope above the river opposite the Robari hill, scarcely five hundred yards from the town, and poured in a succession of rockets and shells. The Yonnies began swarming on to the roofs of their huts, and tearing off the thatch, to prevent it being fired by the rockets. Then the Maxim, which here administered rather than received its baptism of fire, was turned on to them, and they dropped off the roofs by dozens. After this had been going on some time, a number of Friendlies who had been looking on from the hill out on the flank, ready no doubt to go over to the Yonnies if any disaster befell the British force, were seen rushing up the hill into Robari, which of course meant that they had

caught sight of the Yonnies flying on the other side. And so it turned out. When the leading troops entered the gate on the Mafengbeh side there was not a living Yonnie left in the town, though there was no lack of their dead. They had all fled out into the bush at the back, through the two gates on that side, carrying their wounded with them, and were escaping for their lives to some of their other towns.

It was a complete, if not a particularly glorious, victory. Indeed the native of the Sierra Leone Interior is only formidable as an enemy from the difficulty of getting at him; when once the difficulties of supplies,—which are there so enormously enhanced by the absence of any other beast of burden or means of transport than the aborigine himself (or herself, women being largely employed as carriers)—when once these are overcome and the objective is reached, the rest of the work of an expedition is comparatively plain sailing. The native skill in the use of firearms may be judged from the fact that, when letting off his gun, he carefully holds it at arm's length, a precaution which, considering that, as often as not, his weapon is a trade-gun (that is to say, a length of old gas-pipe roughly fastened on to an old flint-lock stock) can hardly be regarded as needless.

The capture of their strongest and favourite war-town spread such dismay among the Yonnies that no further efforts were made to molest the troops in possession of Robari. Indeed they fondly imagined the Government would be content with having taken the place, and would after a time evacuate it and withdraw the troops from the country, when they would be able to re-occupy and restore the town, and resume their former habits. But the work of the expedition had in reality little more

than begun. The Yonnies still had other war-towns, defended with walls, ditches, and stockades, notably Makundo, Mamaligi, and Ronietto, all within short distances of Robari. There was still work to be done, moreover, at the latter place. Down by the river there stood a gigantic silk-cotton tree, which was an object of profound veneration as the Devil-tree of Robari. Sir Francis hung a necklace of gun-cotton round the trunk and blew it down. Two years later it was still lying prone across the river by the Robari bridge, and in all probability it lies there still. Before Robari was taken the Yonnies had cut away the bridge, and the stream was running high, so that nobody got into the town very dry after wading through. Not that it mattered much, for that night a heavy storm, a sort of expiring effort of the rainy season, broke over the place and drenched the weary troops as they slept. In the middle of the town lay a massive boulder, the Yonnies' Devil-stone. This was removed with levers and rolled down the hill to the riverside, where a tin of gun-cotton was placed on the top of it and fired. After the explosion not a piece of it was left as large as a walnut; the thing was blown into dust. The moral effect upon the Yonnies of the utter destruction of their Devil-tree and Devil-stone was prodigious. So long as the tree stood, they believed Robari could never be lost to them. A few old pieces of ordnance, which the Yonnies had got hold of from some unknown quarter, shared the same fate, though, as they were of no sort of use, to the Yonnies or anybody else, their destruction seemed barely worth the expenditure of gun-cotton it entailed.

Sir Francis halted for a couple of days at Robari, to rest his men, get up supplies, and give time to clear

the roads beyond. On the third morning he advanced to Makundo, only three and a half miles on, without meeting with the least resistance, and the Yonnies fled out of the place as he approached. Next day he went on to another of their towns, Ronietto, where he surprised all the Yinnie chiefs, assembled for a big palaver, to decide whether they should carry on the war or not. Very deep-rooted is the love of the palaver in the West African breast. They can do nothing without it; if they are selling a cow, they spend two or three days talking over it beforehand. On the present occasion this proclivity proved rather disastrous. The Yonnies, never imagining that Sir Francis would be so inconsiderately rapid in his movements, were still actually sitting in palaver when he came upon them, wholly unprepared for him, except in so far that the women and children had been sent away, as they were in every case. They promptly raised a white flag, which was evidently intended merely as a ruse to gain time to escape. A staff-officer was sent forward bearing a flag of truce, but with the only result that, so soon as he came close to the walls, he was fired upon. Thereupon a merciless fire was at once poured into Ronietto. It was the same smoking-out business, like taking a wasps' nest, as at Robari, repeated over again. The town soon became too hot to hold them, the gates were flung open, and the defenders came streaming out. The Maxim was planted opposite one gate at a distance of little over two hundred yards, and under the frightful rain of bullets that it poured upon that narrow entrance not one of the hapless wretches that came out escaped alive. The slaughter of war-boys on this occasion was greater than at any other of the towns. It was necessary to give them a lesson to respect flags

of truce, and in any case one severe example is with savages the most merciful in the end. Their losses at Ronietto practically broke the power of the Yonnies, and hastened the conclusion of the war.

Another halt of two days was made at Ronietto; then the place was evacuated and left in ruins. The walls were thrown down into the ditch, as at Robari, and the stockades blown up. Makundo met with the same fate. Mamaligi was the next town to be captured, and was occupied with little trouble or slaughter. There the Yonnies, or what remained of them, surrendered. A big palaver was summoned, treaties were signed, and the whole affair concluded. Old Bey Simerah, the king of the Masi-merah country, who had renounced his former allegiance to Government and thrown in his lot with the Yonnies, received a severe shock. The Governor of Sierra Leone had now returned to the Colony and attended the palaver. He began to hold forth in the good old-fashioned style about the great white Queen, and the necessity of obedience and so forth. Up rose Sir Francis de Winton. "Bey Simerah," he said, going straight to the point, "you have fought with the Yonnies against the English Government. You will pay a fine of £200, and remain in Freetown gaol till it is paid." Bey Simerah, the most influential chief in that part of the country, languished in prison for a year, until his people had scraped together sufficient rice and country cloth to pay off the fine; then he was sent back, thoroughly subdued. Thereafter, for many years, a message sent through a policeman to a chief proved amply sufficient to ensure any order being carried out, however distasteful.

The moral effect of this expedition throughout all the district was pro-

found. The startling rapidity and consummate ease with which the dreaded Yonnies were defeated, their (to the native mind) impregnable wartowns captured and destroyed, and their power completely broken, spread consternation among the most warlike of the chiefs, and impressed them deeply with the futility of attempting to contend with the omnipotent white man, or to resist his will.

When the expeditionary force returned to Sierra Leone, a detachment

of thirty men of the West India Regiment was left at Robari under the command of a subaltern, with a doctor (doctors were not then called Captains and Colonels) to keep him company and administer medical comfort to the detachment. This force proved amply sufficient to overawe the neighbourhood, though sixty miles distant from any reinforcement, and to maintain order among the adjoining tribes.

A. K. S.

THE TRAGEDY OF A THINKER.

THREE men, more than any others, have influenced the general trend of thought in modern Germany, Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche. Since the eclipse of France Germany has become more and more the workshop of ideas, and it might almost be said of her that what she thinks to-day Europe will think to-morrow. None of the three belong, strictly speaking, to the ranks of the great thinkers of the world; but because they were all dowered with more than ordinary gifts of expression, their influence has been immediate and immense. For years the philosophy of Schopenhauer has affected the thought of cultured Europe. Of late that mighty stream of influence has seemed to divide into two currents; one tending to mysticism with the Wagner of *PARSIFAL*, the other with Nietzsche to a sort of aristocratic Nihilism. Nietzsche is the youngest of the three and the least known at present in England, though in Germany he has a growing band of ardent disciples. He was successively a disciple of Schopenhauer and Wagner before striking out his own line, and the study of his life must be to some extent a study of these influences also.

The tragedy of Friedrich Nietzsche's life is known in outline at least to all the world. From his early manhood he suffered from constant and disabling attacks of ill-health, and while still young, as youth is counted now, he became hopelessly insane. His sister and life-long friend, whose biography of her hapless brother is as remarkable for its literary grace and interest as for its sincere and tender

feeling, deprecates what she holds to be the cruel and summary judgment by which the opponents of her brother's teaching have dismissed his later work as that of a madman. But in fact this work is of such unequal value, so remarkable in parts for wit, depth, insight, keen and ruthless satire, and again, so violent and bitter, affording so childish an exhibition of diseased egotism, that it is a charity to remember that the man who produced it, with all his great and noble gifts, was struggling for years with the forerunner of that foe which was finally to overwhelm one of the brightest intellects of our time in hopeless night.

The work of Nietzsche needs more than that of most men to be illustrated by a study of his life, because it is to an unusual extent the expression of a temperament. To those whose only acquaintance with his teaching is derived from the allusions to it in current literature and conversation, the knowledge of the man's individuality which is gained by the study of his life and letters will come as a surprise. Those who have taken the trouble to read his books, instead of merely reading about them, will have less to learn in coming face to face with the picture of this proud, diffident, self-centred, aspiring, and profoundly affectionate soul.

Friedrich Nietzsche was the son and grandson of Protestant pastors in Prussia, and his father had married a pastor's daughter. He was born into the strictest sect of the orthodox, and brought up in the little conservative town of Naumberg by a circle of

female relatives, his widowed mother, his grandmother, and aunts. In this eminently respectable, but perhaps rather confined and relaxing atmosphere he grew up a gentle, melancholy, studious lad, deeply attached to his mother and young sister, but tyrannising over them none the less from the heights of his masculine superiority, so free from childish blunders and naughtiness as never to need the wholesome rough discipline which teaches us our kinship with common clay. It seems likely that he missed that discipline all his life. "We were pattern children" says his sister. When a wave of missionary enthusiasm passed over their little circle, Fritz sacrificed his tin soldiers to the good cause. He loved books and music, and had determined to be a pastor like his father and grandfather.

As a boy, there was an unusual dignity and refinement about him which exercised a strong influence over his companions. They dared not say a rude or coarse word before him. "What does he do to you?" one was asked. "Oh, it is not what he does. He just looks at you and the word sticks in your throat." He gained this influence, no doubt, on account of his power of self-mastery, which was unusual, almost unnatural, for his age. "Lisbeth," he used to say to his little sister, "he who has learned to command himself can also command others."

With the sequel of the story before one, the thought naturally arises that there was something ominous in this unusual moral and mental precocity. But Nietzsche began his student days at Bonn as the picture of health. Broad-shouldered and upright, with thick brown hair and dark complexion, he must have seemed to all who knew him at this time the picture of hopeful, earnest, aspiring youth.

He had already started on the path which was to lead him so far,—to what lonely heights, into what desolate wildernesses of the spirit, he little suspected when in a letter to his sister he described the thinker's destiny: "To go on in the eternal pursuit of the true, the good, the beautiful, in all the uncertainty of a solitary path and in constant perplexity of spirit. Do we seek rest, peace, happiness? No, only truth, and though it were horrible and ugly, still we seek it." He had already comprehended,—and let us set that against all the follies into which an overweening intellectual conceit can lead a man,—that only such truth is of any worth as we make our own by personal effort and sacrifice, by the toil of our mind and the travail of our soul. Opinions, traditions, idly, carelessly accepted, fall away from us like dead leaves from a tree in the blasts of adversity, and when the being cries out for spiritual food they are like husks between the teeth of a starving man. But the faintest perception of the eternal truth of things which has revealed itself to passionate and persistent search, is life and the source of life; however mingled with error and pride, it bears its seed in it and it cannot perish.

His life at Bonn was not altogether satisfactory. He disliked and despised the gross conviviality of a German university town in those days. His fastidiousness diminished his influence with his fellow-students, and this was galling for one who loved to lead. Thrown back upon himself, he fell into the morbid tone of a youth aloof from and consciously above his fellows. In this frame of mind he came upon a copy of Schopenhauer's book, *DIE WELT ALS WILLE UND VORSTELLUNG*, and received it as a new gospel.

It is not as a mere metaphysician

that Schopenhauer has become the teacher of thousands, the majority of whom care very little for metaphysical science. It is rather because in him is expressed the reaction from that dream of human perfectibility which inspired so many generous minds at the beginning of our century. That great idea of evolution which has made a continuous chain between man and the dust of the field had entered into his imagination. He saw inorganic atoms attracted to each other by the blind forces of chemical affinity, and these combinations, touched by the mysterious breath of life, entering into new forms, aspiring to more complex manifestations of existence, — everything striving upwards to the point where human consciousness unfolds, the flower of creation. Only in his mind no such smiling image expressed the culmination of terrestrial things. To be conscious of life was to be conscious of misery. The whole creation groaned and travailed, but only in man did it become fully conscious of its helplessness and its need. Life was desire, unsatisfied desire; it was greed, envy, hatred, strife; it was disillusion and despair. The will to live was original sin; not St. Peter himself could speak more convincingly of the corruption that is in the world through desire. Salvation, according to him, is only to be found in the negation of desire, the denial of the will to live. Hence on the subject of renunciation, humility, and self-denial one finds him in unexpected agreement with Thomas à Kempis. But, though like another modern teacher, he claimed to have elucidated the secret of Jesus, his system of ethics is nearer to Buddhism than to Christianity. Christianity is no enemy of life; it only seeks to give our life its true centre; it aims not at denying the will, but at transforming it.

Such as his teaching was, however, young Nietzsche accepted it with enthusiasm. "One day," he says, "I picked up the volume, and I know not what demon said to me, 'Take this book home.' I took it home and throwing myself with my new treasure into a corner of the sofa I began to let the energetic gloomy genius work upon me. Every line spoke of self-denial, renunciation, resignation."

He had rejected the asceticism of Schopenhauer by the time that, in his own words, he had "brought all his qualities and efforts before the tribunal of a gloomy self-scorn." He was "bitter, unjust, and uncontrollable in his hate against himself," carrying his self-denial so far as to deprive himself of his proper allowance of sleep, not going to bed till two in the morning and rising again at six.

It was at Leipzig that he began to study Schopenhauer's philosophy, and here he made an acquaintance which was destined to have an influence equally great on his career. There has been much controversy about the relations between Nietzsche and Richard Wagner. All the world knows that they were warm friends, that they quarrelled, and that Nietzsche printed some violent diatribes against Wagner. But in spite of all, it appears that Nietzsche's affection for Wagner was one of the strongest passions of his life, and that the estrangement between them gave him a wound that he carried to his grave.

This friendship might be called the romance of a life which, so far as we know, was barren of romance in the ordinary sense. In spite of the affected contempt for women which his master Schopenhauer had taught him, Nietzsche had many friends among them whose character and intellect he admired and for whom he evinced a tender respect; but he seems never to have really loved any woman.

One day, so his sister tells us, long after the rupture with Wagner, while discussing literary questions with a friend, he suddenly enquired why the tedious theme of love should eternally form the subject of drama and romance. To this question, which has often been put, the friend gave the usual reply that no other feeling known to man calls forth such conflict of emotions, or presents in so strong a light the oppositions of character. "Well, friendship for example," Nietzsche replied, "calls forth the same spiritual emotions as love, but on a much higher plane. First of all comes the drawing together of two souls on the basis of a common conviction; then the bliss of belonging one to another in mutual admiration and idealisation; then suspicion on one side, and on the other fear that the loved one is falling away from his high ideal; then disenchantment, the pain of parting, and other unspeakable sorrows."

Such friendship as this is too delicate a plant for the kitchen-garden of the ordinary man, and perhaps it is as well; but Nietzsche's analysis gives, accurately enough from his point of view, the course of his relations with the great musician. He met him first at Leipsic, where he was continuing his studies. Wagner had heard of him as a young man of promise and a passionate admirer of his music, which was still caviare to the general and the passionate cult of a few. Nietzsche has described the musician as he first found him:

A marvellously fiery and vivacious creature, rapid in speech, sparkling and witty. He grumbled terribly at the way in which his works were generally performed, and gave us an imitation of the conductor who says to the orchestra in a mild tone, "A little more passionately if you please." . . . I had a long conversation with him about Schopenhauer, and you can imagine how delighted I was to hear him speak with indescrib-

able warmth of him and of what he owed him, saying that he was the only philosopher who had understood the essence of music. . . . In conclusion, as I was going, he wrung my hand warmly and asked me to come and see him, and talk music and philosophy.

In 1869 Nietzsche became Professor of Classical Philology at the University of Basle, a brilliant position for a young man of twenty-five. At this time Wagner and his second wife were living in retirement at Tribschen on the Lake of Lucerne, and Nietzsche with his sister were welcome guests at the pretty home. "Tribschen," writes Mme. Forster-Nietzsche, "was an enchanting idyll, the ideal pair at the head of the house, the children, as pretty as pictures, with their cleverness and amusing ways, the faithful servants, the old picturesque gabled house with its garden and park, set in the splendid landscape." Wagner had built a hermitage on the highest point of the estate overlooking the lake, and there, in the moonlight, the two guests with Wagner and Frau Cosima discussed of the passion and pathos of human things, of the Greek art that had been, and the German art that was to be. "Never a cloud passed over our heaven," said Nietzsche; and Wagner appeared to him as the ideal man described by Schopenhauer, withdrawn from the sordid struggle of the will to live in the diviner air of a perpetual contemplation and service of beauty. Wagner on his side was full of confidence and cordiality. "With the exception of the Only One (*die Einzige*)" he said, "I have no one to whom I can speak so seriously as to you."

The roll of the war-drum broke in upon his dreams. The conflict between France and Germany called all Germans to the defence of the fatherland. Nietzsche, prevented by

his position in a neutral State from serving as a combatant, set off with his sister to nurse the wounded, but was attacked with an illness which proved the precursor of the troubles which shadowed his later life.

He returned to his work and in 1871 published *THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY*, a copy of which he sent to his old teacher and friend, the famous scholar Ritschl. The scope of it may be judged by the old man's reply: "For me, as well as for you, Greece is the ever-retreating goal of the world's culture; but whether we are to attach ourselves to the same forms, is a question which the whole human race is now engaged in solving." He himself, he said, looked for the solution in that personal effort for the good of the race, in that loving devotion to others, by which men attained the freedom of self-forgetfulness. And of this, he added, even the most insignificant was capable. The Wagners on the contrary were delighted with the book. The musician hoped that the brilliant literary gift of his young friend would be employed in popularising his principles; but Nietzsche, with his passionate pride, was very far from regarding himself as the expositor of Wagner. This was the rock on which their friendship was destined to split. In 1872 the Wagners left Switzerland and the idyll of Tribschen came to an end.

Nietzsche, however, still hoped for nothing better than to work hand in hand with Wagner in the regeneration of German culture. He was disgusted with the arrogant tone adopted by his countrymen after the war, and occupied himself for some time with the scheme of a new system of education, which came to nothing.

By this time Nietzsche had travelled fast and far from his early influences. His overweening personal pride, his

consciousness of mental power and moral dignity, made Schopenhauer's picture of the abjectness of human life and the nothingness of human effort repellent to him. Schopenhauer's teaching is saturated with the sense of sin; for him existence is the great transgression, which can only be atoned for by incessant self-stultification. Man alone realises himself, and by so doing realises all the misery of existence. What escape or salvation has he but to die daily till Death the Deliverer calls him to the last sleep?

Wagner escaped this pessimism by his vision of love as the great redemptive force of the world. His last work, *PARSIFAL*, marks a definite return to the leading principles of Christianity. But when he first met Nietzsche he was under the influence of the ideas of 1848. Tyranny, oppression and convention were the source of the evils of the world. The perfectly natural and healthy man would do right by instinct and without thinking about it. Siegfried, in *THE NIBELUNGEN RING*, is a hero of this type, and it was one with which Nietzsche felt himself in full sympathy. His cult for the Greek spirit arose from his imagination of the Hellenes as a joyful careless people, untroubled by a sense of sin or moral obligation, and attaining to the highest bodily and mental perfection in a serene unconsciousness. This fancy picture, to which all great Greek literature gives the lie, entirely dominated his thoughts, and as Wagner approached more and more to Christian sentiment and belief, Nietzsche felt himself ever more remote from his friend. Other motives also came into play. His book on David Strauss, concerning which he boasted of being *the first Immoralist* (a term the full meaning of which will appear later), did not please his

friends, and Frau Wagner wrote of it, in jesting satire: "On the basis of some quotations from Helmholtz, it frees us from redemption, prayer, and Beethoven's music."

Evil tongues were not wanting. Someone told him that Wagner had said, "No one reads him except when he writes about us." He went to Bayreuth for the performance of *THE NIBELUNGEN RING*, and though Wagner was cordial and affectionate, Nietzsche fancied him vulgarised by his growing popularity, and selfishly absorbed in his work. His *RICHARD WAGNER IN BAYREUTH*, a fine and thoughtful appreciation, was really an acknowledgment and a farewell, and the note of thanks that Wagner sent on receipt of a copy of the book was the last letter that passed between the two men.

His next book, *MENSCHLICHES, ALLZUMENSCHLICHES*, was written at Sorrento during his convalescence after a fit of illness. In it he expressed his disgust and disillusionment by a bitter attack on ideals that most people venerate. He sent a copy of the book to Wagner, and it crossed, by a strange chance, with a copy of *PARSIFAL* which Wagner had sent to him. It was not an exchange of gifts this time; it was the contact of irreconcilable ideas. Two duellists had crossed swords.

Silence followed between the friends, and Nietzsche felt the estrangement so bitterly that his sister, without consulting him, wrote to Wagner's wife. Frau Cosima replied kindly but with complete decision:

Your brother's book filled me with sadness. I knew he was ill when he wrote those maxims, mentally so unmeaning, morally so pitiable. Would to heaven he had only so much health as not to give to the world these miserable tokens of his illness. Let us be silent. The author of this book I do not know; but your brother, who has

given us such splendid work, I know and love, and that love lives on in me.

From this time forth the shadows deepen around the figure of the unhappy man, who imagined himself called to give a new theory of life to his generation. Some admirers had sent him a bust of Voltaire from Paris, imagining a spiritual kinship between him and the great iconoclast of the eighteenth century.

As I looked [writes his sister] at the face of Voltaire with the hard mocking line around the mouth, and then at my brother, with the serious and yet so gentle look in his eyes, a great anxiety came over me. I put my arms round him as if to shield him, and my tears fell on his face. "Why do you weep, Lisbeth?" said Fritz tenderly. "He could bear better than you," I cried, "to stand up against a world of foes. He was made of sterner stuff."

In fact, shortly after, Nietzsche was prostrated by so serious an attack of illness that his friends gave him up for lost. He recovered partially, and the next nine years of his life were mainly spent in solitary wanderings. From time to time he published new works, which were read and commented on by an increasing circle of disciples; things true and noble, wise and eloquent, coinciding with such wild and violent paradoxes, such blind and bitter scorn, such frantic egotism, as only a bewildered brain could explain or excuse. Then in 1889 came the final catastrophe. The lamp of reason went out in darkness. Since then Friedrich Nietzsche has lived in Naumberg under the restraint and care of his friends.

His best known work, *ALSO SPRACH ZARATHRUSTRA*, appeared in 1881. It is a strange production, half apologetic, half rhapsody, reminding one in form somewhat of Mr. Meredith's *SHAVING OF SHAGPAT*, though in substance it is little enough akin to that

piece of fantasy. It breathes of the love of wild nature and solitude, the passionate tenderness and the deep loneliness of the man who had won and estranged so many friends. Here also, in solution as it were, are the main governing ideas of his thought; the pride in life, the craving for vital joy, the morbid reaction against the morbid asceticism of extreme religionists of every creed.

The meanest having power upon the
highest
And the high purpose broken by the
worm,

is the ground of his dissatisfaction with things as they are. At present, he says, owing to the sway of a false moral ideal, the best are for ever being sacrificed to the worst. The weak are cherished and protected, and thus a race of weaklings is perpetuated. Moreover, we are hypocritical and double-minded in the application of the standards we have. Professing to practise the precepts of Christianity, to deny ourselves and to serve our neighbour, we actually compete with, use, and crush him in our own interest. Nature is simpler and more sincere; her rule is that the race shall be to the swift and the battle to the strong; in that way she ensures the survival of the fittest. Let us frankly adopt a natural standard of moral values. Those who are bravest, fairest, noblest, and strongest shall rule, and the rest shall serve them. Men are not naturally equal, and the destiny of the weak is to be the slaves of the strong. In fulfilling their destiny they will also find such happiness as they are capable of. By this means the elimination of the unfit will be brought about, and the way will be opened for the advent of the great race of the future,—the Perfect Man, who will always act

rightly because he acts freely from his inmost nature, knowing neither compulsion nor fear.

By calling himself an Immoralist he meant that he had cut himself free from traditional moral sanctions and values; but the average sensual man would find little encouragement in his pages. "Do I seek for happiness," cries his hero, "I seek for my work. I will have railings round my thoughts and even round my words, that swine and enthusiasts may not break into my gardens." However the baser spirits may have interpreted his philosophy, there is no doubt that it appeared to him as a call to a life more austere and arduous than that practised by his generation. "Life becomes harder towards the summits. The cold increases; the responsibility increases."

Other works followed, including a savage attack upon Wagner, whom he had already pilloried in *ZARATHUSTRA* under the figure of a wizard impostor. His last book was a frantic attack upon Christianity, containing some fine thoughts imbedded in a mass of extravagance, of which his aspiration to have seen Cæsar Borgia on the throne of the Popes is a fair specimen.

The final impression left by a study of Nietzsche is the unutterably sad one of a spirit, naturally lofty and gentle, overweighted and unstrung by an immense ambition. Stronger nerves on the one hand, or a less eager spirit of self-assertion on the other, might have given us, instead of a few equivocal fragments, the great work of philosophy that he felt himself destined to produce. Instead of curbing his natural egotism, he erected it into a religion; and it is a law of the mind that no man can remain sane in the perpetual contemplation of himself. In Ibsen's symbolic play the moment when Peer Gynt apprehends himself as the centre of the universe is that

when he is crowned ruler in Bedlam over a kingdom of fools.

The moral of the whole situation is that, as all roads lead to Rome, so all the philosophical systems of the day lead inevitably back to the Christian synthesis. Schopenhauer emphasised the sense of sin, the taint in human nature, the need of renunciation and sacrifice. Wagner illustrated, with all the wealth of his musical and dramatic genius, the redemptive force

of love. Then came Nietzsche with his protest against all theories that degrade God to the contradiction of life, instead of "its transfiguration and its everlasting Yea." The theories that have their little hour are but broken lights; but in all their feebleness, their admixture of human infirmity, they witness to the Light which has come into the world and is slowly broadening to the perfect day.

AN INTERLUDE ON A CHALK-STREAM.

THERE are dull moments even on a chalk-stream, although to the elegant mind even those dull moments are more precious than most moments, dull or otherwise, elsewhere. But it is certain that the idiosyncracies of the modern trout often leave time on the hand of his pursuers. The modern trout, in fact, is an eminent living example of the value of technical education, and his generally accomplished character brought into competition with that of the fisherman, often results in interludes during which the latter has ample time for contemplating the amenities of the pleasant places wherein his lines are usually cast. A small pair of field-glasses and a water-rat, for example, suggest the passage of an hour which may be remembered later as an idyll. The reflection on the reasons of that wonderful dispensation which makes swifts and martins devour whole hecatombs of the olive-dun while the trout will not touch a single insect, will at times relieve the fisherman's mind of the light burden of an empty creel. In another interlude the mind and the body may both be reasonably exercised by the consideration, and with luck the capture, of the crayfish.

Your first effort in this latter direction should be to discover whether or not there are crayfish in your stream. This sounds platitudinous, but is not so in fact. Unless you live on the banks and know the traditions of the water, or have been present at the weed-cuttings or the nettings of the coarse fish, it is quite possible for his presence to escape you. It may be forced upon your notice by the spec-

tacle of a bleached scorpion-like object lying in the centre of some pebbly eddy, or cast up among the decaying dregs of the last netting on the bank. But this is improbable. Nature is both reticent and decorous on a chalk-stream, and although death is perhaps more busy there than over any other space of the same area in the county, its ministers, life and hunger, are busier still. The Undertakers on the Ganges, of whom Mr. Kipling wrote, have their prototypes on the Test and Itchen, and kindly Nature is ready to hide the ravin of her children as quickly here as there. Look at that dark olive-coloured line hung midway in the deep water below the reeds where you are lying with your pipe among the ragged robin. That is a pike which has escaped the last netting and the keeper's wire; and unless you are clever enough to rig up a snare and toss him out among the meadow-grasses (here by the way, is material for another interlude), he will have one of the trout you cannot catch before the swallows begin to twitter under the eaves of your inn to-morrow morning,—a trout half his own weight perhaps—and that without leaving behind a single scale to betray his secret. There will be no question in this case of fly or fine casting; a sudden but quite silent rush on the part of our friend there; a suggestive oily-looking wave on the top of the darkening water which will break up the kindly face of the reflected moon into fretful bars and die away in little sobs under the hollow banks; a few quiet hours for digestion; and before you are on the water

to-morrow *Esox Lucius* and *Salmo Fario* will be absolutely and irrevocably one flesh, and *Esox* will be getting ready for another alliance of the same sort. Similarly, the scavengers of your stream, the eel in its bed and the rat on its bank (not our brown chubby friend for whom we bring the field-glasses, but the shark-mouthed beast of the farmyard and drain,) will usually dispose of the remains of any crayfish who die the death before you get sight of them.

Your first intimation of their presence will quite likely take the form of a procession of the youth of the district to the banks of your stream when you are waiting for the sedge-fly to rise on some promising evening in July, the season when the crayfish are reputed to run. The youth will come provided with a formidable outfit of minnow-nets on iron rings and a supply of salt herring, the fragrance of which does not blend well with that of the meadow-sweet; and on most streams it is reckoned churlish to interfere with their operations unless, on their part, they interfere too much with yours.

If you watch these youngsters you will soon gather a working idea of the traditional method of capturing the crayfish. The flat minnow-nets on the iron rings will be placed upon the grass, and the newspaper, full of the odorous herring, unwrapped; each fish will be cut into three, and a piece tied securely to the centre of each net. The net is furnished with three strings converging from three points on its iron circumference into a single cord of generous length, by which it can be lifted, like the pan of an old-fashioned pair of scales, and lowered softly into some quiet spot of the river-bed, for preference at the foot of one of those long waving beds of green weeds which are among the ornaments of a southern trout-stream.

There it will lie like a plate, flat and fair on the sandy bottom, until the urchin has planted the rest of his round dozen of similar nets in similar positions at easy distances from each other up and down stream. There will be a decent interval to allow the crayfish time to run, and then, if the time and the weather are propitious, the young sportsman will go with his forked stick to his first net, deftly and gently push out the loose cord in the prong until it is straight over the centre of the net for a straight lift, heave with a swift steady haul, without the suspicion of a jerk or a stop, and swing the net out into the grass of the meadow. If the niceties of the sport, sanctified by the usages of generations of the village, have been carefully observed, half, or, it may be, a whole dozen of the crayfish will be found letting go their hold of the herring among the grass bents just about two seconds too late for the safety of their shells.

It will be gathered from this imperfect account that the capture of the crayfish by the approved method is rather a solemn function, involving an outfit of some elaboration and careful attention to the rules and traditions of an accepted art. It is, indeed, an article of faith on almost every stream containing the crayfish that his profitable pursuit can only be followed in the evening; in some parts of the country, on the banks of the Evenlode and the Windrush for example, orthodoxy demands that the expedition should be planned for the moonlit nights of the summer alone, if full justice is to be done to the capabilities of the fish and the sport. These traditions have a charm all their own, and a summer's night might certainly be spent in worse surroundings than under the moon on the banks of a chalk-stream; but

we, degenerately no doubt, are merely looking to the fish to fill up our interlude between the morning rise, of which we failed to take proper advantage, and that of the evening when we hope to repair our error. And we propose to show, with all diffidence, that one need not wait for the setting sun and the rising moon for a haul of the fish, and that the crayfish nets may be left to bleach in the sunny window of the village ironmonger unbartered against our shillings. We shall have to depend to some extent on the fishmonger, it is true, though even he is not quite indispensable, for the humble chub, dace, or roach, which sometimes drowns your carefully dried fly with his unprofitable rise, and duly expiates his fault among the meadow-grasses and your curses, may at a pinch help you to an acquaintance with the crayfish. For the rest, you want only the landing-net which is so often superfluous in these later days, and you are equipped for a trial of the capabilities of your stream in the brightest of sunlight.

Take your herring, chub, or dace (herring for preference, and the salter and ranker the better for your purpose), and cut them in halves across. You want good substantial lumps which will sink at once and lie on the bottom unmoved by the ordinary current of the stream. If you care to take great pains, tie each piece securely to a flat stone from the shallow. Go to the stream with your pieces of fish and select quiet spots of deepish water, with a clear gravelly or chalky bottom and within easy reach of your landing-net with the telescopic handle. This indeed is a condition which determines absolutely the choice of the spots for your bait; but there are hundreds of such places in every half mile of a well-regulated chalk-stream, the kind of

spot over which the feeding trout hovers, usually within easy reach of a weed-bed both up stream and below. At such a spot drop in a piece of your fish, so that you can see it lying on the bottom, stand still, and watch the result. If the stream is as full of the crayfish as we hope, (which is quite possible though you have fished it for years and never set eyes on a single specimen) its bed will soon become alive with creeping forms which you will almost feel first, and see later. From the weed-bed above, from that below, from under the bank where you stand, will converge these mysterious creeping figures upon your bait lying glistening in view. Sometimes the surrounding conditions will almost prevent your seeing them at all, and the first intimation of their presence will be the gradual blotting out of the shining bait by a dark olive-coloured mass. This may happen ten minutes after you have deposited your lure, and is a propitious moment not to be wasted. Take your landing-net, thrust it gently into the water down stream, bring it up to within, as you judge, six inches of your bait, then with a quick and deft motion scrape the steel hoop of the net along the bed of the stream and under the whole bunch, and if you are apt at the business you will swing from a couple to a half dozen crayfish with your bait into the meadow. Such is the crude idea of our interlude's occupation; you will go from one to the other of the sunken baits, gather its harvest of little lobsters, and if you admit ladies to your chalk-stream (a vast mistake) you will allow them to put them into your creel with damp nettles, and repeat the process until a suck up stream warns you that there is worthier quarry afoot.

If your stream contain what our worthy ancestors were pleased to call

great store of the crayfish, you will find you can develop a method which bears the same relation to our plan just described that the dry-fly method of trout-fishing bears to the wet. In a stream like the upper Lea, for example, which supports a vast population of crayfish, (a population by the way which tends to produce trout of prodigious weight but uncertain rising,) an improved method may be followed. You will find in such a stream that the first bait thrown into the water produces a wondrous movement of the crayfish, both up stream and below. It would be a nice point for science to determine the particular sense of the little crustacean which is excited by the falling into the river of a piece of salted herring ten yards below him down stream. It surely cannot be the sense of taste or smell which is excited by an odour moving against stream through ten yards of swiftly running water. It is difficult too, to accept the theory of sight alone, for a curve in the stream seems to make little difference, and the crayfish is almost invariably hidden in thick weeds. Perhaps it is a combination of both senses that sets him on the move. The crayfish next below the bait has his nostrils tickled by the rich odour of the herring, and makes a move toward it; he is clumsy at starting, and makes a great fuss in getting out of his weed-bed; another, slightly up stream, sees the movement and goes down for a finger in the pie; his immediate neighbours in turn follow suit, and so on, as the vultures gather from all quarters of the compass when a camel drops in the desert.

This gathering is your opportunity; you will find that you have an effective range, so to speak, of about twenty yards, ten above, and ten below the spot where your bait lies.

The crayfish will be seen moving up or down in single file over all this space, laboriously, as it would seem, but with a wonderful reserve of quick movement if disturbed. The startled crayfish brings his tail under him with a snap, as it were, bends himself suddenly into the form assumed by his great-uncle, the lobster, when boiled, and in so doing makes a rush upwards and backwards of perhaps a yard at a speed which renders the action almost invisible. You take advantage of this peculiarity, approach the best fish in sight from behind, poke him under the tail with the ring of the net from behind and immediately raise the net about a foot. If you do the thing neatly, you will find the crayfish has retreated to its innermost fold, and if your stream is well-stocked, you can pick out a couple of hundred of the finest specimens in this way in two hours of a summer afternoon.

It may perhaps be convenient to conclude our paper with a glance at the appropriate cookery of the resulting bag. For this one turns naturally to the Frenchman who knows and loves the cray-fish or *écrevisse*; the Frenchman indeed turns as naturally to the crayfish as we to the Frenchman for his cookery, and in one recorded instance, at least, with disastrous results. A few years ago the watchers of a certain stretch of the upper Lea were startled by finding on their stream a crayfish-net of cunning design furnished with two iron rings instead of one, the outer larger in circumference by some four inches than the inner, so as to make, when lifted, a shallow tray of netting with a two-inch edge which would effectually prevent the escape of any fish from the bait when the lift is made. The watchers invoked the aid of the local police, and the united forces made a haul of some five

or six crayfish-poaching Frenchmen. Enquiries were set on foot, which resulted in the identification of these sportsmen with a gang of coiners who had made a neighbouring village their rural retreat from the cares of business in Clerkenwell. These poor exiles, remembering, no doubt, the babbling streams of their native Brittany, turned naturally to the Lea and its *écrevisses*, and are at this moment expiating their unprosperous affection for the fish in sentences of a comfortable length.

The Frenchman puts the crayfish in a saucepan with a bunch of parsley, thyme, a clove of garlic, an onion, a laurel-leaf, a sprig of sage, some chervil or green onions, a couple of cloves, and plenty of salt and black pepper-corns. He covers the fish with cold water and boils the whole for ten minutes with the lid on. The fish are allowed to get cold in the water they are boiled in, a point of great importance, and the whole process converts the rather repulsive-looking crayfish of your stream into a miniature lobster of a surprising scarlet, the *écrevisse au naturel* of the French *menu*. If the directions are properly followed, especially with respect to the seasoning, the muscular tail of each crayfish will be found a mouthful as appetising as a prawn. The claws are usually too small to be worth dealing with separately, but the Frenchman has a thrifty way of treating these, as also the shells in which, as he knows, resides the true flavour of the fish. After using the tails either *au naturel*, or to make a delicious salad, or chopped into cubes

and combined with an omelette, he places the shells, claws, and other *débris* of the reddest fish into a mortar with an equal quantity of butter, and pounds the whole into a paste. He will then put the mass into a saucepan over a very slow fire until the clear butter has become quite red, and will pour the whole into a straining-cloth and let the butter run through into a basin of cold water. In this way is obtained a red butter which, spread upon thin bread, makes a sandwich of a most delicate flavour to be eaten with watercress or cucumber.

The apotheosis, however, of the crayfish is the *bisque d'écrevisses* or crayfish soup. Fifty crayfish are placed with a bottle of white wine in a saucepan, and stewed slowly for twenty minutes. The tails are then pinched off and set aside, and the bodies and claws brayed with a pound of rice boiled soft in a clear stock or *consommé*. This mass is added to the wine, with some spoonfuls of cooked and mashed tomatoes, brought quickly to a boil, and allowed to cook slowly at the side of the range for a further half-hour. The whole is then passed through a fine sieve, seasoned with a little cayenne, a little butter or, better still, crayfish-butter, and served very hot with the carefully-peeled tails and with pieces of toast. Either of these dishes will make you think kindly of the interlude on the chalk-stream when the trout did not rise but the crayfish ran.

WILLIAM B. BOULTON.

THE CENTENARY OF SERINGAPATAM.

SEVENTY-FIVE miles south of the British cantonment of Bangalore stands the old capital of Tippoo Sultan. The traveller, fresh from his hotel at Mysore, drives out nine miles on a dusty road till, at a sudden turning of the ways, he finds himself face to face with the Cauvery, that mighty river of Southern India the whole of whose course is to the natives holy ground. Opposite him lies the great temple of Vishnu Sriranga, from whom the town derives its name of Srirangapatam; on his left is the once famous fortress, while in the background, as little romantic as possible, is a modern railway-station. It is a hundred years ago since the city surrendered to the English, and now the whistle of the train has replaced the drums and trappings of Oriental conquest. All, however, is unchanged by the banks of the placid Cauvery. The traveller, who gazes at the island from the little stone bridge, sees what the Company's troops saw on the morning of that memorable Fourth of May. Our attack was made on the corner at which the river bifurcates. The breach by which we entered has been repaired, it is true, but from the new masonry its situation may be easily traced. The ramparts remain as they were then, and, except that the embrasures are empty of guns, present the same appearance to the visitors of to-day as they did to the besieging army of 1799. The sallyport, through which Tippoo tried to escape into the inner citadel, and the archway, where he is popularly supposed to have been killed, are still shown.

Mud walls mark the site of the old palace, and two tall minarets in front of the Elephant Gateway are conspicuous white objects in the landscape. All around long straight walls and grass-grown bastions bear impressive testimony to the great siege. This seems just the place for ghosts to visit by moonlight; like the haunted fortress of Dapuri in the Deccan, where the sepoy used to present arms whenever the spectre appeared.

To-day Seringapatam is a place of intense interest. For the enlightenment of such readers as may not be conversant with the topography of this half-forgotten battle-field a bird's-eye view of the town and its environs will suffice. Figure to yourself an irregular oval-shaped island, three and a-half miles long by one and a-half miles broad, formed by the divergence of two arms of the Cauvery. Its western face is occupied by the fort, through the north-western angle of which runs the Mysore State Railway, within a quarter of a mile of the breach where the stormers rushed to the slaughter. The outlying suburb of Ganjam, once a populous town, lies a mile to the eastward, and is little more than a straggling collection of huts, tenanted chiefly by squalid Mahomedans. Their village is poor, dirty, and picturesque. Its lordly houses and magnificent bazaars have long since become things of the past. Hemmed in by the branches of the river and racked by miasma, a less inviting centre for trading could hardly be imagined. Nevertheless, such is the fertility of the rice and sugarcane fields irrigated by the

Cauvery that grain-merchants and usurers thrive in this hot-bed of fever, and crowded fairs are held here yearly.

On the left hand of the road, as you drive past this hamlet, stands an unpretending little chapel. You will not find it described in any book, and no guide would ever take a sightseer to it. It is an outstation of the French Société des Missions Étrangères, and was once the scene of the labours of the celebrated Abbé Dubois. Even before the time of Hyder there was a Canarese congregation here; and it was in Seringapatam that Hyder received the Protestant missionary Swartz in 1778 on an embassy of peace from Governor Rumbold of Madras. Tippoo, less tolerant than his father, did his best to extirpate Christianity from his dominions, and ordered the destruction of every church; but an exception was made in favour of the little Eglise de l'Assomption, which was protected by the native Christian troops under their commandant Surappa. After the fall of Seringapatam Dubois was specially invited, on the recommendation (it is said) of Colonel Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, to visit the capital of Mysore and reorganise its scattered Christian community. The life of this wonderful man is remarkable even among the careers of great missionaries. He sought refuge in India from the horrors of the French Revolution, and during thirty-one years lived a life of absolute retirement from European society, devoting himself entirely to the natives of the country. The influence which he acquired is testified to by Major Wilks, the British Resident in Mysore, himself a historian of no mean eminence. In introducing the abbé to the notice of the Madras Government, he takes occasion to write as follows :

He escaped from one of the fusillades of the French Revolution, and has since lived amongst the Hindoos as one of themselves; and of the respect which his irreproachable conduct inspires, it may be sufficient to state that, when travelling, on his approach to a village, the house of a Brahmin is uniformly cleared for his reception, without interference and generally without communication to the officers of Government, as a spontaneous mark of deference and respect.

Dubois's special claim to recognition lies in his rare facility for delineating the Hindoo character and customs. The ordinary European cannot and does not see the untutored Indian in his home and with his family. All the wants and businesses which would create a greater intercourse with the people of the country are done for him by others, and he is, in fact, a stranger in the land. The Catholic missionary of Mysore became, after the manner of St. Paul, all things to all men, and like Xavier, De Nobilibus, and Beschi, adopted a doctrine of relativity in his dealings with the social customs and religions of the Eastern world. A little-known portrait, which hangs in the public library at Madras, represents him as a white Brahmin from the West, wearing a flowing turban and holding in one hand the seven-knotted bamboo staff that tradition assigns to every Hindoo pilgrim. In the presbytery of his former church was preserved till quite recently the block of wood on which this very turban was daily rolled. There is a Breton priest now in charge of the station who abounds in stories of his illustrious predecessor. Though the land of his labours bears but little resemblance to the country of his birth, where a calvary marks every cross-road, his eyes brighten at the sight of any visitor who has breathed the air of his beloved Brittany. Like all members of his

Society, the good father has come to India never to return.

But the island city, in which Dubois wrote his *Indian Works and Days*, has other associations. The Saint must give way to the Devil in our reflections. We may still look across the rocky-bedded Cauvery, whose tumbling waters are yellow in the rains, and see the spot from which the English guns played upon the devoted fortress. The place where the breaching battery was formed is marked by two weather-beaten cannon sunk in the ground. The posts held by Wallace, McDonald, and other officers are denoted by stone pillars. There is the scenery complete; the actors only are wanting. To those who know the stirring account of the siege written by Colonel Beatson, but little imagination is needed to conjure up the events of 1799. We can the better realise them if we ignore the minor characters in the drama and concentrate our attention on those to whom destiny has assigned the leading parts. The Indian Muse of History becomes a kind of magician whose wand performs wonders.

Two names, Hyder and Tippoo, stand forth pre-eminently in the annals of Seringapatam. The former was the son of a soldier of fortune, who fell in battle when Hyder was only seven years old. After his death, his family removed to Mysore, where the Prime Minister, attracted by Hyder's gallantry at the siege of Devanahalli (Tippoo's birthplace), appointed him commandant of a body of troops. From this position the future Sultan rose to be prefect of a province. He was fully alive to the importance of employing Frenchmen to drill and instruct his forces, and, seizing the opportunity of a foreign invasion, was able to usurp the throne. Henceforth he reigned supreme, and at one time threatened,

with no ideal terrors, to extinguish the British power in India. Imperfect as are the materials for enabling us to estimate his character, enough remains to show that as a leader and ruler he was far from being the captain-general of iniquity that historians have depicted him. There is no doubt that he greatly attached the people to him, and his memory still lives among them like that of Napoleon. Under his auspices Seringapatam dominated the whole of Southern India. It was Hyder alone who showed himself at all a match for the pro-consuls of Leadenhall Street. Once he descended like a whirlwind upon Madras, and virtually dictated his own terms to its terrified Council. In the treaty which he extorted was a solemn pledge that, if Mysore was attacked by other powers, the English should come to its assistance with seven battalions of sepoys. But, like so many other political promises, it was made only to be broken; and Hyder never forgave his old antagonists for their failure to perform their part of the treaty when the Mahratta hordes burst in upon his territory. For the time being, however, Madras was thoroughly cowed. A French writer goes so far as to assert that, by Hyder's direction, a ludicrous caricature was affixed to the walls of Fort St. George, in which Governor DuPré with a very elongated nose was to be seen in the grasp of the Sultan who is extracting a stream of golden guineas from that unusual cornucopia. In a later campaign Hyder defeated the detachments of Braithwaite and Baillie and maintained a not unequal contest against Sir Eyre Coote, who had been Clive's right-hand man at Plassey. But death sought him out at the zenith of his fame. He died in the winter of 1782 in a remote village of the Carnatic, and a mound of masonry

is all that marks the spot to-day. Although he was wholly uneducated, nothing could dwarf the loftiness of his ambition; and in him fell the greatest military genius the Company ever encountered.

His son Tippoo at once succeeded him. For a short interval the peninsula enjoyed peace, but the balance of power among the native kingdoms was not secure. Tippoo precipitated matters by his famous attack on the lines of Travancore, a State under British protection. Thanks to the drilling of the Flemish adventurer Delaunay, the local levies were more than a match for their assailant. The Governor-General lost no time in declaring war, and, like the continental monarchs at the dismemberment of Poland, joined hands with the Mahrattas and the Nizam for the destruction of Tippoo. Hostilities followed, and in 1792 Bangalore was captured and Seringapatam invested. Tippoo was shorn of one half of his dominions and compelled to pay a fine of three million rupees. Cornwallis effaced the reproach of Yorktown by clipping the claws of the Mysore tiger, and returned to Calcutta a marquis.

Tippoo, however, was by no means disabled. In spite of the lesson taught him in this first campaign, he thirsted for revenge, and declared he would rather live two days as a tiger than two hundred years as a sheep. Seringapatam was still his, and no sooner had the last troop of his enemies defiled across the frontier passes than he set about preparing his stronghold for defence. By the double walls and ditches which he added to its northern and western faces, he made of it a fortress within a fortress, a secret which was jealously guarded from the English till the very hour of the final storming. The site of this inner rampart, pulled down in

1799, is marked by a row of tamarind trees. Fortunately for the heroes of the Fourth of May, one solitary plank, barely a foot wide, had been left behind by the garrison in their haste to withdraw, and served as a bridge, although the crossing was so dangerous that next day not a man would attempt it in cold blood.

Nor did Tippoo confine himself to measures of internal defence alone. He was ready to make overtures to any individual or power whom he thought might serve his purpose against the Company. He sent emissaries to Zemaun Shah, ruler of Afghanistan, and conspired with the French, at that time, whether in East or West, the bugbear of our foreign politics. Among the state-papers found at Seringapatam is an extraordinary document purporting to be a journal of the proceedings taken by a body of French adventurers in the Mysore service. Fired with enthusiasm for the newly-constituted Republic, these miscellaneous patriots (some of whom bear such obviously British names as Graham, Barnard, Dunn, and McNeil) had formed themselves into a branch of the Jacobin Club and held weekly meetings in the parish-church of Seringapatam. Their master of the ceremonies was François Ripaud, formerly captain of a privateer and undoubtedly a scoundrel of the first water. On the 25th of Floreal, Year V., the national flag was publicly consecrated, and a tree solemnly planted and crowned by the red cap of liberty. Ripaud delivered an impassioned harangue on the atrocities of the British, which reads like a parody of the Marseillaise. His success was greater than his deserts, for his converts included no less a person than royalty itself. A salute of three thousand cannon proclaimed to the astonished multitudes that the

Light of the Faith, the Lion of Islam, was now Citizen Tippoo of the French Republic one and indivisible. The mummerly which followed reached its height when the ardent Jacobins, to the number of fifty-nine, proceeded to inflict the kiss of peace upon the cheeks of their newly-initiated brother. This scene indescribably shocked the feelings of the Mahomedans present, and is depicted with considerable dramatic force in one of Meadows Taylor's novels. Tippoo Sultan, the Khodadad Sircar, must have felt decidedly out of his element masquerading as a *sansculotte* among tricolour cockades and vitriolic orators.

The following entry in his diary shows to what extent he had abandoned himself to the counsels of his French officers. About the time Buonaparte was successful in Egypt, we find this note: "What occurs to my mind is this: to retain the Frenchman Ripaud as a *vacqueel*: to send two confidential persons with him: to satisfy the mind of the French nation; and to require Christian forces. Subject adjusted the 25th March, 1797." The outcome of this policy was the celebrated embassy to Mauritius. A deputation consisting of two Mahomedan envoys was sent in Ripaud's ship to the Isle of France, charged with letters both for the local authorities and for the Executive Directory in France, asking them to furnish European and negro troops to aid in the desirable task of expelling the English from India. The sole result of this mission was the arrival of twenty-six needy mulattoes and seventy-six needier Frenchmen. The ambassadors' report submitted after their return is curiously diffuse. They relate their sufferings from sea-sickness, the impositions practised by Ripaud, the surprise occasioned by their arrival at Port Louis, and the civility shown them by the Colonial

officials. On June 8th, 1798, Lord Wellesley (then Lord Mornington) read in a Calcutta newspaper a reprint of the indiscreet proclamation issued by Governor Malartic in answer to Tippoo's call for help; and, though disbelieved at first, its authenticity was established beyond all doubt by subsequent enquiries. The Governor-General promptly laid his plans for preventing any native power from coalescing in the proposed Franco-Mysorean alliance. His first step was to remove from his path the Nizam's French contingent of fourteen thousand sepoys. Their republican commander Raymond happened to die at this moment; and thanks to the weakness of his successor, Piron, the disarming of the force was bloodlessly effected in a few hours. The hero of this exploit was the British Resident, Captain James Achilles Kirkpatrick, better known to fame as the father, by a Hyderabad Begum, of Kitty Kirkpatrick, the strangely-complexioned beauty who is said to have sat for Blumine in Carlyle's *SARTOR RESARTUS*.

The effect at Seringapatam of this stroke of policy may be imagined, and when it was followed up by the news of Nelson's victory at the Nile, Tippoo's spirit fell. Lord Wellesley wrote to warn him of the probable result of his intrigues and demanded security for good behaviour. A flippant reply that he was going a-hunting decided the Governor-General, and the fate of Seringapatam was sealed. The jaunty way in which Tippoo treated the Company's communications is a remarkable trait in his character, and more than one despatch from Lord Wellesley can be seen to this day in the state archives, which bears the Sultan's Persian endorsement of *no answer*.

A good deal of history is crowded into the events of the next few

months. Two British columns of forty thousand men were ordered to march into Mysore under the command of General Harris, Commander-in-Chief in Madras. The expedition is described as being the most perfectly appointed of its kind that ever took the field in India, and a glance at its details may not be uninteresting. The European troops brigaded in the Grand Army were the 19th and 22nd Light Dragoons (since disbanded); the 12th, 33rd (the Duke of Wellington's Own), 73rd, 74th, 75th, 77th Regiments, the Scots Brigade, afterwards the 94th Regiment, and the 103rd. Last, but not least, occurs the name of the Swiss Regiment de Meuron. The reader will not find this corps mentioned by any contemporary writer, and its name has long since disappeared from the Army List. Quite recently, however, a record of its services, compiled by the pious care of a relative of its founder, has been privately printed at Neuchâtel. The Regiment de Meuron, like the Regiment de Watteville, was one of the many bodies of mercenaries which the Swiss cantons furnished to fight the battles of other Powers in the last century. But it had this peculiarity, in that it was a free corps raised by a private individual, and the Swiss authorities had nothing more to do with it than to sanction its recruitment within the territories of the Federal Government. Its eponymous founder and proprietor was Charles Daniel, Comte de Meuron, who entered a Swiss regiment of Marines in the French service, went through the Seven Years' War, and was present in several sea-fights against the English in West Indian and American waters. The regiment's first masters were the Dutch East India Company, under whom they served at the Cape and in Ceylon. They then crossed bayonets

with the English at the French defence of Cuddalore. Among the garrison of that little town was a young serjeant, named Bernadotte, the future General of the Empire and King of Sweden and Norway. In 1795 we find De Meuron and his men once more in Ceylon, and, on the conquest of the island by the English, they transferred their allegiance without difficulty to the British Crown, Colonel de Meuron becoming Brigadier-General in command of the troops in Ceylon, and his officers ranking with officers of the King's service. In the following year the regiment was transferred to the Madras establishment and took part, as we have seen, in the operations before Seringapatam, where it was brigaded with the 33rd and 73rd Foot under Colonel (afterwards Sir Arthur) Wellesley. A journal kept by Lieutenant Charles de Meuron Tribolet gives a graphic account of the campaign. The grenadier and light companies formed part of the storming column, and, after the fall of the fortress, were stationed on the island and subsequently at French Rocks seven miles away. In 1806 the regiment received orders for home, and, after successively garrisoning the Isle of Wight, Guernsey, Sicily, and Malta, found its way to Canada, where it was finally disbanded the year after Waterloo, consequent upon the reduction of the English army to a peace-footing. Eighteen members of the De Meuron family had held commissions in its ranks during the thirty-five years of its history. The colonel commanding was always a De Meuron, and the lieutenant-colonel generally one. Yorck, the Prussian general who gained some celebrity in the Napoleonic wars, completed his apprenticeship to arms in this polyglot body, which at the time of its disbandment was composed of members of almost every nationality in Europe.

In the little garrison cemetery by the banks of the Cauvery are still to be seen the graves of some of these gallant Switzers, side by side with their English comrades. Writing at the time of the siege, Lieutenant Louis de Pury bears testimony to the excellent feeling subsisting between the mercenaries and the Company's regular troops: "There is no difference made," he says, "between our regiment and the English; we are all the best of friends." Their tombs are not easy of identification, and, so far as I am aware, have never been thought worthy of notice. The simple-minded gardener in charge has repainted most of the letters in the inscriptions upside down and white-washed others beyond recognition; but there stand the monuments to this hour, some of them as tall as little houses. The obelisk to the memory of "H. De Meuron, Lieutenant-Colonel in His Majesty's Regiment de Meuron, who died September 23rd, 1804, aged 52," tells its own tale to the traveller from the West. And who knows but that Philipp Schneider, private in this forgotten legion, who sleeps beside Captain Meyer and Major Piachaud, may not have been the identical grenadier who gave the *coup de grâce* to the expiring Sultan himself?

It needs no witch of Endor to call up the events of that tragic Fourth of May. Much that is interesting can only be glanced at. Before daybreak the troops detailed for the assault were in the trenches under the command of General Baird, who had volunteered for the duty. He knew Seringapatam only too well, having lain for years in its dungeons, where he was compelled to turn a water-wheel for the amusement of the court ladies. The exclamation of his mother on hearing that the prisoners had been fettered together has passed

almost into a classic: "God help," she said, "the poor chiel that's chained to oor Davie." By one o'clock everything was ready. Baird stepped out of the trenches, and drawing his sword called out to his men, "Come, my brave fellows, follow me and prove yourself worthy the name of British soldiers." In an instant both columns rushed forward, and entered the river-bed under cover of a heavy discharge of blank cartridge from the batteries. The garrison, immediately discovering the movement, opened fire, but with slight effect. To the last Tippoo refused to believe that the English intended to storm his impregnable fortress. A prey to despair, he had ordered his French scouts under arrest for reporting the entrenchments to be full of armed men, and made propitiatory offerings to the Brahmin astrologers, who had prophesied great danger to himself at midday. The presentiment that his evil star was in the ascendant seems to have paralysed all his energies at the time of his greatest need. He continued to sit dreamily in his palace till one of his servants told him that the enemy were coming; and by that time the forlorn hope had reached the summit of the breach, and British colours floated over Seringapatam. Roused by the shouts of the besiegers, he ran to the battlements, himself shot down several of the enemy, and for a time brought the storming companies to a stand. But a detachment advancing on the flank took Tippoo's party in reverse. He then mounted his horse and endeavoured to force his way through the Watergate into the inner fort. Here he found himself hemmed in between two bodies of English. His horse was disabled and himself wounded in three places. His attendants immediately placed him in his palankeen under an arch in the gate-

way. The space, however, became so choked with fugitives that it was impossible to proceed, and he appears to have afterwards moved out of the palankeen. While in this situation, some European soldiers entered the gateway and a faithful retainer was about to reveal to them who he was. Tippoo frowned and put a finger on his lips. A private (some say a sergeant) then attempted to seize his richly-jewelled swordbelt. This was too much for the dying Cæsar, who aimed a desperate blow at the man and cut into the barrel of his firelock. He then made a second stroke with more effect at the knee, and was immediately killed. The assault was now practically over, though the defence had not been entirely ineffectual, especially at the north rampart where Tippoo had encouraged his troops in person.

Resistance continued to be made from the palace for some time after all firing had ceased from the works. Two of Tippoo's sons were there, but surrendered when a six-pounder had been brought to bear on the building. After their capitulation Baird's first thought was to secure Tippoo. With considerable difficulty it was ascertained that he had been wounded at the Watergate. A search-party promptly proceeded to the spot, but it was upwards of an hour before their mission proved successful. The number of the slain and the darkness of the place made it difficult to distinguish one person from another, and the scene was altogether revolting, not less than seventy corpses lying crowded within an area of twelve feet by four. Each body was dragged out in turn and carefully examined. This, however, appeared an endless task, and eventually Major Allan and Colonel Wellesley entered the archway. Here by the light of a flambeau Raja Khan, Tippoo's favourite

attendant, was discovered fainting under his master's palankeen, and pointed out the spot where the Sultan had fallen. From a corner of the shambles where the dead lay thickest, the body was eventually taken out. Its eyes were still open, and the skin so warm that at first doubts were felt as to whether it was not alive. It bore three wounds in the side and one in the temple; the turban and swordbelt had disappeared, but the talisman on the right arm containing an amulet was at once recognised.

The city had fallen; it remained to plunder it. For two days the sack lasted, during which time we may be certain that the *vieilles moustaches* of the Regiment de Meuron had no cause to feel astonished at their own moderation. Even zenanas were broken into, and the royal treasury rifled through a private entrance. Nor was it till after four men had been hanged for looting, that order was restored. Colonel Wellesley became Military Governor of Seringapatam; and such was the confidence inspired by his presence that in another forty-eight hours the inhabitants re-opened their bazaars, and the main thoroughfares of the town exhibited more the appearance of a fair than of a place just taken by assault.

On the afternoon of May 5th Tippoo's funeral procession proceeded from the citadel to the mausoleum of his father, Hyder Ali. Four companies of European grenadiers accompanied the bier, and the streets through which the *cortège* passed were lined by Mahomedans, who prostrated themselves before the body and expressed every possible sign of grief. None of these faithful soldiers would ever consent to take service under the Company.

The evening was ushered in by a most tremendous tempest attended by

rain, thunder and lightning, which killed two officers and injured many of the troops. The Cauvery rose so high that the whole camp was in flood. Had the final storming been delayed, this disaster must inevitably have caused a failure of the campaign.

An excursion to the other side of the suburb of Ganjam will enable the visitor to examine Tippoo's sepulchre for himself. The building is a magnificent domed structure with extensive grounds; it is as though we walked into a pleasure garden, with its fountains and flowering shrubs and pigeon-cote and its avenue of cypresses. Incense is burned and the Koran recited daily outside the rosewood doors inlaid with ivory which Lord Dalhousie presented. The *fakir* in charge shows the three tombs of Tippoo, Hyder, and Hyder's wife and reads out in verses, every letter of which has a chronological value, the Persian epitaphs relating how the Sultans of Mysore fell martyrs to their religion. During the exciting times of the Mutiny it is said that patriotic Mahomedans congregated in secret at this shrine to pray for the reascendancy of their faith. Similar were the feelings of the old Mussulman in Sir Alfred Lyall's poem, who sat and watched the *sahibs* at badminton outside the Cashmere Gate at Delhi.

In striking contrast to the mausoleum where Tippoo reposes in state is the weatherbeaten collection of English graves in an outer field. Here the traveller stands in the heart of utter desolation. Such of the slabs as have not been purloined as curry-stones are flat with the ground, but they deserve a better fate, for they commemorate our dead countrymen.

But the most melancholy relic of all the past dates from a later period. This is the deserted riverside bun-

galow, which forms the subject of a poem in the well-known LAYS OF IND.

There stands on the isle of Seringapatam,

By the Cauvery, eddying fast,

A bungalow lonely,

And tenanted only

By memories of the past.

It has stood, as though under a curse or spell,

Untouched since the year that Tippoo fell.

The mouldering rooms are now as they stood

Near eighty years ago;

The piano is there,

And table and chair,

And the carpet, rotting slow,
And the beds whereon the corpses lay,

And the curtains half time-gnawed away.

The story is as short as it is pitiful. A certain Colonel Scott commanding the garrison lost his wife and two daughters in one day from cholera. He left his bungalow that same night and never returned. The Maharaja, out of regard and sympathy, gave orders that nothing in the house should be touched; and whoever visits it to-day may still see the old heavy four-post bedsteads with their tattered curtains, the door-mats crumbling with age, the yellow-keyed piano, and other furniture of a bygone era.

On his drive back to Seringapatam, the traveller will stop at the Darya Daulat or Sea of Wealth. This was Tippoo's favourite summerhouse, being near the fortress, and was for many months the residence of a still greater man, afterwards known to all the world as the Duke of Wellington. The walls inside are covered with a series of grotesque frescoes representing Hyder's triumphs over the English. These decorations were effaced during the siege, but replaced by Colonel Wellesley when he made this building

his resort. In course of time they again became obliterated, until Lord Dalhousie, on his visit in 1854, ordered them to be repainted by a local artist. A copy of the minute ordering the restoration is still hung framed over the mantelpiece of the upper room. When I made my sentimental journey to this spot, it was thronged with a crowd of Canarese holiday-makers. It must be confessed that these good folk found more to interest them in the butler's preparations for tea than in all the caricatures of the Homeric contest between Hyder and the English General, who sits in full-dress on a litter, while his followers' arms, legs, and heads are flying about in the wildest confusion.

There are still several hours to wait before the last train for Bangalore. Anyone who loves the East in its picturesque aspect should stroll over to the famous temple of Sri Ranganatha Swami which lies within easy distance of the railway-station. Conquerors came and went: dynasties

rose and perished; but this ancient shrine has outlived them all. Standing as it does by the banks of one of the holiest rivers in India, its spiritual influence makes itself felt far and wide. Every Hindoo sepoy on the march from Bangalore will do double journey in order to have another day to spend by the margin of his beloved Cauvery. Nothing can be more wonderful than the spectacle of evening worship at this chosen home of the divine power. The torches are lighted and the old-world music of pipe and tabor awakes immemorial echoes in the paved quadrangle. The statues of the immortal gods are freshly anointed with oil and the foreheads of their devotees with ochre. We leave the white-robed Brahmin still chanting his hymn over the burnt sacrifice. Of the many associations of Seringapatam, this temple of Baal in all its glory is the most abiding.

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GAMES ON PAPER, AND ELSEWHERE.

It is not necessary to be a confirmed realist to grant that all departments of life are capable of literary treatment. It should follow, since even the votaries of literature are not averse to a livelihood, that the sides of life which arouse most popular interest should also most stimulate the efforts of the writer. The conclusion ought not the less to hold good, if the object of interest is in itself trivial or of slight concern to disciples of the soul. The character of a man or of a nation is compact of daily trivialities which are themselves in part both cause, companion, and product of the more serious personality.

From the Duke of Wellington downwards have emanated platitudes on the larger effects of sport on the English character. It has become a truism that the playing mania of Englishmen is both the cause and effect of the character of the nation. Whether the use of the bicycle, which has perfected the emancipation of women, will increase the health and bulk of the coming race is a point on which doctors disagree; but there can be no question that proficiency in commerce not less than in battling has been acquired by games of football, for to the gaining of success in any department of life an early training in the art of physical competition is an invaluable ally. To quote a fresh instance, the charge made by the Malakand Field-force across the football-ground without question owed the crown of its vigour to previous acquaintance with the arena. Games, as well as arms and missions, win us lands and help our

colonisers to maintain that most valuable of Anglo-Saxon qualities, the capacity for making a home in any locality. A historian of the period will confess to a material sin of omission if the club that drove a long ball on the heights of Chitral, or the ball that was bunkered in a skull on the plains of Benin is disregarded in his annals. Instances of the kind may be multiplied indefinitely. A yacht-race has caused international trouble; the absence of an Emperor from Cowes has affected the Stock-Exchange; the no-balling of an Australian bowler may have well retarded the acceptance of a postal reform or an imperial scheme. The ubiquitous insistence of games is an unavoidable fact. The Prince of Wales views a racket-match between two professionals where the stake is as much as £2,000; our politicians give prizes at a professional football-match, or take recreation all round the silver girdle of the Island. It has been gravely argued that the revival of the Olympic games re-inspired the Greeks with the pride that precipitated their fight with Turkey.

In a less startling but even more significant manner sporting phrases and metaphors have to take their place in the language. Even Walter Scott (imitated here as in other respects by Stevenson) not infrequently employs such phrases as *a well-teed man*, while the present novelist, and even historian, appears to find a difficulty in avoiding such familiar metaphors as *a good innings*, *a fine stroke*, *a record*, *a last lap*, and enlarges, if he does not adorn, his

vocabulary by talking of men who *pull well together*, or *play the game*.

It may seem at first sight an inaccuracy to claim for the prevalence of the love of games a modern emphasis. Not even the Anglo-Saxon has put his athletes on such a pedestal as the decadent or even classical Greek. Even THE DAILY TELEGRAPH would not, in straining for a hyperbole, report with Thucydides that we welcomed a victorious general as an athlete. Lord Kitchener is still greater than the winner of any championship. A lyric on training has not yet found a niche in the temple of fame, nor has Mr. Kipling risked with Pindar his popularity by offering such a banal exordium as *water is best*. Even if the subject be made insular, serious references to games make their way from time to time into past literature. To take two of the most obvious and oldest instances, Robert Ascham (if a schoolmaster counts) devoted an entire book to the subject, which may be regarded as the true precursor of the Badminton Series, and Henry the Fifth's rejection of the French tennis-balls is accurate and serious and classical enough for quotation. Research could no doubt make a large and continuous list of such allusions, even if we do not except the hottest period of Puritan intolerance.

The Anglo-Saxon has always loved athletics, and his interest has from time to time become stylishly articulate, but it nevertheless remains true that a new era has just commenced in the history of sport. We are athletes as were never our ancestors. Games, such as football or pedestrian sports, have only within the last few years begun to shake off their plebeian odour. Capitalised society may be still ignorant of the *off-side rule* and unacquainted with the mysteries of *level time*, or some may still be so

ill-read as to be unable to discriminate between a *cut* and a *pull*; but the fact that such mysteries exist, that there are two sorts of football, that seventy thousand persons will collect to see a single match, that the Americans (in America) run faster than the English, now come before the notice of the cultured as well as of an esoteric circle of artisans and professionals. The cat is beginning to look at the king; football and running, for instance, whose home is at the seats of learning, almost take their stand by the more aristocratic games, by tennis or by cricket, the game of kings and the king of games.

On this truth, or perhaps truism, it is necessary to insist in order to point out the rather eccentric fashion in which the literary capacity of the new interest has been developed. Field-sports, which are not at present under discussion, have been often tastefully treated. The horse has especially provided inspiration; indeed where any animal is prominent, from the dogs of which Sir Walter was so fond, to the tiger-hunting elephant of a child's story-book, the writer in his study has afforded pleasant reading to the sportsman of the field. The most modern writers have here done little more than maintain a fine precedent, though perhaps nothing of the sort in literature has come quite within reach of the polo-match of Mr. Kipling's MALTESE CAT. But in the treatment of games where unqualified man is engaged the contrast is remarkable. In this sphere our great writers, whenever they dare approach the subject stumble hopelessly. The Muggleton cricket-match, of course, was meant to be a broad farce, but even a farce should not offend by an unhappy misconception of special idioms; the cricket-match again in DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS, though treated in no fulness, inevit-

ably irritates the specialist by an awkwardness of handling not common in the author. One reason why, in this reference only, imagination has proved unable to compensate for lack of experience is that in the past the bulk of readers were as ignorant as the author, and even the most inspired writer unconsciously adapts his standard to his public.

But the times are changing, and the change has been so rapid that we may claim for the present decade that it constitutes the first of a new epoch. Games have reached a new stage of modernity, if that ugly term of relativity has any significance left. The race is becoming philo-athletic throughout and athletic in its bulk. As sign and witness of the truth the Literature of Sport, if the word is not too big, stands most prominently in contrast with the past.

To begin with the papers. Journalism is perhaps not literature, nor often much like it, even in its higher flights. Moreover the sporting correspondent provides less intellectual and less stylish reading than any of his fraternity. A little while back he was a proverb for murderous assaults on the mother-tongue. He was as innocent of grammar as of taste, mistaking patches of affectation for the true colour of style. Overcome, as must be anyone who has attempted to write sporting notes, by the dulness of verbal iteration, he sought, and still seeks in the lower ranks, to win freshness by outrageous use of synonyms. He resembled a schoolboy with no knowledge of his language but with an excellent gradus. The one turns out prose, the other verses, of a sort. Here are some instances taken from a casual column. In one account of a football-match, the ball is styled indifferently the *orb*, the *sphere*, the *leather*; it is *propelled* or *feetly manipulated* (to *hand* the ball it may be

indicated is against the rules); the goals are the *uprights*, the *horizontal*, or the *net*. A similar straining after novelty appears in a description of athletic sports. The winner *breasts the worsted* and, if he has run very fast, *defeats the scythe-bearer by a tithe*.

If we go to America the disease is of course infinitely worse. An athlete is not only personally described in the very grossest style, but a family history and elaborate feelings are invented for him without stint or shame. When in 1895 an English team of athletes journeyed to New York the sporting papers, overjoyed at the novelty of the match, surpassed themselves. In one, after a detailed description of the extreme beauty of the Englishmen, an imaginative writer distanced all his competitors to the extent of telling how in the evenings the team played soft serenades on their banjos and the tears rose to their bright blue eyes as the notes of *The girl I left behind me* carried thought across the waters of the Atlantic. We have never been so bad as that in England, and on the whole we are getting less bad. The poetic painter of personalities has surrendered his place to a more prosaic penman with a less ebullient store of mixed metaphor, though instead of the vulgarity of expressed description, the athlete is not seldom subjected to an equally gruesome photographic portraiture. But it is perhaps too much to expect artistic treatment of games in the Daily Press. In respect of football at any rate the nature of the game, the fact of the public's supreme, but regrettable, interest in professional leagues, necessarily entails a certain indelicacy of treatment, which will not be cured till the word *popular* loses its derivative association with *vulgar*. Of the many affectations which are found in this type of journal, as well as in magazines that

ought to know better, one of the most irritating is the perennial use of the monosyllabic prefix. Every popular hero is described as Jack, Jim, Bill, or Joe So-and-so, until the writer and the reader are flattered into a self-warming consciousness that they have an intimate acquaintance with the Christianised hero. "A splendid chap, Bill Jones," said a voracious reader of the sporting Press to the writer, and from this exordium began to relate numerous tales of the said Bill Jones, more complimentary to his splendiddness than his gentlemanlike feelings. Now Jones's name was not William, neither had he done or said any one of the things attributed to him, nor had the tale-teller even the prospect of a nodding acquaintance with the Jones whom he so glibly libelled. The abuse of the Christian name was merely an emanation of the snobbishness into which hero-worship too often degenerates.

So far as professional games are concerned, the style of the Press that reports them is inevitable. Money-making out of games is an excrescence, and an ugly one, on the surface of society and entails vulgar treatment. It is true that in cricket, for instance, we are glad of the professional. He is generally a man of good manners and earns a steady income in a healthy manner. The reason is that he does not regard his game as primarily a money-making concern, in which he must make his fortune in the course of a few years, but as the occupation of his life in which his duty consists largely in furthering the interest of the amateurs for whom the game exists. But in football and athletics there is a vast difference. The two classes do not mix, but are mutually exclusive. The professionals play entirely for their own hand and pocket and, aware that their period of

proficiency must be short, resort to many and devious devices to gather rosebuds while they may. A little while ago a professional club paid as much as £400 for the transference of a single player, and at the same time a number of Southern clubs were discovered to have been practising a wholesale system of bribery for the purpose of buying efficient players from the North. Thus is the whole system of football reduced to absurdity. It is no wonder that if professional football is such in essence that the Press, which advertises its doings, should descend first to murderous assaults on the mother-tongue, and then to the offer of the lotteries that become daily more gigantic and more scandalous.

Professionalism is an unlovely product at its best, but must be accepted as an established institution. We may even entertain some respect for it, as at any rate open and, within limits, honest in its practices. The danger to the character of English games comes less from the existence of this professional element than from the merging of the two, the amateur and the professional, in one. The Unions and Associations which preside over the destinies of football and athletics are fully alive to the insidious onslaughts of this amorphous class, and are fighting continuously and on the whole successfully against its encroachments. The public also is in possession of the details of the fight. But in cricket, which should be above all other games the game of gentlemen, the danger is more real because more carefully concealed. Even the club of clubs, the Marylebone Club itself, has suffered from its countenance of the pseudo-amateur.

Here, as so often elsewhere, familiarity with facts tends to diminish our appreciation of them.

We forget to bring to the bar that which daily acquaintance prompts us to accept unthinkingly. Yet any one who will look for a moment from an unrelated standpoint at the divergence between cricket of to-day and cricket, say, before the first Australian match, must confess that the development is untoward, and that if the interval is allowed to widen, the sportsmanlike spirit of the game will run immediate risk of contamination.

Money is at the root of the whole evil, whichever way we consider the question, from the point of view of clubs or of individuals. A county club, for instance, is an expensive institution to support. It depends for financial maintenance almost entirely on gate-money, and the amount of the gate-money depends, for all the pity of it, on the excellence of the eleven. The committee are therefore willing in their own interest to make great sacrifices to retain good players, and the good player in most cases is ready, from various causes, to accept the committee's offer. The help may take the form of paying his expenses, as assessed by himself or the club; it may be that the player is promised remunerative winter employment or a sinecure berth; in some cases the necessary supplies are collected on colonial cricket-grounds. From time to time, often through the not unnatural jealousy of legitimate professionals, facts and figures of such a nature are openly divulged. But however rarely the public learns the truth of the relation between certain players and their clubs, it is an open secret that many cricketers who figure in the newspapers under the style of gentlemen are nevertheless in receipt of a regular fee paid for each match. It is little better to hear that an ostensible amateur who plays cricket

for his county six days a week, has been appointed to some snug berth (which must obviously be a sinecure for half the year) at a comfortable yearly remuneration. Such cases may not be common, but they occur; and the queer law is becoming acknowledged that the better a player's qualifications the greater is the amount of his expenses.

The cause of the recent discussions on the increasing number of drawn matches emphasises another serious anomaly. In Australia professional cricketers are hardly acknowledged; the social development of the colony is at such a point that it has not become necessary to acknowledge distinctions which are inevitable with us. It happened not long since that the bulk of an Australian team, without even the suggestion of a damaged pride, readily accepted a sum of money which was presented on the ground by an enthusiastic admirer. The existence of such *naïveté* may be a healthy sign; but the point is that the practice does not square with the habits of our more advanced society. What is good in one part of the empire may be bad in another. Yet when the Australians tour in England, they are all, under the special diploma of the Marylebone Club, welcomed without distinction as amateurs, in spite of the fact that those who elect to stay with us adopt professionalism at once, and that the whole side not only play for money without disguise, but grumble when they do not make enough. However glad we may be to welcome the Australians as good cricketers, there is danger in the unqualified recognition of their amateur status. The frequency of drawn matches is one indication of the danger. The general improvement of wickets, the discovery of marl as a top-dressing, even that universal scapegoat, the

weather, are partly guilty of the undue prolongation of the innings. But the causes go deeper. The spirit of the game has suffered a change. The slow style of play which has of late years distinguished the Australians has been developed by the financial importance of protracting a game to its full length. One eye is on the gallery and one ear turned to the click of the turnstile. And the humour of it is that we are now urged by the prime offenders to revolutionise the whole tenor of the game for the sake of their pockets, and in fact to put a premium on their offence by extending our matches into a fourth or even a fifth day; and the proposal is discussed with serious approval!

That the question is a difficult one will be readily admitted, but it is one which the Marylebone Club ought, in their own interests no less than in the interests of the game, to face boldly and to settle finally; though one cannot, for obvious reasons, profess to be very hopeful that they will do so. Yet if they do not, if the pick of our amateurs are allowed, by law and public opinion, to temper their keenness for sport with acquisitive complacency, cricket, as well as the inferior pastimes, must inevitably fall from its high estate. Like King James, we shall have to confess that games are "rough exercises," and with him we must "beware of making our sporters our councillors." The question would be a serious one if it only concerned cricketers, but history will declare, as it has declared of decadent Greece, that an important attribute of the national character is at stake.

Such is the seamy side of modern games. It is more pleasant to look at the other aspect. A young American writer published not long since a *SPORTING PILGRIMAGE* through England, the bulk of which is concerned with University rowing, foot-

ball, and athletics, though hunting and golf are also treated. The author, by the gentility of his style has done his part in helping the literature of sport to its proper development, but the matter of his book is yet more important in this direction. He was chiefly struck by the universality of the athletic spirit through the upper classes. He found that in the smaller colleges almost every man he met did something or other for his college. Further, in contrast with America, it seemed to him that the zest of the game, rather than the winning of it, was the first stimulus. His observation was accurate, and this development of sport (in the same way as its professional degeneration) has corresponding columns in the Press devoted to it. The doings of amateur athletes have become during the last few years the subject of regular treatment in monthly magazines, and in weekly and daily papers. The better papers in all three departments contain really excellent critical articles on all varieties of sport, and the descriptive articles are at any rate marked by a gentlemanlike style and a spirit of proper reticence; though it would be a good thing if some could yet further eliminate the tale of professional contests. But there is something still to be desired. I cannot recall a single account of a match at cricket or football which partook of that poignancy which the match itself may be supposed to have aroused. The reporter is glued to his notes. He imagines it his duty to omit no detail that space permits. He gives us a picture of crowded incidents amid which it is impossible to see the wood for the trees. He sacrifices truth by his fidelity to facts. But a reporter should be not a photographer so much as a painter. He should leave his notebook behind,

and trust to his interest to ensure sufficient memory. He should look for, and afterwards lay stress on, the psychological moments of the game, and bind together his bundle of facts by the bands of critical occasions. In every game there occur one or two definite crises at which, morally speaking, the fate of the contest is decided. The man with the true reporter's eye will be able to pick out these, and by laying due stress on them give his account of the match the unity of interest whose absence we so often deplore.

While the newspaper reports suffer for the most part from excess of idiom, the few classics which treat of games fail, as we have said, from ignorance of idiom. There is no allusion here to books which set out to give a historical or didactic account of special games, which necessarily are written by specialists and which, as lately published, can scarcely be bettered, but to the scenes, episodes and allusions which occur here and there in novels and in histories. There is an admirable description of the old Rugby game in an early chapter of *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS*, and the scene in *TOM BROWN AT OXFORD*, in which St. Ambrose's ousts Oriel from the headship of the river, gives back to the reader something of the original thrill felt in the boat or on the towing-path; but, though the challenge is a wide one, can any one produce another instance of a passable account of any game in any book which has taken its place in English literature? Occasionally in the lower ranks there stands out some description of a game that has in it the real zest of battle. Two at

least have come within my own experience, one an account of an American football-match in the opening chapter of *MISS NOBODY OF NOWHERE*, a book by the author of *MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK*, and the other the tale of a foot-race in one of the few good books on school-life, a story called *BOYS AND MASTERS*, written many years ago by the present Master of Dulwich College.

Modern histories have erred, and will err further in not giving games their due place. It may be thought that the subject of recreation is below the dignity of the Muse of History, but a greater mistake could not be made. If for instance a historian was in search (as he should be) of a telling picture of contemporary manners, where could he find the object of his search more strikingly depicted than on the grounds of the Crystal Palace on the occasion of a final tie for the championship at football? Bad as we hold the intense interest in professional football to be, the fact of the intensity and width of the enthusiasm (and historians deal presumably with facts) is beyond question. If we were not used to such things, how strange would the spectacle seem! Nearly seventy-four thousand people were gathered this year to watch the gladiatorial show, the eleven fighting the eleven, while as witness of the worth of the excitement the Leader of the House of Commons and an ex-Prime Minister viewed the scene, presented a trophy and made commendatory speeches to the combatants. And they talk about decadent Greece and the Olympic Games!

W. BEACH THOMAS.

WITH THE EYES OF THE SOUL.

It was a village of self-conscious age and unconscious pretension among its old Quaker families. The streets beneath their lofty elms were hushed ; the white-shuttered houses shrank behind iron fences and tidy lawns ; the flowers grew in decorous gardens. From the heart of the village a coach ran daily to a railroad town ten miles away. The grey-shingled meeting-house marked the end of the village, which stood on a broad grassy common where the main street branched off into three country roads. It was the oldest house in the State, bearing its date of 1712 in peaceful grey dignity. The Friends were unmistakably the patricians, and set the fashion of simplicity. They were a fine-looking people, the men's faces striking beyond the mere distinction of their broad-brimmed hats, the women's peaceful and gracious beyond the suggestion of their quiet grey and white dress. The close bonnets kept their skins fair into middle age, and gave a demure touch to the rounded young contours. The young men and women had colour in their faces, and eyes that here and there rebelled. Did not the red blood stir in their veins when the sap mounted in the trees, and were they not as other men and maidens ?

One at least, among them, and she a daughter of one of their oldest families, had a wild-rose bloom on her cheek and the longing of youth in her heart. Tie the bonnet close about the girl's face ; fold the kerchief smooth over her breast ; Urath Drayton is no Quaker at heart, and all the grey and white in Christendom will never

make her one. Yet she had been bred in the strictest traditions of the sect. It must have been a strong, though remote, strain of the world's people which so often dominated the nearer Quaker influences. There were hints of a great-great-grandmother, a court beauty, in the family ; and there were days when she lived again and had her way with the Quaker maiden.

Urath had always had unquiet days ; even as a child they had come upon her. One of the first which she remembered was in the old attic, at the sight of an open chest full of quaint, lavender-scented crimson and gold brocades, high-heeled slippers, curiously-wrought buckles, and strange foreign-looking trinkets. How she had revelled in the warm rich colours ! And at last she had slipped one of the gowns over her head, and fastened a girdle of coins about her waist. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes danced ; and feeling herself transformed into some other creature from the Urath of every day, she had tripped down-stairs and stood before her mother. The mother gazed in bewilderment at the strange, brilliant figure the child made, but the father had turned and spoken in a stern voice. " Urath," he said, " thee looks like a picture of folly. Take off those gewgaws ; fold the gown and place it where thee found it ; lock the chest and bring me the key."

The father's voice was very firm and final, and Urath obeyed. But there were other unquiet days ; days when a longing for the things not of her world possessed her ; days when she must be free ; days when she would

escape into the woods and shout aloud, with a wild joy in the boisterous sound; days when the longing for colour goaded her to cull the brightest garden blossoms to deck herself like a young savage; days when she craved above all things motion, action; when she would tear the little bonnet from her head, and whirling it round and round, would break into a dance, abandoning herself to a wild rhythmic movement, keeping time to some inward melody. On and on, in ever wilder measure, would go the dance, until panting and exhausted she would fall half fainting to the ground. These were days when nature took her sure revenge for generations of suppression.

As the girl grew into maidenhood the scent of certain flowers, the sound of certain voices, the sight of the colours in the evening sky, or the mellow mystery of moonlight, worked upon her like some subtle intoxicant, awakening she knew not what of longing and desire.

But the great unquiet day came some years later in the full tide of summer. The birds at dawn began it, piercing the still fresh air with their joy, exulting from full, passionate throats in the coming sunshine. She crept out of her bed, pushing open the shutters and bathing in the sweetness of the wet honeysuckle. Involuntarily she stretched out her arms toward the morning world. "Here am I, Lord!" she seemed to say in answer to the joyous daily annunciation of God's free gift of life. Then she turned and saw her soft grey garments beside the bed. She put them on, folding the white kerchief over the swelling bosom; but she could not stay within doors, or even walk decorously as she should in the tiny garden. The longing for sound was upon her. There sang within her heart a half articulate *Magnificat*. The beauty of the new created day possessed her.

"Be still and know that I am God," had been the burden of her life's training; "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," was the answering cry of her full young heart. The birds had their hours of exaltation, why not she? They were a-wing to the open; she would follow. She lifted the latch of the little iron gate and went out into the street, past the meeting-house, and down the wildest of the roads leading toward the woods. In the broad isolation of the open country she ran, she called aloud, she shouted. Every slightest sound of life in the stillness woke its echo in her. She gave back the short, startled low of a cow from the meadows, and laughed in the faces of the wondering cattle as she passed. Her bonnet was off now, the early sunlight warming the dark shadows of her hair. Her head was up and her lips trying the bird-calls from the trees. Then came the rippling sound of the water over the pebbles. That too, she would try, but its silver tinkle eluded her throat; she would have it then through another sense. Shoes off and stockings,—how the cool shock made her laugh! She would walk up the bed of the stream, laughing even when the pebbles bruised her feet,—lily things that should have leaves — laughing still with keener note at the pang of a sharp cut and the quick red stain of her blood in the water. She followed the stream and rested in the heat of noon to eat the berries, ripe and luscious in the pastures.

As she came under the trees there were new bird-notes to echo, and she gave them back others from her own singing heart. In the woodland depths a sudden chill of remoteness overcame her, and she would turn back to find stockings and shoes, kerchief and bonnet again.

But as she turned, her ear caught

the note of the wood-thrush and beyond it a sound she had not heard before. It was a rushing, pouring sound, a distant orchestra of falling water. It freed her spirit, and her voice broke forth above it into sustained melody. All day she had eased her heart with fitful bursts and snatches of song; now, for the first time she sang, knowing the rapture of free expression. How long the way was, how long she sang as she walked, she did not know; but at last she reached the full orchestral music of the waters pouring over a high ledge into a pool. She stood on the brink looking into the deep, green basin of rock, finding there every colour her eyes had ever craved.

Then, indeed, did the freed melody of her voice ring out, piercing downward to the pool, soaring upward above the sound of falling waters. Still as the voice called, there was a haunting note which it could not reach, and the striving for that dim note was a pain. While she sang she heard it and felt it within her, beating in her heart to be born. She pressed both hands down upon her breast, to ease the pang of the unborn note, an aspiring little figure, with small white feet upon the pool's brink and head aloft in song. She heard it now quite clearly, from close behind her, the spirit-note! And now at last it came, an exultant, full-throated tone, thrown across the harmony by a man's voice of wonderful power. She caught it, striking it again and again, until with a quick joyous burst her voice blended into the solution of the cadence, dying into the muffled harmony of the falling waters.

A sudden faintness overcame her; the warm air trembled in a veil before her eyes; she swayed forward toward the dazzling waters, then

backward, catching at the slender birch sapling on the brink. But the birch sapling, being insensate, would have given her to the pool. It was a man's arms which caught her from the dizzying depths and drew her down upon the cool green bank, a quiet little figure once again. They were still so close to the brink that he could catch the spray and sprinkle it over her face and hands as she lay in peaceful unconsciousness. When the red had come back into her lips she looked up into his face and saw that he was young and strong, and the colour crept over her neck and warmed her cheeks, and her eyes glistened through the wet mist over brow and hair.

The man smiled down at her from his wide blue eyes. "Do you always faint," he asked, "when you sing?"

"Did I faint? I thought I fell."

"You tried to fall."

"Oh no, I tried not to fall."

"Did the water teach you that song?"

"I do not know. How did you know it?"

"I learned it from you."

"From me? But I heard you sing it."

"No, I heard you first."

"We must have both heard it at once."

"Then it must be the song of the falling waters."

"Yes, we will call it the Song of the Falling Waters."

"Do you know you would have fallen into them if I had not caught you?"

She sat up, brushing some drops from the hair on her forehead, and leaning forward looked into the pool. "Yes, I should have fallen in," she said.

"Don't you care?"

"It would have been cool."

"It would have been cold; it would

have been death. Why do you not thank me?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you care?"

"I am not sure that I care."

"But you shiver. Ah, you do know! You do care!"

"Yes, I think I care. On some days it is beautiful to be alive."

"Is it not good to be alive on all days?"

"Some days I do not live at all."

"Those are not good days; but you are so young, you should live every day."

"People will not let me live every day."

"What do you mean? Who will not let you live?"

"My father, my mother, my aunt, the people in the village, in the meeting-house. They all think it is wrong,—the things I love—colour, music, motion."

"Ah, I understand; you are of the Quakers. Yes, your face is fair and soft like them. But where did you get the eyes with the fire in them, and the voice with the passion in it?"

"I do not know. We are of the Friends, but I had a far-off grandmother who was of the world's people."

"And you have always lived here, in the village yonder?"

"I have never been away from here."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"My name is Urath, Urath Drayton."

"Urath, Urath Drayton. Why don't you ask me some questions?"

"I don't know."

"Am I not as strange to you as you to me?"

"No, I seem to know you."

"Why do you not say *thee* to me then?"

"Because you are of the world's people. We say *thee* only to Friends."

"But I should like you to say it to

me, and I should like to try it with thee."

"Thee will make mistakes, and be thinking more of thy words than thy meaning."

"Wise little Quakeress! So you feel as if you knew me, even though I am of the world's people?"

"Yes."

"Where do you think I came from, just in time to save you?"

"I do not know."

"I am from the big world down below. I study at a big university,—a foolish thing it seems to do when there is so much wisdom to be found in the woods. But I go back to the big world to-morrow. My name is Arnold Harden, and I have been resting eyes and brain for a while; rustivating at the farm by the pool, where you came trespassing to-day."

"I followed the stream."

"Yes, and cut your foot; see, it is bleeding. Let me bind this leaf about it; this foot is too white and soft for stony ways. You followed the stream and I followed your voice, and stood behind you, listening until I heard your song. You did not turn or seem startled when I first sang it; it was afterwards you fainted. Were you startled?"

"No, anything might happen on a day like this."

"Yes, anything might happen; but aren't you glad I happened to come in time to save you?"

"I am glad you happened to come in time to sing with me."

"Won't you thank me then?"

"For the singing? Yes."

"How will you thank me?"

"Listen to the water, falling, falling."

"How will you thank me, Nixie, water-sprite?"

"How should I thank you?"

"With your lips and from your heart, you demure Siren."

"I thank you then, from my heart."

"That was *from* your lips, not *with* them." His laughing eyes played over her face taking note of all its sweet confusion. "How many shades of red did your grandmother give you, Urath, to dye that white Quaker throat?" He drew himself along the grass closer to her and touched her hand. "And why does the red dye follow my hand thus, and thus, and thus?" Then as the thrill of her touch moved him he bowed his head down to her fingers, putting his lips to them.

Trembling she drew herself away from him. Her voice shook and choked her. The words would not come; when they did they were not the ones she wanted. "You ought not,—oh why do I want to let you?" she said.

"Did not our voices find and blend with each other just now?"

"They were like spirits,—but our arms, our hands, our lips, they are flesh."

"Spirits then may mate unquestioned? Believe me, dear, the same laws govern flesh."

"Somehow you are wrong."

"On a day like this, there is no wrong. Ask of the water there, calling, calling."

"Hush! Let me listen! That was the thrush's note again!"

"Who taught you to sing? Was the thrush your master?"

"I never sang before as I did to-day."

"Do you know why?"

"No."

"What makes the thrush's note so sweet?"

"I do not know."

"The desire of life."

"The desire of life?"

"The bird's note, the flower's scent, the water's call, the summer's secret,—

it was all in your voice when you sang, it is all in your eyes now; it is the desire of life."

"The desire of life?"

"Yes, that is what makes you want to let me. It is right to live; it is right to desire life, and its fulness and breadth." His arms closed around her, drawing her close to his breast. "Beautiful child," he said, "beautiful opening flower; it is as good and right to hold you here and touch your eyes, and cheeks and lips, as it is for the bird to call to his mate, and the flower to give out its perfume to the wooing of the breeze. You tremble and draw in your breath at my touch. It is the slow, soft approach to the summer's secret, the mystic awakening of your womanhood." At each low word he touched her subtly, lingeringly, himself exalted by her enwrapping magnetism. She was like a harp a-tune in his hands. He drew her down to him. A strange new light kindled in his wide blue eyes; his lips parted over his strong white teeth in a faint smile of conscious mastery. "You know now what I mean by the summer's secret, the desire of life?"

Her eyes awoke at his words, dwelling curiously upon him. A long intense shudder passed through her body. With a supreme effort she threw off the spell, and stood before him, freed of his touch, possessing herself. "The desire of life is strong," she said; "but there is another desire, and it is stronger."

"What desire is that?"

"It is the desire of the soul."

She looked in his face and the tears came into her eyes, for she saw that, for all his nearness, he did not understand. But although her grey skirt brushed his arm, so near she stood, a barrier rose between them, and when he would touch her again he seemed not to find her. Bewildered, sobered, he let her bare white feet pass him.

She turned once, her face suffused with a soft light which radiated toward him as through a mist. "I go now," she said. "Fare thee well."

So came the awakening in the cool of the evening, steps retraced, the shoes and stockings never found, the soiled kerchief folded closer over the breast which held the summer's secret; a sober home-coming to her life of every day. It was to that life her father's voice belonged as he demanded: "Where has thee been all day?" and the placid tones of her mother: "My child, thee does not look well. Has thee hurt thyself in any way?"

But in the girl the two lives clashed together, and her body was rent by the long struggle. A violent rush of tears and sobs was her only answer, all unheard before in the Friends' household.

"My child, my child, thee has a fever!" said the quiet mother.

The little bed-room was guarded closely until the fever spent itself, and Urath lay white and still, wondering where the weeks of summer had gone. The birds had hushed their singing now. Her cheeks burned, and her lips were parched, and she longed for the cooling waters there, falling, falling all day into the deep green pool. And when at last she was well again, she tried to remember the song of the waters, but it was locked for ever in her breast, for the voice had broken with its own ecstasy as it touched the note for which it had longed. In speaking, even, it had changed to a lower key, so that it suited well with the quiet little figure which rose up from the bed of suffering and went forth into the grey light.

All the days were quiet days now, with only a flutter of the summer's secret under the white kerchief when memory stirred.

And thus a year passed, and yet another year of this hushed life. In this time she gained great favour with the Friends, for she had been moved to speak in meeting, and at such times a lyric eloquence poured forth from her young lips. When the low voice shook with the surging tide of words, some of the Friends were doubtful and disturbed, but others were reminded of the psalms of David, of the lyric outbursts of Ruth and Mary, and said that Urath was truly moved by the Spirit.

After those days when the Spirit moved her the girl would come back to the meeting-house, walking round it, standing on the steps, or sitting for hours within the shadow of the doorway. To those who saw her she seemed as if waiting for, or listening to, the voice of the Spirit.

One day, when there was no sound in the village street but the shrill buzz of the locusts and the croon of insect-life in the grasses, she stood there, the hazy air toning her figure into perfect harmony with the old grey-shingled building, till she looked the very picture of the quiet life. The fields to the right and left of the meeting-house were fragrant with the hay-making, and now and again a huge waggon moved slowly out of them, turning into one of the roads. The girl watched them and seemed to listen. She stood very still. The droning rhythm of summer fields was in her ears, but she seemed to listen for some sound which should come out of the woods.

At last she heard it, a faint note fading into the rhythm of the fields until she doubted having heard it at all. It came again from the far woods, growing clearer, louder, and with it the sound of horses' feet and the creak and strain of a heavy waggon lumbering slowly along the road. Now, at last, there was no

doubt. It was a curiously sweet thrilling whistle, piercing clearer and clearer through the veiled air.

The girl turned toward the sound. Under the demure grey bonnet the wild-rose pink of her cheeks burned a deeper red, and the dark eyes caught a light not known in the old meeting-house. She could follow the melody plainly now; it was the song she had learned of the falling waters, and in it she heard an echo of the summer's secret,—the desire of life.

She stepped deliberately out of the doorway, came down the walk, and leaned over the gate into the road, so near, he could not but look at her as he passed, her head lifted in proud expectancy above the dainty kerchief, her firm young bosom rising and swelling beneath it.

The thud of the horses' hoofs was loud in her ears, and the rattle and creak of the heavy waggon drawing nearer, but above it all was the thrilling melody. The girl's lips parted; she drank in the sound; her thirsty soul fed upon it. The waggon was in sight, but it came on slowly, with creak and heave from the heavy load. On the piled-up hay, in full sight of the girl, rode the man, his large strong frame thrown back at ease, his hair in a warm light tangle above his forehead, his face raised to the sun, his fair moustache crisped over his full lips pursed in whistling, his eyes a-dream.

The waggon came abreast of the gate, and the girl's eyes fastened on the man's eyes, calling to them. The man's eyes rested calmly upon her face, and then looked off into the haze, his soul following the sound of his lips.

Why he rode there in the waggon she knew not; why he had not known her she could not think. She only knew that in his voice was the power of pictures, and in his face

the spell of dreams. And out of the heart of her many longings grew one great desire, that he should look for once in her face, and know her soul's longing for his soul; but there was no response in his face, no quiver even of recognition.

The waggon had passed now, leaving behind a fine fragrant dust and the trailing hay which had caught in the gate. The waggon had passed, but the boy-driver had turned and stared wonderingly at the girl. She had raised her hands and was pressing them against her ears as if the sound of the whistling hurt her. But she was shutting out the sound so that she could hear the echoes—"The summer's secret,—the desire of life!"—and she had said, "There is a desire stronger still, the desire of the soul." The desire of the soul? That was love. The desire of life? That was the desire of the senses. And the senses,—they were but the voices of the soul. What know we of the soul without them? Through the senses, then, she would reach him, for had not their voices blended in that wonderful solution, presaging a deeper unity of soul?

The whistling had stopped now, and the man and the boy in the waggon were talking.

"You say the girl covered her ears, Percy? She must have a deaf soul. That is worse than blind eyes like mine."

"She looked as if you gave her a headache."

The man laughed softly. "How did she look, Percy, this poor girl with the deaf soul?"

"She was one of the Quaker girls standin' outside the meetin'-house."

"Oh, that was the reason she covered her ears. The Quakers have no music, you know."

"Well, first she seemed to be listenin' with all her ears, and her

mouth open, a-starin' right at you. Then, when we got past, she just clapped her little hands tight over her ears as if she couldn't stand another bit."

"How did she look, Percy?"

"Well, most of them Quaker girls is fair-like and good-lookin', but she was a regular stunner."

"Tell me just how she looked, Percy."

"She had great big brown eyes, and red lips, with little white teeth like on a ear of young corn, and her skin all white, and pink and soft lookin'.—Here's where we unload the hay.—Mebby she'll be standin' there yet, when we go back, if you don't frighten her away with your bird-calls and your whistlin'."

"Let us hurry, then, with the unloading."

But hurry as they would the Quaker girl was gone from the meeting-house as they repassed.

"You are sure she is not anywhere about?" said the man as they turned the waggon reluctantly from the village street into the woodland road.

"Don't see her, nowhere," said the boy dejectedly. "You might just as well give us a tune."

The man's lips pursed themselves again and the whistling struck upon the drowsy evening air, like the call of the wood-thrush to its mate. Then, as they jogged slowly homeward, he took another theme, a wooing melody with the lure of summer woods and waters high among the hills.

The waggon stopped in the deep shade of the woods to rest the horses, but the man still whistled, working a spell of silence and mystery over the boy.

"Get up," said the lad at length, to the quiet horses, "get up, there!" and looking off into the green dusk he seemed to see a figure slip behind

a tree. Who could tell what he saw while that whistling sounded through the woods? After a while he looked behind him again, and a little cold shiver ran down his back, for he saw distinctly the figure of a woman in a long black cloak and with bare bowed head, moving swiftly from tree to tree. He caught his whip and lashed the horses until they sprang ahead in great, jerking bounds. The whistling stopped; the man sat up. "What is it, Percy?" he asked.

"I want to get out of this wood, that's all," said the boy in a voice that quavered strangely.

"What have you seen, Percy?"

"I dunno, but I wish you'd stop your whistlin' and talk to a fellow. Whoa, there, come down there!"

"Tell me some more about the Quaker maiden, then. Did she wear the grey gown and little bonnet, with a lot of white around the face, and something soft and white folded over her breast?"

"Yes, that's the way she was dressed, just like them all, only she looked different like."

"How did she look different?"

"Well, she looked more as if she was alive and kickin' than most of 'em do. She was a regular beauty, she was!"

"I wonder now if she wants a load of hay, Percy, or some summer apples? We must find out when we go to the village again."

The boy chuckled to find the strange woodland figure vanishing behind the picture of the pretty Quaker girl buying summer apples. "I dunno how we'd find her again. She won't be standin' outside the meetin'-house for ever." He grinned broadly as he thought of her, but still he did not venture to look behind him until the road led out from the woods into the open and across a familiar meadow bathed in rosy mist from the last

deep glow of the sun. At sight of the home-farm and the home-cattle the lingering fear of the wood passed, and the low of a cow with her calf in the barn hushed the echo of the wood's melody in thoughts of the evening's work.

"A new calf, eh, Percy?"

"Yes, it's the old brindle. We must hurry with the unhitchin'. Get up there!"

"Let me out at the pool, Percy, the old spot, the rock behind the tree, you know."

"Yes, I know, there, in the thicket above the pool. It's a dangerous spot; you ought to be careful."

"I am careful, Percy, and I know every stone and pebble of the pool. Don't I bathe in it?"

"Yes, it's all right when I'm there to watch you. Want your fiddle this evenin'?"

"No, but I would like the guitar if you will bring it to me."

"I will, if you'll play me that dance you was playin' the other night."

"That I will. Let me out now, and don't be long. I feel as if I could catch the music of that falling water for the accompaniment to-night, and then the song will be finished at last. I hope for great things with that little song, Percy."

"Ain't you comin' in to supper?" called the boy, already half-way to the house.

"Not to-night." The man stood still, silently listening. Then he whistled a few notes softly, and stopped to listen again. Then a few more and he laughed aloud. "Ah, I have you at last!" he exulted, and threw out the notes in a triumphant voice, clear, piercing, silvery, above the liquid uproar of the waters. Then he sat down making himself comfortable against the tree and humming the melody over and over while he waited for the boy.

"Here you are," said Percy, handing him the guitar. "And here's a kettle of new milk and some fresh-baked ginger-bread to keep you from starvin'. Mother says you can't live off fiddlin'."

The man smiled over the guitar, which he was rapidly tuning. Then he took a sup of the milk, and turning toward the boy, struck a whimsical dance-measure on the strings, whistling the melody to the sound of the falling waters. There was elfin laughter in the notes, and now and again a sweet, wild challenge to Pan. The boy felt the music like wine in his blood; he threw back his head, laughing and kicking his heels, and then broke into a dance, careering swiftly round and round on the grass.

The measure quickened, the boy danced madly on. The music stopped abruptly; the boy reeled and then stood still, staring ahead of him motionless, transfixed. In the deepening green twilight, just above the pool, and hidden from the man by the large tree, stood a woman,—a gipsy rather, a witch, a spirit! Never had the boy seen such a one,—a robe of scarlet and a girdle of gold, white arms and neck flashing through a mantle of loosened black hair held low on the brow by a fillet of gold! And the face, the strange, wild face! Her flaming eyes were bent straight upon the boy, the whole figure charged with a wild mysterious beauty. The boy gave a half articulate cry, and, turning, ran like a fawn along the meadow-path to the house.

The man sat up. "Who is there?" he cried. Only the sound of the water answered him, falling, falling into the pool. "Who is there?" he cried again.

The man's face turned toward the pool. The woman stepped from behind the tree and stood before him proudly. She stood as who should

say, "I am here." The man bent forward and fixed his blue eyes, the eyes of a dreamer, upon her. She raised her head and the consciousness of her superb beauty held her at poise. It was enough that he saw her, that he looked in her face at last. Her bosom swelled proudly, her eyes sent out their fire; in that moment she tasted to the full her woman's power.

But the man drew back, and brushing his hands over his face seemed to dispel the vision of her. He turned away with a half impatient sigh and looked toward the pool. She took a step toward him, her softened eyes pleading for his eyes, her hands going out longingly to him. Still he did not turn or look at her.

"Who is there?" he said once more slowly, dreamily.

The girl started back as if struck. He had seen, seen her in all the fullness of her beauty, and he could ask that! Her eyes dwelt still upon him, on the unforgotten strength of outline. Had she nothing in her for him to remember? The same large, firm hands which had touched her, waking the woman in her, went out now in a curious seeking way toward his guitar. He drew it slowly toward him, and in his face was a rapt passion. Dimly she realised that it was the passion of the artist, apart from her and her world. His hand touched the strings, and the notes came out clear, piercing, silvery; then softly, against the sound of the falling water, in intimate relation arose his voice. It was the melody she had taught him. It was her voice which had lured him then, her dead voice! Her voiceless beauty, herself, was nothing to him now.

She put her arms up, warding off the music, the ghost of her dead past. She could endure the pain of it no longer. Gathering the black cloak close about her, she sank on to her knees within its sheltering folds, press-

ing her hands over her ears. She bowed her head and the black hair fell over it to the ground. And the man sang there, as if all unconscious of her.

To the voice of the water calling,
calling,

The voice of my love was lent;
With the voice of the water falling,
falling,

The voice of my love was blent.

I heard her dear voice singing, singing,
Like the heart of a bird on wing;
I sent a note to her ringing, ringing,
The note she had tried to sing.

"Come here," said the water falling,
falling,

A voice from the cool, green deep.

"I come," said the voice of her, calling,
calling,

"A tryst with my soul to keep."

"I sing thee a song of love calling,
calling,

I sing thee a song of sleep;

I sing thee of waters falling, falling,
A song from the cool, green deep.

I sing thee a dream of waking, waking,
In a world all colour and fire;
sing thee a dream of taking, taking
Thy fill of the heart's desire."

"I come," said the voice of her, calling,
calling,

"I come to thy heart of gold."

She swayed on the pool's brink, falling,
falling;

The waters leaped to enfold.

Has she kept her tryst there, falling,
falling

Into the cool, green deep?

Has she found her soul there, calling,
calling,

The dream in the long, long sleep?

And there where the water is falling,
falling,

I will go by the wood-pool's way;

With the voice of my great love calling,
calling,

I will waken her soul some day.

To the girl on the ground the
penetrating sweetness of the melody

was like a pain stabbing at her heart. She writhed under it, shutting out the words, and hearing only her own bitter thoughts. "What have I done? Alas, what have I done? Fool, fool that I am! I would reach him through the senses, and my voice is gone. I have made myself a picture of folly to please his eyes and he turns them from me. The sound of his music is more to him than the sight of my pain!" In a sudden frenzy she threw back her hair, and her eyes sought his face once more, his dreaming face. She started to her feet, and catching his hand from the strings she pressed it against her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, in the abandonment of despair. "I love you," she cried, "I love you!"

She looked into his eyes; in their vague beauty there was no response, only a sharp wonder dawning on his face. With a low, hurt cry her fingers loosed his hand. She sprang from him, and in the next instant the sound of a plunge into the pool struck sharp above the sound of the falling waters.

"Urath!" the call of the man's voice followed her. "Urath, Urath!"

The leaping waters caught her, drawing her down into their cool depths. For an instant their swirling gloom closed over her,—and then there were arms about her, and her head held up beyond their reach,—strong hands that grasped her, strong arms that lifted her,—a strong man bending over her, as once long before upon the pool's brink. But it seemed to her the darkness had gathered quickly; she could hardly see his face.

He spoke to her. "My love," he said, "my love, why hast thou done this thing?"

"Forshame that you did not love me, and pain that you did not know me."

"Child, child with the passionate soul!" He spread out her wet garments about her as if she were a little child. His fingers with some peculiar

delicacy of their own brushed the water from her face, her neck, her arms, and spread her hair about her, lingering in its dark meshes. They rested on her eyes and lips for a moment, tracing the outlines of them. "How beautiful thou art, my love!"

"You think it,—now, here in the dark?"

"I know it now in the dark."

"Am I not then beautiful in the light?"

"Thou art most beautiful in the light."

"Why then do you turn your eyes from me?"

"That I might see thee nearer, sweet."

"You looked toward the pool where I sang that day?"

"Yes, I listened to thy voice."

"My voice broke that day. I was ill, and it never came again."

"It came to me, love; it followed me over the sea, and it sang to me the song of the falling waters, until one day I knew what you meant by the desire of the soul; but that was not until after much pain."

"How dark it grows, here in the hollow; let us go up into the light."

"Dost fear the pain of the dark, love? That is the pain that taught me to know the light."

"But you cannot even see me."

"Ay, love, I see thee."

"How then, by what light?"

"By the light of the soul, my only light."

"Thy only light?"

"These eyes of mine are blind to any other."

"Blind! What do you say? Can't you see me at all?"

"Only so can I see thee." The speaking touch of his fingers was on her face.

"My love is blind! How can that be?"

"Listen, I will tell thee. When

I left thee I went to my betrothed, one of the proudest and most beautiful of the world's women. But the sun shone only on the outside of her heart; she feared the dark. With my quickened senses I felt her shrink from me at the first threatening shadow of my blindness, and I freed her before total darkness closed upon me. Ah, God, that day when it came, when I saw no more! There was a time of spirit-darkness, blackness, despair, before I began to see the dawn within. The first glimmerings of it came with thy remembered voice, beloved! I heard thy sweet voice, singing, singing; I felt my own go out to meet and mingle with it. Elusive melodies had often haunted me, but I had never been

able before quite to grasp them. Now, in my quiet darkness, I felt I had but to listen and I should hear the faint sweet undertones which had been lost to my old impatient self. In that quiet darkness the hidden meanings of many things found voice; I understood at last thy saying, 'The desire of life is strong, but the desire of the soul is stronger.' I came back to write the Song of the Falling Waters, and to woo thee with it, if happily I might find thee here and free of heart."

Her hand dwelt upon his eyes. She sat up, putting her lips to them. "The beautiful eyes of my love cannot see."

"With the eyes of my soul," he answered, "I see thy soul."

A VOICE FROM THE PHARAOHS.

IT is my misfortune to be a man of letters whose time is necessarily occupied with experiments in the science of living on nothing a week, a circumstance which confines me to places of entertainment where no charge is made. "The great thing," I was once told, "is to go to everything that's free." It is a great thing for a man without money. I have tried it on a variety of things,—riots in Trafalgar Square, political meetings, philanthropic meetings, services (with a button for the collection), propagandist lectures, free libraries, free institutions of all kinds,—heaps of other things. And my favourite of all the heaps is the British Museum. The very pigeons on the outside seem to know me. I like that fashion of keeping pigeons to a building; it is nearly as good as keeping one's own pigeons. Knowing no householder to recommend me, I have never been into the Reading - Room, and am forced to content myself with the rest of the Museum. Very few people know the contents as I do. I have plenty of time on my hands,—my time is an unsaleable commodity—and it costs me nothing to go in.

Sauntering in one summer morning, I turned to that part of the collection which has drawn me, since I was a child, with the strange fascination of antiquity. Passing by missals, manuscripts, autographs, and the like, I wandered up the broad staircase and found myself among the relics of forgotten empires. Lingered by strange symbols and ornaments, almost unearthly because they have been so long on earth, I came at

last to Egypt, the queen of all forgotten things. And walking aimlessly through rows of painted coffins, and figured wrappings, and things, strapped and swathed, and stiffened out of all recognition, of which not one person in a thousand realises what they are, I began to think.

I tried to sweep, in imagination, off the face of the earth, the whole of the teeming, roaring life of the streets outside, and everything like it; to cover this island, and all the northern shores of Europe, with primeval forest; to travel away to the south-east, over the malarious swamp where Rome was to stand one day, over the *Ægean* coast where Athens had never yet been heard of, and to find the streets and garden-land where, hundreds and thousands of years ago, the life of the world centred round the banks of the Nile,—to see the cornfields, and the fruit-trees, and the plots left for the papyrus-reed, among an endless network of canals; to see old, old cities, which are now but mounds, standing in their prime, full of noise and hurry and busy life. It is hard to realise that those cities and pyramids were ever built, in a matter-of-fact way, as houses for men to live in and tombs for their burial. They have been curiosities so long, one forgets that they were not built for curiosities.

Ages and ages ago, a man was living,—any man will do—somewhere in the long green strip of land that followed the courses of the Nile. Perhaps he was a landed proprietor, with his estate covered with canals and cornfields, his fish-preserves, his

garden of roses and lilies, jasmine, violets and narcissus. He spent his life in overseeing his servants, managing his farm, saving up money for his children; there were not many absentee landlords in those days. Or perhaps he was a favourite at Court, the coming minister, whom it would be a good thing to know. At all events, he worked and played, rose up and lay down, feasted with music and dancing, married and brought up children. To him the shadowy days of the great Rameses (who is not a man to us, but only a mummy) were the intensely living present, as real as the later Victorian era to ourselves. He walked about, in short, in the streets of Thebes, as we go from Holborn to Cheapside. The reflection was not exactly a new one, but I found a good deal in it that was new to my imagination.

The Museum was, as I said, only just open, and there were very few persons about, none, as it happened, in the room where I stood. I was quite alone in that chamber of the dead,—and yet I was not alone. I stood among a row of things which, as I knew now, were of my own flesh and blood. The coffins round the wall, huge effigies with impassive, inscrutable faces, looked on at me like human beings. I was among men, dead men, it is true, but men all the same. And here comes in the queer part of my story,—the above reflections are commonplace enough.

Some one, or something, at my side, took up the thread and went on, replying to the train of my thoughts. I heard no voice, and saw no face; yet somehow or other there was an interchange of ideas.

"Yes," It said, "that man who lived in the days of the great Rameses died after a while. He thought of the resurrection of the body in a different way from you. He believed

that his resurrection depended on the preservation of his body."

"Yes," I rather felt than said. The room was bright and clear in the broad daylight, yet I had the certain feeling that some one turned and looked at me, as if to see whether I took in the thought. "Yes."

"There came a solemn ceremony; it was the great ceremony of an Egyptian's life, remember. There were the seventy-two days of mourning, the swathing of the body, the painted case, the stone coffin. There was the silent funeral procession, the muffled oars, carrying that dead thing across the river, which was not all dead—the spirit had not done with it, remember. You do remember?"

Again came the ghost of an interrogating glance, from Something without eyes, countenance, or visible presence. Again I assented.

"For generations, for the sake of that body and that spirit, sacrifices were offered, and prayers said, in the chapel by the tomb. A costly tablet was put up, to ask the prayers even of the strangers who went by. Those who loved the dead man grudged him nothing of all this. Could you not have left him with it at least in peace? But you,—what do you do? His resting-place has lain waste and desolate for ages. There is no one now to pray and sacrifice in the chapel by the tomb. No one passes by. New things have come upon earth since our time, and you think you know more than all our science with your new Osiris,—yes, and perhaps you are right. But you cannot even let him rest forgotten. You must needs drag out his body to be stared at, in your sacrilegious daylight, in the grime of your poisonous fogs and mists. Sometimes, in the interests of science, you strip the corpse, and take the likeness of the face. Then you have something to

go upon. Then you can maunder in your histories and handbooks, about the *command* and the *nobility* of the Egyptian type. What do you know?" Here it seemed as if Something laughed bitterly.

"You think now," the mysterious Presence went on, "that it matters something to those who die, how you treat what is left of them after they are dead. You call the body worthless, yet you bury it in a holy place; you read certain words over it; you think it a terrible thing, even the most thoughtless of you, that any one you love should die without all this. Yet you would say the spirit is everything, and the body of no value at all. This man of whom we are speaking did not."

"I know."

"He was willing to give,—or rather his friends were willing to give—a great sum for the sake of knowing that the body would be preserved, because the spirit, which they loved, would still need it after death. You think nothing of all this." Something conveyed a sort of sorrowful indignation, as human tones and looks might have done. "You come here to stare at that body and others like it. Did he mean himself to be made a show? Did the rest of them?"

"But we know," I said feebly, "that it can make no difference to them now."

There was a false ring about that, I felt conscious. I am not as well acquainted as some people with the ultimate destination of our souls and bodies, nor can I pronounce with entire confidence on the nature of that undiscovered country of which we have so few trustworthy descrip-

tions. I would have recalled my hasty answer, but it was passed over.

"Do you ever think," It said, with wondering, yet slow and imperturbable scorn, as the ancestors of the ages might fitly speak to the races of yesterday—"do you ever think, you new nations, when you bury those you love, how it will please you to have them made curiosities a thousand years hence?"

I was silent, while the prediction was given to me in the spirit what some unknown people should do to my people in the latter days.

"Do you ever think that, ages from now, when you are all dead and gone, other nations will rise upon your ruins, as they did upon ours? You have a new Osiris; they will have a new Christ. Will your Christ, your graves, your holy places, be less to you because of that? They will come in and possess your lands, and make merry in your ruined cities, and desecrate your dead. How will that seem to you? And do you ever think that when the embalmer prepared his spices, and swathed the body, and it was left by the procession in the tomb, it was as when you lay down your lover or your friend, and read your last blessing, and commend the spirit to your God?"

I started, and looked round at the silent, stiff, unrecognisable figure in the case against which I leant. The room was full of people talking and laughing; the mysterious voice, or fancy, or whatever it might be, was gone. There was nothing any longer; only the tattered wrappings behind the glass looked, somehow, as if there had lately been a little stir under them. I looked more closely, but nothing moved.

THE FOLLY OF NAPOLEON.

"NAPOLEON, the greatest man of whom history makes record, Napoleon the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman, lost by arms, Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean." With these words Sir William Napier ended that famous HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA which is at once a libel on the Spaniards who would not accept liberation from a despotic king and a bigoted clergy at the hands of the Champion of Democracy, a prose-poem in honour of the British army, and the most heart-felt, the most passionate, the most exquisitely irrational of all panegyrics on the Emperor of the French. This may seem much to say when one remembers the eloquence of official flatterers and certain passages in the REISEBILDER. It would appear difficult to go beyond Lacépède calling upon Napoleon to deliver the Spaniards as a new pledge of his love for the French. When Heine, after grave consideration, comes to the conclusion that the Emperor embarked on the Bellerophon, more as a guest than as a prisoner, and only to give peace to Europe, he appears to have reached the very summit of the absurd. But the official flatterers, when they were not mere liars in flashy rhetoric and therefore relatively honest, were only unconscious impostors, and with Heine praise of Napoleon was mainly a way of giving

pain to third persons. Napier was honest with all the sincerity of the vehement man who has no glimmering of a sense of humour.

The world has travelled away from him, from Lacépède, and from Heine. Napoleon's correspondence has not been published, and in particular the suppressed letters have not been partly revealed, for nothing. The mere "lying legend in honour of St. Napoleon" is in a very tattered state. The greatest man, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman, are not terms of laudation which would be used now even in the *fanfaronade* of belief. But the most wonderful commander is still upright, and there are many who on that point are in full agreement with Napier. The German Emperor is one of them and has called the Corsican *parvenu* the model for all soldiers. Yet this consummate commander threw away one army in Egypt, led another to destruction in Russia, wasted a third in Germany, brought two ruinous invasions on France, and died the death of a mad rat in a hole at St. Helena. It is amusing to see how Napoleon's admirers endeavour to reconcile this disastrous failure with his superiority of genius. Napier escapes from the difficulty by calling in Fortune. She is an ally easy to summon, but ill to work with. If she alone decides the fate of armies, what is the value of that military genius, of that art of war, of which Napier exalts the grandeur in other places? A man might as well be Don Gregorio de

la Cuesta, the absurd old Don who nearly maddened Wellington in the Talavera campaign, as the Emperor, if blind chance is to rule all. Indeed it would be better for him, for Don Gregorio died in his own land, in office and in some honour, but Napoleon in prison and in one unending ignoble wrangle with Sir Hudson Lowe. The attempt is sometimes made to account for the failure of the general by the errors of the politician; but war is only a mode of politics, as every real general knows. If Napoleon tried to do the impossible in pursuit of insane political aims, it was because his generalship was not good enough to keep him in contact with the reality of things. In other words, it was not of the best. Now and then military critics, who have all Napier's want of humour and none of his sense of dignity, are found falling back on those mysterious intestinal disorders which affected Napoleon mostly when he had to deal with solid armies and generals who were not terrified at his name.

The partiality of soldiers for the memory of Napoleon is intelligible enough. Nobody ever made so much of their profession, or carried on the business of soldiering on such an enormous scale for so long and with such a complete subordination of all national interests and human life to the mere trade of fighting. But the very consideration which explains their faith disables their judgment; they have too many reasons to be partial to their hero to measure him fairly. Those of us who have not the same reason to magnify our office can make a sounder estimate. And the task is no such very difficult one. One need not agree with Swift that the art of war cannot be hard to master if we are to judge by the intellects of some of those who are known to excel in it, yet soldiers

have explained it so fully that anybody who is capable of mastering the simpler problems of mechanics can get at the heart of the science. As for the art, that is another matter; it requires the artist, and he is not always the scientific man. No officer ever studied his profession more earnestly than Mack: the Archduke Charles wrote of war like an angel; and both of them manœuvred like poor Poll. For the rest, we have the results to go by. How came it, when all is said and done, that this man, who disposed of greater resources than have ever been in the hand of a conqueror, who never met an opponent who was both able and intrepid till towards the end of his career (except at Acre where he was repulsed), failed against Moore in 1808, was thoroughly beaten in Russia in 1812, was crushed in Germany in 1813, again in France in 1814, and was at last swiftly and irretrievably routed in 1815? May not the most acceptable explanation after all be this, that the intellect of Napoleon has been immensely overrated? No definition of a great general can be framed which will not include him, but one star differs from another in glory. The proposition is that Napoleon ranks in the same class with Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Marlborough, Frederick, or Wellington, but decidedly after every one of these great men. Also it is maintained that he falls below them because there was in him, what was absent in them, a strain of mere folly.

The invasion of Egypt is perhaps not to be called foolishness so much as the wickedness of a dishonest gambler. If the venture was indeed designed to secure the Nile valley for France, then it was folly pure and simple; for success was impossible without a fleet, and Napoleon

had nothing save the broken, cowed, unpractised remnant of a navy. But his aim was probably not to conquer the East, but only to secure a field in which he might still act the general, a theatre on which he might play to the gallery till the time came for upsetting the Directors. In a few years the wickedness which sent him to Egypt grew into the downright madness which entangled him in Spain and in Russia. Even in Egypt, when his intellect was fresh and there was still some check on his passions, when therefore he might have been expected to gauge the facts before him sanely, his miscalculation was wild. His sole chance of securing Syria depended on his power to take Acre. It was to that gambler's chance he trusted, and he failed. That the town would be supported by the English ships was a certainty, and against them he had nothing; his admirers would have no sarcasm sufficiently severe for an Austrian or a Spanish general who had miscalculated like this. It was no great force which was opposed to him. An obstinate Turkish pasha fighting for his life with his back against the wall of his harem, a dashing English post-captain, three or four British broadsides, a few score British marines, a few hundred resolute Turks, beat the greatest of commanders by manfully sticking to it. One wonders what would have been the result if Djezzar had been at Mantua, or Sydney Smith at Marengo. After a time Napoleon did have to face that combination, or better, and the result is instructive.

Take, for instance, the invasion of Spain in 1808. Then he had a Djezzar Pasha to deal with in the shape of the Spanish people. It was wofully short of brains, and on the field of battle it was unsteady as hastily levied, undrilled men always are, be their race what it may. But

it had the root of the matter in it. When its back was against the wall of its harem at Saragossa it could fight with desperation, and it could worry on the lines of communication. On his flank was Moore who, with all respect to the fiery memory of Napier, was no better as to brains than Sydney Smith, though a graver person. To march on Madrid while Moore was in a position to strike at his communications was one of those blunders for which Napoleon would assuredly have rebuked his marshals; yet he committed it himself. He thought that if he held Madrid he held Spain. He thought this after the 2nd of May, after the rising of the whole Spanish nation, after Baylen, in short after the most ample demonstration that it was an absolute mistake. Also he took it for granted that the English general would not make the obvious move. So he wasted twenty days at Madrid, playing for an adoring reception by the people, ranting at all who opposed his imperial will, and bullying Don Tomas de Morla, who truly deserved no better. Meanwhile Moore had done what it was his clear duty to do, though with the resigned valour of a man whose courage was more in his brain than his blood. The whole of the Emperor's vast apparatus of conquest came to the ground. He had accumulated army behind army to the lasting admiration of the mob which adores whatever is big, and twenty-five thousand British soldiers checkmated him by going where, on the most ordinary calculation of probabilities, he ought to have foreseen that they would go. After that his admirers may make all they please of the vigour of his pursuit, which none the less failed. The British army was vanishing into the cold wet mountains of Galicia when he came

up. Then he saw that there was no theatrical effect to be hoped for on the plains of Leon, no grand transformation-scene with an ever victorious Emperor towering over a prostrate British army. So he resigned the pursuit to Soult and Ney, and went back to Valladolid to rant and bully again.

This passage is one of the most characteristic in Napoleon's life, and it has the merit of giving us not his measure only, but that of many of his admirers. We have all heard of the despatches which reached him just at the critical moment when he was going to show how to destroy Moore. They brought him news of the movements of Austria, and compelled him to turn to the general interests of his Empire. That was the deduction made by admiring subjects, but it was nothing more. If it were true, Napoleon would have had no excuse for stopping at Valladolid; but it was not true. Nothing new had happened in Paris, or had been done by the Austrians. Napoleon was well aware before he entered Spain that Austria was arming, and she was doing no more when he resigned the pursuit of Moore. Months passed before he took the field against the Archduke who was to give him an opportunity of restoring his prestige. The Archduke wrote beautifully of war, but he fumbled sadly in the field; he trembled before Napoleon, and he was epileptic. It was the last time that Napoleon had victory offered him on such easy terms; and it was also the last in which he ended a campaign as conqueror. Henceforth he was to do what he had done in Spain, to misjudge the country, the people and his opponents,—that is to say, to do what a bad general does.

Yet that scene with the despatches, which was played to the gallery, has admirably answered its purpose. Some

eminent historians, and many distinguished military critics, have sat among the gods, and claptraps, false fires, loud rhetoric, and showy attitudes have a great effect on that part of the house. The mere cleverness of Napoleon is amply shown by his mastery of these arts and his estimate of his audience. The Duke of Wellington once remarked to Izquierdo how strange it was there should be so many quacks in the world, and the sententious old Spaniard replied that it was not strange at all considering how many dupes there were. Now Jonathan Wild the Great, as the Duke called him, had numbered the dupes pretty accurately. He knew that there is in the world an immense capacity for foolish, open-mouthed admiration of whatever is done with a vast amount of show, because there is a strain of vulgarity innate in the majority of mankind. On this weakness did Napoleon play with a master-touch. He knew that there are numbers of men, not merely silly people either, who would think him a far greater man than Frederick simply because he commanded larger armies. They would not stop to consider that vaster hosts could be raised out of the numerous and servile population of France than from Prussia. Still less would they remember that the greatness of a man's work is to be judged by the results and the strength of the opposition overcome, not by the magnitude of the means. To employ an enormous army only to achieve failure is a proof of one of two forms of folly. It may show either that a man has made his host so big that it sinks merely from its own unwieldy proportions, or that he has undertaken a task which no force can fulfil. Both errors are those of a bungler. The only real question concerning Napoleon is whether he was guilty of only one or of both.

In Russia he committed the two mistakes together. In Spain, and in Germany during 1813, he was chiefly wrong in attempting the impossible. Yet since Napoleon wanted the applause of the gallery he was not far wrong. There are still people who quote the scale in which he acted as if to use great forces only to be beaten was in itself a merit.

There are some who are prepared to allow that Napoleon was not wise, that his ambition blinded him, and that withal he was very wicked; but they will have it that he was very able. His correspondence is a perfect arsenal to these apologists. When downright forgeries, and papers doctored to give him a prophetic air after the event, are put aside, more than enough remains to prove that he did not want for ability. So much we might have taken for granted. No Jonathan Wild the Great can become supreme of blackguards if he is a born fool; but also no Jonathan is hanged only because he is Jonathan. Oversights and miscalculations, and blunders due to native brutality help to bring him to the gallows. With Napoleon it so frequently happened that he made the very mistakes he rebuked in his lieutenants. Thus he scolded his generals in Spain, very tartly and with good cause, for wasting six thousand men after the defeat at Salamanca. They left them scattered in small garrisons which were snapped up one after another so soon as the Allies got the upper hand in the field. This is very well and very proper for the instruction of the studious soldier; but in the months during which the Emperor was expounding elementary principles in this luminous way for the correction of his subordinates, he repeated their mistake not with six, but with ninety thousand men whom he left in unsupported garrisons after the Russian disaster. The story has

a sequel which is not without merit. Napier (who is quoted so much because he is the most respectable of Napoleon's thorough-going admirers) excuses him for holding the line of the Elbe in 1813 on the ground that he had to endeavour to save these very garrisons. Had it been Marmont, had it even been Soult, Sir William would have been ready enough to point out that this story shows how one blunder makes many. A false position had to be taken because a mistake had been made. It is not enough for the man of action to discourse wisely; he must act wisely. Sir Walter Scott, a greater and better man than Napoleon, is not known to have managed his money-affairs successfully; but shortly before his ruin he wrote a letter full of admirable sense to Terry on that very subject.

We have the word of Turenne, a greater master of war than ever came in Napoleon's way till he met the Duke at Waterloo, that he who has made no mistakes in war has not made it long. The point is not, however, that Napoleon sometimes judged wrong; he was but man born of a woman, and liable to err; it is that he was by his own act in an utterly false position, and to him a mistake either on his own part, or in a subordinate, was ruin. The Duke probably committed an error when he abstained from crushing Marmont, as he might have done a few days before Salamanca; but he won the battle none the less, and it was more effective than it would have been a few days earlier. The Duke's position was sound, and he could afford to make mistakes and still retain the power to profit by his enemy's. There are those who persist with almost fatuous iteration in telling you that if Vandamme had not been beaten at Culm, if Macdonald had not been beaten at the Katzbach, if Ney

had not been routed at Dennewitz, Napoleon would never have been compelled to fall back from Dresden. They do not see that they condemn their hero out of his own mouth. In the early days of the Spanish war he had written that a defeat is a mere incident in a campaign, and that if it is fatal that is because your position is radically wrong. Indeed, by the standard he set up for his lieutenants, what excuse had he for holding on to the line of the Elbe when an easily foreseen incident in a campaign must bring disaster? But *ifs* and *supposes* are used on his behalf till they become a weariness to the flesh, and an offence to everyone who can reason. They run riot over the Waterloo campaign. Nothing is more common than to find people saying that if Erlon's corps had come in on the rear of the Prussian right at Ligny, or if Grouchy had kept Blücher back at Waterloo, the result of the campaign (sometimes it is the whole history of Europe) would have been different. It is no such matter. If Erlon had fallen on the rear of the Prussian right at Ligny there is no doubt that Blücher would have been more severely beaten, and that he could not then have given Wellington a promise of support at Waterloo; he would have fallen back on Liège and have rallied on his reserves. The Duke in that case would have retired through the forest of Soignes on his reserves, consisting of his old infantry, the veterans of the Peninsula who were beginning to pour in from America. Napoleon dared not have advanced far with the Prussians threatening his flank and rear. The allied chiefs, being what they were, would not have lost heart and in a few days the end must have come. And this, under different conditions, is what must have happened if Grouchy had kept the Prussians back at Waterloo. Meanwhile the

Austrian and Russian armies would equally have poured over the Rhine. The position, in short, was hopelessly false, and therefore any defeat was instantly fatal, while no victory could have averted the final crash.

How comes it that the leader who made such mistakes in these and a thousand others, is ranked so high, while there are still some to be found who speak of Wellington as if he were a species of dogged drill-sergeant who had wonderful luck? Vulgarity is the only satisfactory explanation. Napoleon worked on such a scale, made so much noise and filled the world with so much smoke (being materially helped therein by the fact that the French Revolution had set the world ablaze and that all the worn-out machinery of Government in Europe was on fire), that the eyes of men were dazzled. To some extent his adorers have acted by the rule which Junot attributed to the Duke of Grafton: "Judge truly of your disposition, you have perhaps mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received for synonymous terms, that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities." Because Napoleon was of a Satanic selfishness and perfectly unscrupulous, cruel and a master of cunning, they, by "a partial reliance upon *his* moral character," do very seriously exaggerate the depth of his understanding. Now and then one may meet people who think the Emperor made a great figure when he poured abuse on Talleyrand, who dared not answer, and thereby gained for himself an unsleeping, formidable, silent enemy. But it was not clever at all; it was only stupid brutality carried to the point at which it becomes imbecile. All of a piece with this was his answer to Soult before Waterloo.

The marshal expostulated with him on the rashness of making a front attack on English troops in a strong position. What he got for answer was: "You think the English are good soldiers because they have beaten you, but I tell you they are bad soldiers." It was the retort of a fool, and this time the nature of things showed him as much before the sun went down.

The fact is that it was precisely this same moral character which was the first cause of Napoleon's folly. The uncle who told him that he would rule the world because he always lied was a bad adviser. That colossal mendacity of mind and word did, no doubt, help him in the conditions provided for his advantage by the French Revolution. His absolute want of scruple, as shown for instance by his desertion of his army in Egypt, was most valuable to him at the time. An honourable man would not have done such a thing, and would also have missed the magnificent chance offered him at home by the mismanagement of the Directory. When lying has been practised to the point at which the vast majority of mankind no longer believes a word you say, then mendacity becomes folly. When your want of scruple has grown so notorious that nobody feels safe till you are under lock and key, it ceases to be clever. The consoling truth is that nothing is less able in the long run than mere wickedness. Renan has made the very just remark that the immorality of the family of Herod was its ruin, because in that house everybody wanted to kill everybody else, and existence became impossible. There is a point at which the enlightened selfishness of your neighbours bands them against you, and then you are crushed by mere weight. Now by 1809 Napoleon had made it perfectly clear to all men out

of France that if they wished to live at all he must be brought down. The attempt to seize Spain may have been mad with the madness which is not excusable, but it was also a colossal stupidity. It removed the last lingering doubt in the minds of the rulers of Europe whether or no their lives depended on the destruction of Napoleon. Therefore it was that Austria made so stout a fight, that Prussia worked harder than ever at her army in secret, that Russia began to prepare, and that England seized on the one battle-field in Europe where her small, solid armies could operate with effect, which battle-field was a present made to her by the folly of her great enemy.

And while he was driving this lesson into the heads of all the rulers of Europe, while he was working the miracle which made Austria forget her petty selfishness, which nerved even the poor blind King of Prussia, and made Russia see that if she was to secure Constantinople she must first fight for the liberation of Europe, he was maddening all their subjects into rabid hatred of his very name. Such things as the shooting of poor Palm and of Andreas Hofer were gross blunders. He called them making examples, and was ever for shooting somebody; at the same time he was making life impossible for all men, and was flourishing his intention to ruin them before their very eyes. In the wantonness of insolence he told everybody that he would conquer England on the Continent, and he took care there should be no mistake as to what he meant. They were to be conquered in order that England's trade might be stopped, which was also theirs. There was not a shop-keeper who wanted a cup of coffee, not a peasant who wanted a pipe of tobacco who was not the worse off because of Napoleon, and who, thanks to the

Emperor's own incontinent bluster, did not know that it was because of Napoleon that he was the worse off. With all this went the conscriptions which carried their sons off to fight his battles, enormous exactions, free quarters, and everlasting examples.

All this was not only wicked but also stupid, since it was calculated to defeat any attainable end. If Napoleon strove for a direct universal monarchy he was a fool, for he went against all experience. If he only wanted a general directing superiority in Europe, he was no less a fool, for he took the more effectual means to refute his own ends. When he made a clutch at Spain instead of supplying the Prince of Asturias with a wife from the Bonaparte family, and thereby getting full control of the court, he made a blunder. The thing was done with some art, and so the lucid madman who fires his own house may arrange the faggots cleverly, but this is not called ability. Neither was it able in the Emperor, after the lesson he had had in Spain and at Madrid, to conclude that he could subdue Russia by occupying Moscow. To suppose that Alexander could be permanently cajoled into being his tool, or that Russia would endure a Czar who sacrificed all her interests, was stupid beyond description. So it was to think that after 1809 Austria could ever be at rest till she had recovered her lost provinces, or would think that the honour of giving him a wife was compensation for all she had lost. Yet he did think it; he thought it in 1813, and, what almost passes belief, he persuaded himself to believe that he thought it in 1815. His theory that his father-in-law would not suffer this or that to be done to him is on a level with the utmost fatuity of Prussian ministers or Spanish Cortes. It is one of the ways in which nature provides for

disposing of very bad men that she instils into them a belief that other men will be guided by the feeblest sentimentality. Napoleon was indeed such a liar that it is rash to take his word for anything; but his acts show that he, who never was true to man or woman or oath, who loved no human being, and who never regarded any right which stood in the way of his passions, did actually expect devotion, honesty, and sacrifice to principle from others. And it came to this with him, that he thought all these fine qualities could only be shown in serving him, in doing villainy for him, in dying for him. Napoleon was sick with self-love,—and therefore Napoleon was a fool.

It was part of, or a consequence of this foolishness that he never could restrain his infernal temper. To scream, to scold, and to pour out abuse in the language of a bullying sergeant, were pleasures which he never could deny himself. As he was no gentleman and there were few of that kind among his officers, his hectorings of his generals were perhaps neither here nor there: they passed it on to the colonels, who sent it down through all ranks to the drummers, and nobody saw anything to resent; but it was not intelligent to employ such manners with diplomatists and sovereigns. It was safe, but it was not clever to tell poor half-witted Charles of Spain that his wife was,—what she was; it was not even safe to insult the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia, or to affront the Czar. The satisfaction which ill-bred persons feel in insolence was a poor equivalent for the hostility he earned. And those calculated explosions of his with ambassadors were the style of bad manners, which is also bad sense. By ranting at Lord Whitworth he may have pleased the generals in Paris, but he had them in

his hand; he deeply offended the class of Englishmen to which Lord Whitworth belonged, and made them agree more heartily than ever with Nelson that the only way to negotiate with a Frenchman was to knock him down. As that class governed England this was not prudent, and if Napoleon did not know it, that only proves his want of sense. He had misjudged his enemy, that is all, and to misjudge is no proof of capacity. These outbreaks were part of his method; if he had raved because he must needs unpack his heart with curses and fall a-swearing like a very drab, it would have been a poorness; but they were done on purpose. He was in a rage because he chose to be. The Czar Alexander, who knew him well, said that he carried design even into his bursts of passion. What did he hope to gain? It is impossible to say; one can only guess that he was so pleased with his success in terrifying the Austrian envoys before the signing of the Peace of Campo Formio as to think bullying had an independent value. If this was not his strange conviction it becomes more than ingenuity can achieve to account for his rabid conversation with Metternich in 1813 on any supposition but this, that being a vulgar bully he could not help behaving like one.

And observe that this also was sheer folly. Because he moved hundreds of thousands of men, and forced his enemies to make desperate exertions of power, the course he followed was not a whit the wiser. Nothing is added to the meaning of words by the size of the type. In 1803, as in 1813, whether he was storming at Lord Whitworth, or hectoring Metternich, who listened to him in silence and altered their course never a jot, he was equally cutting his own throat. He forced on war with Eng-

land in 1803 by insolently violating his own engagements, when peace was absolutely necessary for the restoration of the French navy and French trade. The mere declaration of war brought ruin on his plans, and he made it inevitable. In 1813 the intervention of Austria was assured destruction. Yet he as good as forced her to strike in. But the list of his follies in that kind is endless. His egregious scheme for the invasion of England under cover of a weak, ill-appointed, ill-manned spiritless fleet, which was to concentrate in the Channel by trickery and conquer by stealth; the Spanish adventure undertaken in the mere riot of wickedness, and persisted in with the dogged folly of the fool who will not confess he is wrong; the invasion of Russia, as ignorant and as frantic as that; the contumacious defiance of 1813; the desperado fight of 1814 where victory was impossible; the farcical tragedy of 1815;—they are all monuments of folly. Because the Revolution had handed France over to him, because the monarchy had left a strong centralised administration which was easily readjusted, because all Europe was divided, and therefore weak, because the Continent did not contain one single statesman or decent general in his earlier years, he first gained immense power, and then was able to go on defying gravitation for years. It was a very big business, and the gallery admired, and does still admire, the hero of melodrama. Essentially it is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury, if it be compared with Frederick's defence of Prussia in the Seven Years' War, or Wellington's creative work in Spain. With small means these men did great and permanent things; with vast means Napoleon achieved the Rock of St. Helena.

That last passage of his life, though it has been copiously written about,

has never been quite so well handled as it might have been. There one gets the real man stripped of the tinsel, deprived of the lime-light and the deceiving perspective of the stage. History records no more pitiable spectacle. To the very end he played a part. Since he could be nothing else, he would be a martyr, a whining St. Sebastian riddled with paper pellets, a lamenting St. Lawrence on a cold gridiron. All the tricks which had been employed to cajole a Czar, or to entrap the Spanish royal family, were tried to worry Sir Hudson Lowe. All the scolding which had thrilled Europe when the bully had still the power to injure was wasted on that stolid British officer who carried out his instructions to the letter; and he did right, for had he been moved in the least he would

only have been the victim of a new trick. It was a very proper ending, for as it was then so it had always been. Napoleon could beat Melas, or Mack, or (in a less degree) the poor diffident Archduke, or the wrangling military debating societies which fronted him at Austerlitz or Jena; but courageous men who looked him in the face and stood to their guns,—Barclay de Tolly, Kutusof, Wittgenstein, Blücher—he could only beat very little, and not finally. The only two men of real superiority he ever had to measure himself against fairly and fully (for Nelson was hardly his direct opponent), Wellington and Metternich, beat him, each on his proper field, absolutely and irretrievably.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ANTHONY'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

LONG ago, as time is counted in this progressive age, before the construction of those giant hotels and clubs wherein is congregated cosmopolitan wealth, before the lordly Thames Embankment sprang up over against them to be the nightly prowling-ground of pick-pockets and outcasts, there ran, somewhere between Battersea and London Bridge (the precise locality is immaterial), parallel to the river and upon its northern side, a ramshackle street which subsequent improvements have swept away so irrevocably that even its site is forgotten. It vanished unmourned by antiquarian or topographical student: historical or picturesque interest it had none, only a certain typical quality of sordidness of which there were sufficient examples remaining, and always will remain, to suffice the sociological enquirer; and thus it has been erased, literally and figuratively, for good.

Among the numerous wharves and slips debouching from it and obtruding upon the slimy river, was one rejoicing in the amazingly inappropriate name of Rosebank Wharf; and thither, on a stormy March night, or rather morning, for midnight had struck an hour past, the story proceeds and halts in front of a row of irregular, frowning buildings which, lolling and shouldering one another, overhung the street. Like the rest,

the centre erection comprised within its grimy walls a temporary warehouse and permanent offices, and gave access to the wharf by means of a tunnel with semicircular roof, well adapted for receiving, and multiplying a hundredfold, the echoes of the traffic which rumbled over the cobblestones from sunrise to sunset. Now, however, commerce was taking its nightly surcease, and, save for the rain swishing across the windows, all was silent.

Rosebank Wharf had suffered a chequered existence; and though neither time nor change could render its native ugliness less unattractive, it bore the impress of many uses with a dogged air of favouring none and glorying in its own inadaptability. Snags, still rearing their heads above the mud at low tide, showed where a daring spirit had projected a miniature pier before official supervision was exercised over such ventures. A rusty skeleton of a crane, with all the running gear removed, stood at the extreme verge of the yard, recalling an era when heavy articles of merchandise had been landed there. In unconsidered nooks, and at irregular seasons, green sprouts had a habit of thrusting themselves upwards till unaccustomed surroundings choked their efforts, manifesting that grain had been unladen here by some forgotten tenant. A whitish deposit, which was also evident between the stones, showed, by its dulness in the

rain no less than by cracking in the sun, that a trader in cement had once leased the place and bequeathed to his successors this solitary memorial of his enterprise. Last of all, barges laden with bricks lurched up on the flood to Rosebank Wharf, and showered the red dust of their cargoes over the many traces of previous traffic without eliminating them.

At some period subsequent to the erection of the warehouse there had been added to it a squat little edifice, of no apparent intention and very apparent ugliness. It obtruded upon the yard, being cut off entirely from the road by the overshadowing warehouse it leaned against, and commanding instead an uninterrupted view of the slimy river crawling past it and of all that daily came and went by barge or cart or barrow. In this brick hut, (for it was little more) the owner of Rosebank Wharf had installed a caretaker, or watchman, whose duty consisted of scaring away trespassers when the premises were unlet, and occasionally acting as tallyman during their intermittent occupancy. To be tallyman, or checker of unladen goods, meant increased work and increased wages; but, alas, the owner was supine and wealthy, the site falling behind the times, the mud silting up; and the watchman for months together sustained on reduced emoluments the empty glory of being monarch of all he surveyed. The importer of bricks had last month, like his predecessors, sought other and more busy quarters; and upon this March night, when Scripture Soffit opened the door of his abode and peered under his hand toward the tunnel leading into the street, the domain he supervised rested a prey to desolation with only the tokens of departed traffic to suggest that it had ever claimed kin with civilisation.

He stood framed in the doorway, with the light flooding round him from behind, the wind-driven rain flogging at him in front, with an ear cocked sideways in listening attitude, and eyes blinking below a horizontal palm. He was habited after an old fashion, in knee-breeches and swallow-tailed coat, but no more could have been discerned clearly while he remained at his threshold. After a long pause, and with a slight disappointed shake of the head, he went in. In the full glow of his lamp Scripture Soffit might be surveyed more fruitfully.

He was a little, lean old man, with that peculiar colour and texture of skin almost universally accompanying a physiognomy naturally innocent of hair, faintly flushed with a colour rather orange than ruddy, and with scarce a wrinkle on it. Yet that did not make him look robust or youthful, any more than the complete absence of lashes and but rudimentary eyebrows made his aspect unpleasant. On the contrary his face suggested kindness, and had the hint of benevolent absent-mindedness sometimes seen in the higher social grade of the scholar, which the rapid twitching of his bare eyelids failed to dispel. He shook his head again when he was inside more dolefully than before, and fell to stirring a pot poised insecurely upon the little fire.

"Poor things, poor things!" he murmured; "she dazed, and Anthony with such a charge upon such a night — 'the wrathful skies gallow the very wanderers of the dark.'" He rounded off his quotation by lifting the iron spoon to his lips and sipping thoughtfully. "'Twill be burned beyond palatableness," he muttered, resuming his stirring; "'twas put on to hot up three hours and more ago, and I was beginning to sniff hungrily then. The desire of the eyes to the young, the

desire of the stummick to the old—
tut! man lives by bread even while
his heart is hardest wrung, but I will
wait for them, poor things!”

He left his charge to stand again
in the driving rain; but no footfall
upon the uneven flags of the wharf
rewarded him. There were noises
in the street, and, despite the rigor-
ous weather, indications of people
still out and about. These manifesta-
tions did not deceive or surprise
him. The street was never without
its distinctive turmoil,—the predomi-
nant features of quarrelling, drunken
choruses and yelling children being
less noticeable by day on account of
the jolting traffic, but audible during
the hours provided for rest in a
squalid rise and fall. A fight was
going on somewhere, as Scripture
Soffit knew by the infallible tokens
gleaned of experience,—tokens, that
is, of joy, demonstrable in an infinite
variety of expletives, with female
voices joining in rapturously from
the favourable coigns of vantage
provided by open bedroom windows.
What is called, in pantomime jargon,
a rally, followed, succeeded by a
shout, temporary silence, and the
echo of scurrying hobnails. Again
Scripture Soffit's experience apprised
him of what he could not see; the
approach of a belated policeman had
evidently been signalled. He sighed,
and went in.

He refilled the smoky little lamp
before sitting down at the deal table
covered with paper by way of napery.
It is weary work waiting when the
feast is ready and the guests come not.
A piece of damp, cold bacon, flanked
by a dish of some green vegetable to
which the same adjectives could be
applied, along with cheese and butter
undecided in colour but certain in
odour, adorned the board. They
were normal comestibles in Scripture
Soffit's domestic arrangements, and

were displayed to throw into greater
glory, by contrast as it were, the
stew whose luscious fumes filled the
little room, and a certain bottle of
stumpy and convivial aspect, from
whose short neck the cork had not
yet been drawn. The seat he de-
signed for himself (it was furthest
from the fire) had a book in front of
it, opened face downward to keep
the place. He turned it up and
began to read, instantly falling into
that absorption which was suggested
by his mien, the absorption of the
man who loves books. The Dutch
clock on the mantel-piece ticked off
the minutes gravely like the solemn
old Hollander it was, only pausing
with a slight wheeze at the hours
before making up its mind that
striking was a riotous manifestation
beneath its sobriety, and passing on;
the stew murmured gently, and the
coals dropped one by one upon the
hearth; the rain threshed round
the chimney, and Scripture Soffit's
eyes travelled from page to page
until the sleepless street succumbed
for its brief respite from restlessness
before dawn. His jaw dropped
slightly, his lids with it, and he fell
into a jerky doze.

CHAPTER II.

“MR. SOFFIT!”

Scripture Soffit sprang up and clap-
ped his hand over another which lay
upon his shoulder. He turned down
his book,—it was a mechanical move-
ment, and part of him.

“Anthony, dear boy, and Aggie!
Come, that's right; better late than
never, eh? But, my dears, how wet
you are, and such a night! Lord!
You are dripping!”

They were literally dripping, and
tiny rills trickled from the young man
addressed as Anthony as he pulled off

a long topcoat, too thin and shrunken for such weather, and spread it before the fire. The brim of his soft felt hat ran like a surcharged gutter as he removed it, displaying a well-shaped head covered with black hair in which there was a natural curl and more than one streak of grey. His companion remained by the door, her bonnet (large with a suspicion of extravagance in its shape) hiding her face. She did not speak or move, but stood with her hands clasped across her bosom.

Scripture Soffit went to her, and drew her, unresisting but unresponsive, toward the blaze, unbuttoned with nervous fingers her drenched and muddy cloak, and then paused. She made no movement to help him. He flung back the veil and disentangled the bonnet from masses of tumbled hair, when a pair of staring expressionless eyes met his.

"Never a kiss for your old father?" said the old man tremulously, without making to take what he claimed. "No word of welcome, Aggie my dear, and me a stranger so long?"

His daughter leaned a cold cheek toward him, accepting his embrace like a statue. She placed one foot upon the fender, and warmed her numb fingers. When the men drew in to the table she resisted all entreaties to join them, but pushed her chair close to the fire and cowered towards it, with her hair falling about her shoulders and her hands resting in her lap.

"Well, well," said Scripture Soffit, sadly, "I hoped you would, my dear; but you're over-tired maybe, poor child." He looked toward his son-in-law helplessly. Such a sorry homecoming it was, with the wind wailing overhead, and his only child steeped in a sinister contortion of his own kindly abstraction. His book fell unheeded to the floor. He wished he could have afforded a table-cloth, for

he remembered her childhood's contempt of their poverty, and the bacon looked apologetically flabby. Even the crowning luxury of the stew, upon whose concoction he had expended so many laborious unaccustomed thoughts and whose consumption had caused him such pleasing anticipations of reunion, seemed gross and profitless. He doled it out without interest. Anthony took a full share to please him; but he knew that behind him his daughter shivered, and that an impalpable mist wreathed round her wet skirts.

"Hulloa, where is the cordial?" he began in dismay. "Why—" Anthony stopped him with a rapid gesture. "There's no cordial like soup," he went on with lame precipitation; "you may take my word for it. Come, Aggie, the littlest drop."

"I tell you, no!" retorted his daughter. "Leave me to myself. Do you think I can be cheerful to order, just because I have returned to this hovel, when fools—" she relapsed into silence without finishing the sentence, and drew nearer the fire.

"She is fatigued, Mr. Soffit," said Anthony. "We shall both be better for rest; we have walked from Richmond."

Scripture Soffit ceased from mechanically dosing himself with stew, and stared over the spoon at his companion, his eyelids twitching from necessity aggravated by distress until to have watched them would have made one giddy.

"From Richmond!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, a matter of eleven miles; but it is all over now."

"How could you be so thoughtless, Anthony?"

"How could we be otherwise?" cried Agatha without turning round. "Does gold grow on hedges, and do banknotes spring from a ditch like most of the impostors who call them-

selves actresses and take the bread from the lips of genius? I suppose we should have hired a chariot with hammercloth and powdered flunkeys complete? Where's the money coming from, I should like to know? *You wouldn't provide it.*"

"I would if I could, my dear, God knows," returned her father. "I would help you every way I could. No one can say I have thwarted a single wish you have put tongue to."

"No one does," interrupted Anthony, with the quick intent of changing the current of conversation. "We shall be quite well and hopeful in the morning."

Agatha gave a short scream of laughter which made Scripture Soffit start as if he had been struck. It was the first unmistakable symptom vouchsafed to him of what he had been told to expect, and what he had fought against with all the innate optimism of his nature, that negative optimism, as it were, peculiar to such as he. Sapped early by the distinctive disease embodied in a passion for notoriety, such as was best gratified by the career toward which she inevitably drifted, his daughter's reason trembled in its rickety balance. She half turned towards the table with a declamatory gesture and rage flashing in her previously dull eyes. Anthony rose, and took her gently by the arm.

"She must have your bedroom, Mr. Soffit," he said over his shoulder. "Please bring a basin of soup. Now, Aggie."

Agatha relapsed into her former quiescence, and permitted him to lead her into the adjoining room. It was the only bedchamber Scripture Soffit's mansion boasted, and he, who had bestowed such exemplary pains upon the supper-table, had entirely forgotten to arrange a temporary resting-place for Anthony and himself. It

was characteristic of the man, as was the deep remorse he felt and showed when his remissness was borne in upon him.

Anthony's quiet insistence possessed some influence over his wife. With little display of authority he prevailed upon her to drink the soup and consent to go to bed. They left her alone. Anthony brought the bottle from where he had secreted it beneath the table and mixed two stiff glasses. Both men needed some stimulant, the elder perhaps the most; his thin form seemed to have shrunk in the last half hour, his withered hands fluttered aimlessly.

"*'Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me,'*" he said beneath his breath. "But it is bitter hard, Anthony, and it must be worse for you. I should never have given in to the poor child's fancies. How long has she been growing so?"

"For two years now, perhaps more. Disappointed ambition,—the want of those things she rates so highly,—jealousy,—forgive me, Mr. Soffit, if I think a head more practically constructed could have withstood these things better. There is another craving, and the mere sight of the means to gratify it must be kept rigorously from her." He touched the bottle.

"In the morning—" began the old man brokenly.

"No," replied Anthony gravely; "at any rate not yet. Do not build illusive hopes, for the sake of your peace of mind. I did so at first, and it is because their demolition was so terrible to me that I would save you from a similar ordeal. With absolute quietness and rest it may be; but you know better than I how little that life suited her in childhood, and can gauge thereby how little it may effect; how much, we must not count upon until we see."

"My dear, it is better, and more

Christian, to look upon the bright side," said old Soffit. "All the good books, from the tale of the Great Teacher downward, preach hope."

Anthony Smith said nothing, and refrained from meeting the questioning gaze with which his father-in-law accompanied his words. It seemed as though he could not acquiesce, but would not wound by dissipating an optimism in which he could not share. The old man went on rather more strenuously, and stirring his glass of liquor in time to the metre.

"'Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft
away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.'

Pope was right, Anthony. Seclusion from the maze that has brought her to this will restore her,—Nature's great medicine, rest. This is not the country sure enough," said Scripture Soffit, waxing almost enthusiastic, with mental pictures agitating every feature in his smooth withered face, "but it's next door to it. The wharf's unlet, and likely to stay so for some time to come if my calculations ain't out. No one troubles me from week's end to week's end; I might be in a pastoral solitude, Anthony. Why, she'll have oceans of quietude, and be again the pretty creature you went mad over, in no time!"

A barely perceptible frown, which passed immediately, contracted Anthony's forehead. The wind came beating at the window like a wanderer importuning shelter after many buffetings. In the temporary lull that followed he drew his chair beside his father-in-law's, and laid his hand upon the old man's knee. It was a well-formed hand indicative of breeding, very different from that holding Scripture Soffit's glass, and the contrast between the two told the bare

outlines of a tale. The elder man's thick fingers were the heritage of toil lightened and cheered in his particular case by a cultivation of intellect far above his class, the fingers of a man who, apart from the generally accepted monetary sense of the phrase, had risen; Anthony's were long and slim, a heritage from leisured progenitors, and at the same time a protest, as it were, against his presence under the watchman's roof, the husband of the watchman's crazy daughter.

When the gale broke into a howl after its pause, sweeping across the river like some phantom thing possessed, and deadening all sounds within, Anthony spoke in a low voice.

"She sleeps little and lightly, and to think we were talking of her might precipitate a paroxysm. They are the worst symptoms, and it was their frequency of occurrence during the last few months that decided me to detach her from her associations. I could not do so without threatening force. You see, Mr. Soffit, we—you—must not expect too much at first. I want most earnestly to warn you against doing so, for the cumulative effects of years cannot be removed in the same number of days. I tried to prepare you for a possible disaster in my letters from the very first moment I detected its possibility; I think you under-estimated my anxiety, and it is true enough I myself was unprepared for what is now dreadfully apparent. You know of her limited success, and how she chafed because the fame she felt so confident of never came; but you do not know of the petty spite, the malignant jealousy, the immeasurable vanity which flourish in all their gross luxuriance in her profession alone. Constant bickerings and peevish backbitings I became accustomed to. I could not stay them, even while I knew that taunting words levelled at her left a rankling

sting, while her companions enjoyed the opportunity for retort they supplied, or passed them by as part of the daily amenities. But when she took to brooding alone, to sullen fits of despondency alternated by outbursts of fury culminating more than once in personal violence, to eating less and less, to drinking secretly more and—

"Stop, stop, Anthony, for pity's sake!" cried the old man, burying his quivering face in his hands. "Heaven mend all, but I have hoped sorely for the best."

"Self-deception!" replied Anthony bitterly. "Self-deception, it has been my curse—"

"How? Yours?" asked Scripture Soffit, looking up at him in a dazed way.

"Never mind me. It is because I would not have you fall into the like error that I speak plainly. She may become more tractable, but it will be a long cure. We have none of the remedies—"

"Quiet is the surest thing, Anthony," interrupted Scripture Soffit eagerly. "I'm an older man than you, and take my word for it, there's no physic like quiet. Lord! In similar cases I've seen it do wonders—miracles-like, and with reverence I say it. What more can she want than she'll get here? Tender care, wholesome food, if poor, the river panorama to watch when it's fine, and her old father willing enough, God knows, to spend the whole day keeping of her bright indoors when it rains. All the doctors in Europe couldn't do more than that."

Anthony sighed and tried to look as if convinced. He was deadly tired, and the old man, who in some things was as unpractical as a baby, worried him by the very fact of his unreasoning hopefulness. A mechanical movement of Scripture

Soffit's winking eyes turned his thoughts in another direction. His gaze rested upon the clock and thence travelled to Anthony's much-worn boots.

"Lord!" he exclaimed. "Look at the time! You ought to be abed too, Anthony. Off you go, my boy, to the sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." He patted Anthony's arm with a fatherly, protective air which was something pitiful and all pleasant.

"Aye, but where I am to go to?" enquired Anthony smiling. "I cannot disturb her. And what is to become of you?"

Scripture Soffit paused in consternation. "Well now," he said dismally, "to think I never thought of that! Stop a moment,—there's the book-closet; the vestry, you know, as the workmen here call it."

Beside the combined kitchen and living-room, and the bedroom where Agatha lay, the only other accommodation which the building afforded was a little hutch of a place, originally designed as a coal-shed or pantry. As the old man was in the habit of buying his fuel by the sixpenny-worth, or even, in hard times, of contenting himself with collecting fragments of wood left on the wharf at the time when, in one of its varying changes, it had been used to store timber, he had cleaned out the hutch soon after his instalment and devoted it to the storage of his books. These were very many, for in his long life, during portions of which daily meat had not always supplemented daily bread, he had never been too destitute or too hardly worked to find his chiefest solace among the second-hand dealers and peripatetic barrow-men,—to dig among their battered treasures, and rattle the coppers in his pocket wistfully because what he had saved from

two dinners would purchase but one volume. The result might not have pleased an æsthetic eye, but the scholar would have found among the dingy classics a source of unending cheer. They were nearly all English books, but some Latin authors, accorded a rude home-built shelf to themselves, also held a place. The limits of Scripture Soffit's self-instruction lay there. True, in a dusty corner reposed a Greek primer and a paper-covered edition of Homer; but they represented a field too long untilled for fruitful vintage, and, after much blind ploughing with none to help, abandoned regretfully at last.

"You must make shift here, Anthony," said the old man. "There's a rug to keep you warm, and to-morrow we must think of something else. The place is watertight, or I'd never have put the books in it."

"And what are you to do?" enquired Anthony.

"Oh, me?" said the old man, nonplussed again for a moment; but a brilliant inspiration struck him. "Why, before the fire, to be sure. What more can the most important want?"

"On a brick floor, or in a chair that will make you round-shouldered for the rest of your life," exclaimed Anthony, apostrophising him cheerily. "The same old Scripture Soffit!" He held up the smoky lamp he carried, so that the light shone on the old man's gentle face and blinking eyes.

"Aye, aye, the same old blind-worm, but not so sightless as to know who needs a rest most, the traveller or the stay-at-home. Bide here, Anthony; I shall be well enough. Wait a minute though; Lord! that's the thing; I'll trot round to John Snidgery's."

"Still alive, is he?" asked Anthony.

"Ah," replied Scripture Soffit, shaking his head sagely, "and thriving too.

His kind don't go under easy, like you and me, Anthony."

"That will do," said the young man, clearing a space among the books upon the table and placing the lamp down. "I will go there. Nonsense! I shall be the gainer, not you. Just a glance at Agatha and I will be off at once; we have already run two days further into one than is wise."

She lay on the bed, asleep unquietly, with a little light her father had placed behind her throwing shadows across her face. Yet, mingled with the swirling of the wind, her dream-ejaculations could still be heard, and in the dimness her face could be seen. A trifle bloated it was, or perhaps swollen were a better word; a trifle characterless, except when a passing passion flitted across it; but with the remains of youthful mobile beauty and of acute receptiveness in the pouting, full lip and arched nostril. The cheeks showed uneven patches of faint red, but it would not have been hard to figure her, younger, sweet-minded, and sanguine, with the down unbrushed away, and the clear colour ebbing beneath the clear skin, with the great masses of now lustreless hair wreathed gracefully round the temples, the closed eyes as yet seeing no baseless visions but the fantasies of hope.

She did not wake, and so her husband left her, going out upon the dreary wharf under the uprising of the dreary dawn, with the old man standing in the doorway as before he came and the cold rain beating upon his face.

CHAPTER III.

"STILL pouring," grumbled Josiah Snidgery disgustedly, "blowed if it ain't!" And he got between the sheets again.

Josh Snidgery, though remarkably

assiduous in his own particular line of business, was neither by habit nor predilection an early riser; and thus being assured by personal observation that the weather did not tempt to an early morning stroll, he resigned himself with tolerable content to lying on his back and listening to the tokens which, floating up from Little Joseph Street, proclaimed another day.

To say the truth, Josh Snidgery lost little by this sloth,—always assuming that his income did not suffer—for Little Joseph Street, Westminster, wherein he had pitched his tent, was neither a salubrious nor a beautiful thoroughfare under the most favourable auspices. When its causeway lay ankle-deep in mud, its gutters ran in muddy freshets, and its pavements collected muddy pools, it would have challenged comparisons for hideous discomfort with any highway in London, which is saying a good deal. There must have been many happy men resident in Little Joseph Street, everyone of them with quivers full to the point of overflowing through their respective front-doors into the street. Children abounded; dirty, stunted, horribly shrewd, horribly clamorous and quarrelsome. On summer evenings one waded through children to reach Josh Snidgery's abode, as now it was necessary to wade through mud. Another apparent characteristic of the neighbourhood, which its indigent presentment would not seem to warrant, was a universal appetite for literature and a corresponding conviction that the best way to dispose of it, when done with, was to distribute it about the street in the form of detached sheets. There was as much flow of traffic as might have been expected, but no more, for Little Joseph Street stood somewhat back from the centre of commercial Westminster, trending toward the least busy stretch of the river bank,

and so in effect leading nowhere, as if it were ashamed of its fall, and crept from observation because it remembered the time when its houses were not let out in one-room tenements, but resounded to the laughter of fine ladies and gentlemen in the periwigged days of old. Moreover there were few shops, and none of those conglomerate incongruities known as Stores, within its confines; the public-houses also were few, as the usual apportionment goes, and never an assembly-hall was there to attract the itinerant concert-monger or stump-orator. So Little Joseph Street had its good points, as has the lamest duck of them all, if one only looks long enough, and with one eye closed.

Josh Snidgery's house stood a yard or two back from the pavement, and was girt with an iron railing originally constructed to guard the unwary passer-by from precipitating himself into the area; a railing subsequently broken in many parts, but retaining its horizontal upper bar intact. From this bar the ubiquitous children hung swings upon occasion, hurtling themselves backwards and forwards in calm disregard of the area yawning ten feet below. They never fell and dashed out their brains. If they had done so, it might be pardonable to question whether anyone would have wept; for, by all the rules of logic and common-sense, parents who showed so profound a disregard of economic proportion in bringing superfluous progeny into the world should have been equally callous as to their leaving it. However, there the bar remained, a source of infantile and uproarious joy.

It was a blank, wall-eyed house, exceeding dirty and depressed in demeanour, as well it might be. A short flight of steps led up to the door, at the side of which three bell-handles, placed one below the other,

dangled from their sockets. They never responded to the pull, and never had done so within the memory of man; but it amused the urban brats to tug at the knobs, when they knew Josh Snidgery to be abroad, and bawl opprobrious epithets through the key-hole because they received no tinkling response. Upon the hither side of the wall was painted, in letters which time and smoke had partially effaced, the laconic inscription BEDS: and underneath, in characters of similar dimensions, some local wit, or lacerated lodger, had added in chalk the simple but significant comment: FLEAS.

Neither announcement disturbed the soul of Josh Snidgery at the present juncture. He lay in bed, a greasy cap on his head, smoking and listening to sundry indications which betokened the rising and departure of his guests. He did not cater for an exalted class: such as deposited the necessary equivalent for enjoying his hospitality, began their day early, before their host was usually awake, that is to say; and their commerce with him consisted solely, as he himself expressed it, in "squaring up on the nail." Beyond that, his factotums,—a married couple of surprising vigilance generally, and in particular of a vision which could detect the surreptitious blanket beneath any coat worn by man—conjointly fulfilled the obligations of hospitality and domestic service.

It grew broader daylight, if such a description could be applied to the indeterminate lifting of the gloom, and the rain slackened. Josh Snidgery filled another pipe, casting about meanwhile as to how he could communicate with his underling, with the view of ordering a breakfast, and yet at the same time avoid physical exertion. Banging on the floor would not do it; that would only infuriate

the lodger below, and besides it meant getting out of bed; shouting was equally inefficacious he knew from previous attempts, and whistling had proved deceptive before now. There seemed no option but to rise and dress, but chance came to his rescue in the shape of a thump at his door and a beery voice demanding information as to whether he was "hup."

"No, I ain't," roared Snidgery. "What d'yer want?"

A gruff mumble distilled through the crack of the door destroyed the response of all similarity to human speech.

"Come in, and don't stand grunting outside, you bagpipe!" shouted the master pleasantly.

The owner of the beery voice insinuated himself round the door in accordance with this request, disclosing the beery person of the male factotum, a man of few words.

"What's up now?" demanded Snidgery.

"Man to see yer."

"Ain't he got no name?"

No, he had no name, it appeared, nor any specific object to confess.

"Seedy, of course?" observed Snidgery with unerring prescience.

The male functionary breathed hard; but that was one of his peculiarities and expressed nothing. It was not a debatable question; other than seedy persons did not come his way.

"Send him up," said Snidgery, who was not burdened with superabundant delicacy, false or otherwise; "and some grub; heggs, mind."

To save a double journey, the visitor was not ushered into the presence until the eggs were ready. They arrived together,—the visitor seedy as he had been pronounced, cold, and seemingly by no means overjoyed at the encounter; the breakfast

hot, and, to persons whose fastidiousness lay not in the direction of gross plenty, greasily appetising.

"I'll attend to you in a minute, mister," observed Snidgery; "just wait till I've took off the edge."

This respite from conversation apparently suited the visitor's humour. He nodded, and walked to the window whence he could survey the endless tide of human beings setting backwards and forwards—all restless, all, save the ubiquitous children, with some pursuit or ambition, all hurrying forward toward some goal, all, even the newsboys bawling hoarsely, with some interest, large or small, whereby grist came to the mill or hope waited on consummation. It was odd that the stranger, being comparatively young, should watch it with so much detachment, indeed with a sort of dreary scorn, being also shabby, and therefore presumably alien to the influences that generate boredom. Yet he had a sanguine face, too, when it lighted up, as it did when a philandering couple, incongruously out of place in the busy throng, strolled into view round a corner. The sky showed tentative patches of blue, but their joint umbrella was still up (for ulterior reasons, possibly,) and they walked, arm in arm, very close together beneath it, dawdling, ridiculously unconscious of the outside world, and with some intimate topic of conversation between them which brought the lips of one very close to the other's ear. So early in the morning, too! Love's young dream indeed, and, because of its extreme youth, fond of impracticable seasons to attack established customs; also because Love must e'en rise betimes and seize his opportunities when drudgery endures for the day and weariness cometh with the evening. The shabby stranger followed them with his eyes until they were out of sight, and then the

mirthless look settled down upon his face again.

Josh Snidgery, meanwhile, in no wise incommoded by company, fell to work upon his breakfast with the best of appetites. When he had finished, and his pipe was in full blast again, he turned to his visitor.

"Hi, you there, why can't you come at a reasonable hour?" he began. "It needs a pretty tight fix to excuse business before breakfast, and therefore more interest, by gum! How much is it?"

The stranger turned himself about with a start, and advanced into the middle of the room. "You don't remember me?"

"Blowed if I do," replied Snidgery, staring at him doubtfully. "Wait a minute, though—"

"Anthony Smith."

"So 'tis! Come here and shake hands."

Anthony complied without effusion, and refused an invitation to have a snack, even when he was assured that it should be brought up, fresh and hot, from the kitchen.

"Well, if you won't, you won't," observed Snidgery, getting out of bed and enveloping himself in a dirty dressing-gown previous to his ablutions. "If you go hungry, it's your own look out. Take all you can get and eat all you can hold, is my motto. It's evident it ain't yours, or you'd be looking better. Why, you're as thin as a herring, and look twenty years older'n when you was married. Touring don't agree with *you*, that's plain, and I don't wonder at it; idiots and bouncers, I call 'em, who chuck up any job, however small, for touring, and so they are. Never mind about that, though, Smith, I'm glad enough to see you at any time, and gladder still if you've turned it up."

"I have come to ask a favour," began Anthony.

"Eh?" said Snidgery, suspending the operation of smearing his face with a sponge.

"Which is, whether you can let me lie down on a couch for a few hours. There is no room at my father-in-law's; and I do not feel up to looking for a cheap lodging until I have had some rest."

Let the cynic say what he may, it is indisputable that, so long as it costs him nothing, the average man is always willing to perform a kindly action towards his neighbour; the operation creates a genial glow of self-satisfaction, beside throwing upon the other's shoulders a useful sense of obligation which may be subsequently turned to account. So Snidgery, having a room to spare, bestirred himself with philanthropic activity; he conducted Anthony thither himself immediately, sent up a meal, ordered another blanket, and generally comported himself expansively. The room was neither commodious, airy, nor over-clean, to be sure; but Anthony was too tired to remark upon these slight drawbacks, even mentally, and too anxious to rid himself of his host's presence to indulge in garrulous gratitude. He wanted to rest, if possible, to be alone for a time at all costs, and he heaved a deep sigh of relief when Snidgery withdrew. It was premature; Josh put his head in again.

"'Ave you made up your mind to turn up petticoat government for good and all, or is this merely a temporary job?" he enquired abruptly. Anthony feigned sleep. "A square peg in a round hole, that's what *you* are," remarked Snidgery; "like a good many more I've seen,—and all of 'em come croppers." With this flower of philosophy, culled from the field of a shrewd, if coarse, observation, Mr. Snidgery betook himself to his office on the ground-floor.

CHAPTER IV.

BESIDES renting a large dilapidated house, and letting it out in tenements (wherefrom an arithmetically-disposed lodger, smarting under a sense of injury as regards the cost of his accommodation, had once computed an annual profit of four thousand per cent.) Mr. Snidgery dabbled in another source of revenue,—to wit, money-lending in a small way. This paid even better than the house, and, as he managed it, was almost as safe. His ambitions were not large, so that, while he forewent the splendid possibilities of his congeners in the West End, his clients, among the better class of artisans and small tradesmen, required no display, threatened him with no risk of large bad debts, and suited his lack of education and the amenities of polite society generally. He sailed less near the wind by eschewing *post-obits* and by leaving bill-broking severely alone; moreover, he could bully more freely customers unaccustomed to look for refinement, and to be able to bully without fear of retaliation is a precious gift. Thus Josh Snidgery flourished: his few wants he could gratify to the uttermost; his bitterest enemies admitted he must have a sight of money laid by; his few friends were not relations to interestedly await his demise.

Into his office, though it was not a busy day with him, being the beginning of the week, numerous supplicants managed to find their way during his known hours of business; and though, as has been said, they were chiefly artisans and small tradesmen, an unconcerned spectator might have recognised an approximation of type to the visitors of Solomon Levi, the great financier in Jermyn Street, whose ledgers shut down upon an array of names calculated to turn an

American millionaire sick with envy. Substitute fustian and thread for broadcloth and silk, the language and manners of the East for those of the West End, and there was mighty little difference. The spendthrift appeared, at his last shilling, as usual,—or guinea, as the case might be—and went away grumbling, as usual; the sly and shifty, who needed careful watching, as he had a wonderful trick of self-effacement when settling-time came; the servile and lachrymose; the blustering; the seeming-courageous who began stentoriously and subsided suddenly,—a representative of each came, though it was the beginning of the week, and Josh Snidgery, conversing with them in their own dialect, made his trifle out of them all, actually or in perspective, or sent them empty away. In the early afternoon his business was over and the books put by, so that when Anthony reappeared he was prepared for any moderate and inexpensive relaxation.

"Sit down," he said jocosely; "no charge for a chair to Scripture Soffit's son-in-law, any more than there is for a bed so long as one's empty. You always was precious mum about yourself, Smith, but I suppose that's nat'ral enough, seeing how little your marriage can have pleased the high-and-mighty relations you must have somewhere; but—"

"I have not one in the world, Mr. Snidgery," interposed Anthony.

"Get on!"

"Honestly, not one."

"Not one honestly, eh?" rejoined Snidgery with a grin. "What about Haggie?"

"You know what I mean, man," retorted Anthony shortly, sleep having banished some of his former dejection. He had received Snidgery's hospitality, and hoped, however distasteful the thought might be, to

secure his assistance in another direction. To give way to irritation was hardly therefore the best way to recommend himself, and accordingly he apologised for his rudeness.

"Bosh!" replied Snidgery. "What do I care for your rudeness, or your apologies either? You're sore at her having led you to make a fool of yourself, and at the whole thing busting up. It's enough to make a man short; it would me, I know. Well, and what are you going to do now?"

"On my soul, I don't know," replied Anthony.

"Neither do I, if that's what you mean, as I suppose it is," said Snidgery with a shrewd glance at him. "I'm not agoing to lend you money, mind; the security ain't good enough, and I never lend to friends." Here Josh wagged his head with infinite expression, quite indifferent to the young man's angry gesture of protest, and continued: "What about work? You're fit for none I know of. And what about Haggie,—will she get an engagement in London?"

Anthony bit his lips in silence and looked away. Snidgery's was not a countenance from which to expect sympathy, even if one wanted it, and to derive any æsthetic pleasure from contemplating it required imagination of no ordinary flexibility. Snidgery's eyes were close together and keen,—to enlarge upon them would require depreciatory adjectives; his cheeks threw out a growth of luxuriant red whisker, perennially uncombed; his teeth, such as remained, were miniature presentments of those discoloured vegetable products known as snags, and were exhibited to advantage in a large mouth. His whole appearance was rather Bohemian than precise.

"Won't she?" he persisted.

"No; never again."

"Why, how's that?"

"Nor anywhere else. I cannot look to her for co-operation, though Heaven knows I never wanted to. She is ill."

"Incurable, eh?"

"I fear so."

A light broke in upon Snidgery. "Has she gone off her nut?" he enquired. "Well, well, to think of that now! 'Owever, I always thought she would, and I've told Scripture so, more'n once. He is too beetle-headed; he give in to her too much and didn't keep her down enough when she was a child; I've told him that too, a thousand times. What's the good of those high-flying notions above her station? I ain't got 'em, and look at me! Mind yer, Smith, I think you 'elped by running after her, though you won't own to being her better. Bosh, I say. Each stick to your own rank; marriages like yours ruin both the man and the woman."

"There is no need to talk like this," said Anthony slowly, as if he were endeavouring to control himself.

"Oh, go on," retorted Snidgery; "don't tell me. I can see through a brick wall as far as most. How are you going to support her and old Scripture, each about as useful as the other? Mind, you've never told me anything about yourself, nor yet, I believe, have you told anybody else, but I'll lay 'arf a sovereign you no more know a good solid trade than I know Chinese. Come now, do yer?"

"You do not put one into a favourable mood for trenching further upon your good offices, Mr. Snidgery," said Anthony, rising; "perhaps that is your intention."

"Hulloa! where are you off to?" cried Snidgery, absolutely impervious to the irony.

"The wharf. I must talk to them there."

"Lot of good that will do,"

observed Snidgery. "However, I'll come too, and talk to the lot of you; I ain't seen the old man for two months."

They set out together, silently enough in all conscience, Anthony buried in gloomy thought, and Snidgery also immersed, to all seeming, in abstract calculations which might have concerned his companion, for he glanced at him unheeded now and then; yet while the former pursued his way oblivious to his surroundings and the obloquy of wayfarers he jostled against, Snidgery was alert the whole time and pushed forward dexterously even in the moments of deepest preoccupation. They lengthened the journey to Rosebank Wharf by making a detour to call upon one of Snidgery's friends. He went inside, leaving Anthony to stroll listlessly up and down a long terrace of dun, pinched-looking houses, with much linen hanging to dry in the areas, and fly-blown tickets in the front windows announcing *Furnished Apartments*. A hackney cab, after zigzagging tortuously from one side to the other, rumbled towards him and pulled up in a sort of heap, as hackney cabs, for some inexplicable reason, have a habit of doing. A spare gentleman jumped out, being followed by a female figure which was small and delicate and stepped lightly. The spare gentleman (who could not boast much in the way of height, either) seemed to lack small change, for he unbuttoned his brown surtout and groped in various pockets before he could collect the fare.

"Wot's this?" enquired the hackney coachman, holding the coin at arm's-length in his palm, and so blending indignation and injured innocence in the interrogation that he could without prejudice follow either line as the event should determine.

"Your fare," replied the spare

gentleman, speaking in a voice spare and sharp like himself. He turned round as he did so, and Anthony noticed that he had a spare, suspicious face, with a large grey moustache. "None of your nonsense, now, but hand down that luggage." By this complimentary designation was indicated a small deal box perched upon the top.

"No, you don't, old cock," retorted the coachman; "'and up another tizzy and the box is yourn, otherwise, I goes off to the nearest magistrate and claims my rights. *That*, from Paddington Station!" he flung the coin on the roof of the cab and pointed at it scornfully; "blimey, it's next thing to a bilk!"

The spare gentleman retorted to this indictment by standing upon tip-toe and grabbing at the baggage. Alas, he was too short; the baggage reposed beyond his reach, and the coachman crowed victoriously.

"Out with the tanner!" he shouted, enjoying himself very much. "Out—out—out, old bilker, or I'll have the law of you!"

"Oh, papa, give it to him!" cried the spare gentleman's companion; "there will be a crowd round us directly!"

"My dear, how the devil can I?" said the spare gentleman angrily, desisting from his fruitless efforts and staring about for aid. "I've only got a fourpenny-bit left to last until to-morrow."

This was spoken in a low voice for her ear alone, but in a voice, as has been said, naturally sharp, so that Anthony, who had drawn near, heard both question and reply; and noticed also that a small pair of very white hands were clasped together in perturbation,—at the man's insults, he thought, but also because she must have seen he overheard the brief colloquy. He did not labour under the

same physical disabilities as the spare gentleman. Before the coachman could interpose, or decide upon a further line of action, he had coolly lifted the box down (it was no heavy weight) and placed it upon the pavement.

"Off you go," he said to the embarrassed coachman, "before you are kicked for your impudence."

That worthy gathered up his reins with all speed, and departed, bawling over his shoulder, as a parting shot: "Such as you didn't ought to be allowed to live! When are they going to bur-r-rn yer?"

"Sir," said the spare gentleman, turning to Anthony with great dignity, "I am infinitely obliged; partly on my own account, but chiefly because your prompt intervention has secured my daughter from witnessing the thrashing it would have been my duty to give that scoundrel, and from hearing the flood of profanity there is only too good reason to expect would have followed. Allow me,—my card." His eye fell upon Anthony's shabby exterior, and his tone changed abruptly. "That is—er—I am infinitely obliged, as I said before. Good-day, ahem!" Here he coughed violently, perhaps to cover a little natural confusion, and picked up the box.

Anthony coloured hotly as he bowed. Something he was unable to quell hinted maliciously that it would have been more in consonance with appearances to touch his hat; and he could have done so ironically, but the spare gentleman's daughter did not follow him at once.

"I am very grateful to you," she said quickly, though the voice sounded more merry, or capricious, or both, than burdened by obligation. "*We* are, that is to say."

"My dear," called the spare gentleman, inserting his key in the lock.

"Coming, papa."

Anthony bowed once more. A little wind, a straggler from last night's storm, gambolled down the street, and swept the veil partly from her face—how young it was, and fresh! from the hair clustering under her bonnet—how bright it was, with the westering sun touching the tresses, golden like her girlish voice! He laughed at these vagrant fancies

to himself, and forgot them the moment after, for there was Josh Snidgery emerging from his mission a few doors down and beckoning to him. They were antipathetic forces, Snidgery and poetry.

"Come on," said Josh, "or else we sha'n't be there afore bedtime, and you'll be telling the old man it's my fault."

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF MEEANEE.

THE victory of Meeanee, which gave the province of Scinde to the British Empire, was full of interest and, in certain respects, unique; but it has never yet, I venture to think, been adequately described, and has now perhaps somewhat slipped from men's memories. Sir William Napier's account, one of the most picturesque of his battle-pieces, was not taken seriously by Sir Charles's officers. Even the sober narrative which General Waddington contributed to the *ROYAL ENGINEERS' PROFESSIONAL PAPERS*, though almost wholly free from errors, omitted to notice some of the most distinctive features of the action. Ten years ago I told the story with some approximation to the truth in a biography of Sir Charles Napier, which formed a part of a volume called *FOUR FAMOUS SOLDIERS*. Afterwards, in revising this biography, I examined a valuable document, of the existence of which I had not previously been aware: I also consulted the late General Petrie and the late Sir Montagu McMurdo, both of whom answered my questions with the most patient kindness; and I found that I had made mistakes in points of detail and that I had failed to note one of the most characteristic aspects of the battle. I therefore corrected and in great part re-wrote my narrative. When it was finished, I read it to Sir Montagu McMurdo, who told me that he was unable to detect a mistake. In my biography of Sir Charles I have described fully and accurately the train of political events that led up to the battle. Here I am concerned only with the battle itself.

On the 16th of February, 1843, Sir Charles Napier was encamped at Muttaree in Lower Scinde, on the right bank of the Indus. The negotiations which he and Major Outram had carried on with the Ameers of Scinde were at an end, and a battle was now inevitable. A large force of Beloochees with fourteen guns was, as he knew, encamped about ten miles south of Muttaree, on the banks of the Fullalee, a tributary of the Indus. His own force consisted of the 22nd, now known as the Cheshire Regiment, three regiments of native infantry and three of native cavalry, a detachment of Madras Sappers, four nine-pounder and four six-pounder guns, and four howitzers. After making due allowance for the protection of his baggage, he would not be able to lead into action more than thirteen hundred and fifty infantry soldiers, not counting commissioned officers, and seven hundred cavalry.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 17th the army began to move. The Scinde Horse, followed by the Sappers, led the way. The road, a mere beaten track, traversed a plain of white silt, broken at intervals by dry water-courses. Much time was spent in crossing these obstacles, for most of the guns were drawn by camels, and, as these animals cannot pull up-hill, it was necessary to cut down the banks and shovel the earth into the bed, so as to make a level road. After a march of seven miles the advanced guard approached the Fullalee, the bed of which was then dry, the eastern bank lying on their right, parallel to their line of march.

Suddenly, as they tramped along, the silence was broken by the roar of a distant cannon. The General promptly formed up the infantry of his advanced guard behind a small canal, unlimbered two guns, which accompanied him, and sent the Scinde Horse to reconnoitre on both banks of the Fullalee. Presently it was ascertained that the enemy were in front, and the march was resumed. About eight o'clock the enemy's camp was descried. Some distance ahead, on the nearer bank of the Fullalee, a large wood stretched over the plain, and further off, on the left front, was a grove of mango-trees. The wood was bounded by a high mud wall, on the top of which were perched hundreds of matchlockmen. Along the further limit of the space between the wood and the grove extended the enemy's host, and their guns were placed in two masses, covering their flanks. The view was as yet imperfect, and Captain John Jacob rode on with the Scinde Horse to reconnoitre the ground on the left front.

Napier now halted to wait for the main column, which had been delayed by the badness of the road. At length it arrived, and the whole army continued to advance until it came within three hundred yards of the wall. Napier saw that to turn the wood was useless, if not impossible; for he would have to cross the Fullalee under the enemy's fire, and, when he had gained the further bank, to force his way through a wood which would destroy all formation. The column therefore wheeled to the right into line. The Artillery, flanked by the Sappers, were on the right. Next to them stood the 22nd Regiment, numbering about five hundred, half of whom were Irishmen. Next came successively the 25th and the 12th Bombay Native Infantry and the 1st Bombay Grenadiers. The left of the

line was covered by the Scinde Horse, and in reserve behind the right were the 9th Bengal Light Cavalry.

Meanwhile Napier swept the field with his telescope. A round-shot pitched at his horse's feet, but did no harm. The matchlockmen had disappeared from off the wall before the formation of the British line; and he concluded that there were no loopholes for them to shoot through and no scaffolding to aid them in firing over the top. But he could now discern that there was a village in the grove on his left front, and the chances were that it was occupied in force. Presently Jacob rode up and reported that on the further side of the grove there was a deep *nullah* with scarped sides, swarming with men. If it was impossible to turn the wood, it was equally impossible to turn the village. There was but one way to fight the battle,—to attack the enemy boldly in front. Thirty thousand warriors were there, many of them drunk with *bhang*, every man of them inspired by fanaticism and hate; and against this host he could lead no more than a bare three thousand, of whom less than a fourth were British soldiers.

It was half-past ten before the line was ready. Then, under a brisk cannonade from the enemy, the British guns were moved forward, while the infantry advanced in echelon from the right; the left was thus refused in order to avoid the fire from the village. Skirmishers were thrown out to search the ground in front, and try whether an attack in flank was to be expected from the wood. Two hundred yards further on the gunners opened fire, but the range was too great; a little further, and they tried again; this time with more success. Three hundred yards from the enemy's line they unlimbered for the third time, and, after a short sharp duel, silenced their

slackening . cannonade. Meanwhile the General, as he rode with his Staff past the wood, was disturbed by thoughts of the danger which it might bring forth. There was an opening in the wall, through which he feared that the ambushed matchlockmen would rush out upon his rear. One thought after another came into his mind, only to be rejected,—till a happy inspiration seized him. Placing a company of the 22nd just inside the opening, he bade their captain, Tew, to keep it blocked, and never to give way. Hardly had the order been given when Tew was shot dead; but to the last the gap was held.

And now the infantry regiments, still formed in echelon, were dressed in preparation for the final advance. The baggage, guarded by the Poona Horse and four companies of native infantry, was formed in a circle, close behind the line of battle, the camels lying down around it, and bales being placed between them, so as to form a rampart over which the guard might aim. The bugles sounded, and as under a galling matchlock-fire the regiments moved on, the enemy abandoned their guns. Encouraged by the rattle of their comrades' musketry, the 22nd marched past the wall. Suddenly the General saw that before him, winding from behind the wood at right angles to its former course, was the bed of the Fullalee; and the dark faces of the Beloochees appeared above the edge, bending over their levelled matchlocks. The host who had been seen before were in reserve on the plain beyond. The guns were run forward to within a few feet of the bank; but, owing to an outward bend in the wall, there was no room for more than four. The General gave the word: the measured tramp quickened; and with a loud hurrah the British soldiers charged. Racing to the edge of the bank, they were

about to leap down, when they saw a myriad swaying sabres flashing in the sunlight before their faces, and in amazement staggered back. They knew that they could not overbear that ponderous phalanx of swordsmen. For a time indeed they stood their ground, and kept up a rolling fire of musketry; but they soon saw that they were uselessly exposing themselves to the fire of the Beloochees who knelt behind the foremost rank. Their officers commanded, implored them to charge again; but unheeding, they recoiled some eight or ten paces, advancing only to deliver their fire, and the Sepoy regiments on the left followed their example. Again and again, as the British guns roared out, a hail of grapeshot flew diagonally down the river-bed, and hurtled through the dense masses of the Beloochees; while along the bank the shouts of the striving multitudes, the sharp reports of musket and matchlock, were mingled with the frequent clash of the bayonet and the sword. Twice or three times the Sepoy regiments were violently hurled back, and even the British swerved before the rush of their desperate foes. Officers and men were falling fast, and it seemed doubtful how the day would go. Then, conspicuous among the thronging combatants, appeared the eagle face of the British General; driving his horse through the ranks of the 22nd, and waving his helmet, he called upon the men to make one charge for victory. Still it was in vain; the bayonet alone could not decide the battle. But now the soldiers were becoming cooler and more confident. Gradually they had beaten down the fire of the front rank. Planting themselves, three or four at a time, almost on the edge of the bank, and only stepping back to reload, they shot into the striving mass with such swiftness that, as the

foremost rolled over dead or dying, those behind could hardly spring clear of the corpses and aim before a fresh volley hurled them also back. Fainter and fainter grew the fire which they returned, so cumbrous was the matchlock in comparison with the musket. At times indeed, maddened by those steady volleys, knots of clansmen would drop their matchlocks, rush over the bank and fling themselves with sword and shield upon the line; but their efforts were without discipline or concert, and the British, easily lapping round their flanks, always drove them back again over the edge. In the narrow space, barely ten yards wide, that separated the contending hosts, Napier slowly walked his horse up and down, more than once scorched by the fire, though never struck, and always at hand to rally the wavering.

Heaps of writhing bodies were lying close under the bank, and still the Beloochees would not give way. Moreover, the officer commanding the Bombay Grenadiers, misunderstanding his instructions, had kept his men in the original echelon position, where they were of little use. Captain Jacob with the Scinde Horse had made a bold attempt to turn the grove on the left; but the deep *nullah* and the jungle were impassable, and he was obliged to return. The crisis had arrived. Now or never, Napier saw, the battle must be won. Exhorting his men to hold their ground, he sent an order to Colonel Pattle, his second-in-command, to charge with all the cavalry on the enemy's right flank. The Bengal regiment had already crossed over from the right in support of the infantry, and was now not more than thirty paces behind the left of the line. Presently a body of turbaned horsemen was seen streaming in single file between the

village and the Grenadiers. While the third squadron of the 9th drove masses of the enemy to the left, into and along the bed of the river, and the second expelled numbers from the village enclosures, the first, with the Scinde Horse, rode straight for the further bank. As they galloped across the plain near the village, some fifty of the Scinde horsemen, failing to clear the ditches that intersected it, were flung from their saddles; but the rest, spurring on, dashed over the bank of the river, across its bed, and on to the plain beyond; and then, while the Bengal troopers fell upon the masses in front of them, the Scinde Horse charged the camp of the Ameers, swept down upon their reserves, and threw the whole array into confusion. Distracted by this unexpected onslaught, the front ranks in the Fullalee hesitated; the British infantry saw the wavering of their line, and, springing forward with a triumphant shout, forced them back from the bank till the fighting was renewed in the middle of the river-bed. The Sappers had made a breach in the wall: one of the four guns had thus been brought to bear upon the masses whom Tew's company had held in check; and now, driven out of the wood by the fire, they joined the left of the line. With desperate fierceness the conquered Beloochees still fought on, but at last they knew that they were beaten; and turning, though still glancing grimly round, with a swinging stride they slowly stalked away. Large bodies indeed still lingered near the village, and looked as though they would make another rush; and it was not until the whole of the British guns had been turned upon them that they too sullenly dispersed.

The loss of the Beloochees was very severe. Within a circle of fifty

paces' radius four hundred corpses were counted; and in all not less than two thousand had fallen. But Napier had won his victory at a heavy cost. Of his little army sixty-two officers and men had been killed, and a hundred and ninety-four wounded.

Such was the battle of Meeanee. Napier's leading has been enthusiastically extolled, and I do not know that any fault has been found with his dispositions; yet in a sense Meeanee was a soldiers' battle. The officers fought like gallant gentlemen, but they, perhaps even their war-worn chief, did not at first comprehend the conditions of the combat; and if the men had followed their lead, the battle might not have been won. Sir Montagu McMurdo, who himself leaped into the river-bed and there slew four Beloochees in single combat, told me as much. "I don't like," he said, "to speak of myself; but when the battle began, I was full of the idea that the bayonet could carry everything before it, and it seemed to me disgraceful that the men should recoil as they did. I advanced several times to the edge of the Fullalee, and ordered and entreated them for God's sake to follow. But they knew what they were about, and they fought the battle quite right. They knew that they would be throwing away their lives to no purpose if they attempted to carry the position with the bayonet; and at last they got tired of hearing me tell them to advance. 'Mr. McMurdo,' some of them called out, 'Mr. McMurdo, if you don't leave off, we'll shoot you.'" Napier's foresight in placing Tew

to hold the gap in the wood; the superiority of the British artillery and of the musket over the match-lock; the coolness and good sense of the British infantry; the timely order which Napier sent to Pattle; and, above all, disciplined combination prevailing over isolated valour, — these were the chief factors in the victory of Meeanee. And, if Sir Richard Burton is to be believed, judicious bribery counted for a good deal; Sir Charles, we are told, had spent secret service-money in corrupting the Ameers' artillerymen. McMurdo, on the other hand, who was his son-in-law and possessed his confidence, told me that he had never heard anything of the kind. What is certain is that neither generalship, nor courage, nor superior weapons, nor even corruption would have availed if the Beloochees had formed, not a loose gathering of clans, but a compact host. Referring to the rushes which they made over the bank, Sir Montagu wrote to me: "Had these been combined, — that is, simultaneous along their line, — I cannot say confidently what would have happened; we were so weak numerically, with no supports even. Happily they were tribe rushes. . . . It will be understood then that the width of front of such isolated charges seldom exceeded that of one of our companies . . . the men of the companies on either side (and therefore free of this pressure) lapped on either flank of the Belooch chargers [*sic*], and roughly handled them with the bayonet."

T. RICE HOLMES.

STEVENSON'S LETTERS.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON; selected and edited by Sidney Colvin. Two volumes; London, 1899.

ACCORDING to the adage the world once knew little of its greatest men; but this reproach, if reproach it be, is being speedily removed. We run the risk indeed of knowing too much about all men, both great and small; and whatever be our definition of greatness our curiosity is seldom disappointed. The fatal lack of reticence, which has already debauched the Daily Press, is creeping into literature, and the fact that a man has put pen to paper seems warrant enough for uncovering his most private life and most secret thoughts. It is a sorry, indiscreet doctrine, and it may carry us further along the road of indiscretion than we can as yet foresee. Not only may the editors of letters do an unwilling injustice to the dead; they may also turn the lamp of ridicule upon the living. Moreover the danger is greater to-day than ever it was; for to-day the smallest achievement means notoriety. The modern writer is not allowed to live, as he lived in the time of Ennius, in the mouths of men; he must also face an abashed existence in the newspapers. His movements must be chronicled, his house described, and no sooner is he dead than all his letters that have survived the flames are collected and presented to the world. Fame, indeed, is too apt to be translated into eavesdropping, and it is strange that men of letters should be the unhappiest victims. For literature

is a craft which, pursued in private, makes no instant appeal to the practical citizen, and there seems no reason why the writer should be more widely discussed than the barrister, for instance, or the cheese-monger. "As for the art that we practise," said Stevenson with perfect insight, "I have never been able to see why its professors should be respected. They chose the primrose path; when they found it was not all primroses, but some of it brambly, and much of it uphill, they began to think and to speak of themselves as holy martyrs. But a man is never martyred in any honest sense in the pursuit of his pleasure; and *delirium tremens* has more of the honour of the cross." That is sound sense, soundly expressed, and it will be a good thing when the man of letters is merely praised for whatever good work he achieves, and is left to live his life in decent obscurity.

These reflections are suggested by what appears to us the over-hasty publication of Mr. Stevenson's letters. He has been dead but five years: the most of his correspondents are still in our midst; and we cannot overlook the inconvenience involved in asking the whole world to share the confidences of a few. That Stevenson had no thought of publication is abundantly proved. When one of his letters was inadvertently published, he wrote an instant protest. "You scarce appreciate," said

he, "how disagreeable it is to have your private affairs and unguarded expressions getting into print. It would soon sicken any one of writing letters." It is true, on the other hand, that he desired a selection of his letters and a sketch of his life to be prepared for publication; but possibly he did not contemplate so swift a realisation of his wish, and perhaps the letters without the life, to which they might have served for a commentary, appear too intimate. At any rate, having read the two volumes, and found a part at least of them vastly entertaining, we cannot shake off a feeling of intrusion. Why, indeed, should we know the thoughts and affections of a man whom we never saw? He did not write these letters for the eye of whomsoever chooses to buy the book. He poured out his personal views of life and men and art in his letters, and he put into his leisurely literature such opinions as he desired to express to the world. The one set of documents supplements the other,—that is true, but have we the right to look over a man's shoulder as he writes to his friends? Moreover, the book suffers from a kind of monotony: the same opinions are expressed, the same journeys described in half-a-dozen letters; and the work might have been reduced by one-half without any loss to the reader, while many a brief note to publishers and others might surely have been omitted.

However, here we have so large a sheaf of letters as has been gathered from the correspondence of no other of our generation, and when once we have overcome our feeling of indiscretion we may enjoy the wit, fancy, and judgment of the author. Now Stevenson is loudly proclaimed in his own books; and his character, partially sketched in the letters,

awakens no surprise. The letters confirm the impression of his deliberate works. Before all things Stevenson was romantic, the legitimate offspring of 1830. For all his love of the classics, for all his interest in the English language, which he handled like the exquisite he was, he appears in these letters the fervent champion of romance. The elder Dumas is his hero; for M. Zola, himself as romantic as Stevenson, he has no word of praise. "The curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted. I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas." So he professed a keener joy in life than in literature; as who would not? So he found his home among the Polynesians, whom he loved and understood. "But O, I love the Polynesian," he wrote; "this civilisation of ours is a dingy, ungentlemanly business; it drops out too much of man, and too much of that the very beauty of the poor beast; who has his beauties in spite of Zola and Co." And as he was romantic, so also he was quixotic. Not even his ill-health could deter him from the ambition of enterprise, and in 1886 he seriously proposed to take the Curtins' farm in Ireland. "All the manhood of England and of the world," said he, "stands aghast before a threat of murder." Therefore, he argued that as his work could be done anywhere, as moreover his life was always precarious, as "nobody else is taking up this obvious and crying duty," he should set sail straightway for Ireland, and take upon himself the crafty, murderous hatred of the agitators. It was a splendid scheme of sacrifice, splendidly imagined, and one wishes that he had not been

dissuaded from its execution. He might have failed: he might perchance have even drawn upon himself the bullet of the assassin; but he would also have obeyed the most generous impulse, and it is possible that his courage might have won the sympathy of the Irish. The same quixotism persuaded him to refuse the money once proffered for a story, on the ground that, having undertaken and failed to do his best work, he was not entitled to the promised reward. But so he is pictured on every page,—a man of lofty honour and unimpeached generosity, who did the best work he could, and was surprised at the adulation of the people.

Indeed, he accepted his success with an almost boyish astonishment. He was sure that his popularity could easily be explained on the principle that there was something wrong with him. But he delighted in it none the less, and poses in many a letter as "the literary swell" with an evident joyousness. At the same time he never took himself or his craft too seriously. "My skill deserts me, such as it is, or was," he once wrote from Vailima. "It was a very little dose of inspiration, and a very pretty trick of style long lost, improved by the most heroic industry." He clearly divined that he pleased the journalist, and declared with perfect frankness: "I do not think it is possible to have fewer illusions than I." At the outset he found great difficulty in writing. "Even now I cannot make things fall into sentences," he wrote; "they only sprawl over the paper in bald, orphan clauses." But the time came when his works knew no bald, orphan clauses, though even with certainty of hand he did not acquire a foolish pride in himself. He could write; he knew that. He could preach; he

knew that also. Wherefore he wrote and preached with the greatest content, and did not trouble his head severely concerning fame. "I know a little about fame now," he wrote from America; "it is no good compared to a yacht; and anyway there is more fame in a yacht, more genuine fame; to cross the Atlantic and to come to anchor in Newport (say) with the Union Jack, and go ashore for your letters, and hang about the pier with the holiday yachtsmen—that's fame, that's glory, and nobody can take it away; they can't say your book is bad; you have crossed the Atlantic." That is the proper attitude, and it reminds us of such stalwart men as Edward FitzGerald, who have written, and written well, without thinking that they were archangels for their pains.

Of course the Letters contain many passages of excellent criticism, both of particular works and general principles, though it must be admitted that the sojourn in Samoa put many things in a wrong relation, and that near the end Stevenson extended an amiable tolerance towards all sorts, to whose works he would in earlier days have given a proper value. But he never lowered his standard of prose. "Prose," said he after Flaubert, "is never done;" and for all his love of adornment he loved also simplicity. "Beware of purple passages," he wrote to a colleague; . . . "wed yourself to a clean austerity. Wear a linen ephod, splendidly candid. Arrange its folds, but do not fasten it with any brooch. I swear to you, in your talking robes there should be no patch of adornment; and where the subject forces, let it force you no further than it must; and be ready with a twinkle of your pleasantry." That is a precious, yet wise condemnation of preciosity, and Stevenson, like many another, condemned

his own whim in others. On another page he gives a just judgment of *THE SPECTATOR*, which some foolish critics said was his inspiration. "I have tried to read *THE SPECTATOR*, which they all say I imitate, and, it's very wrong of me, I know—but I can't. It's all very fine, you know, and all that, but it's vapid." So also he admired concision, as we should have expected from his own practice. "Why," he asks, "was Jenkin an amateur in my eyes? . . . The reason is this: I never, or almost never, saw two pages of his work that I could not have put in one with no loss of material. That is the only test I know of writing. If there is anywhere a thing said in two sentences that could have been as clearly, and as engagingly and as forcibly said in one, then it's amateur's work. Then you will bring me up with old Dumas. Nay, the object of a story is to be long, to fill up hours; the story-teller's art of writing is to water out by continual invention, historical and technical, and yet not seem to water; seem on the other hand to practise that same art of conspicuous and declaratory condensation which is the proper art of writing." The main thesis is good; but the exception disproves rather than proves the rule. Montaigne, for instance, is as discursive as Dumas or Scott, and it is, we believe, a false distinction which would thus separate fiction from other forms of prose. Verbosity and concision are virtues, each in its place, but concision is the greater virtue, and verbosity can only justify itself by the stress of circumstances. However, whenever Stevenson criticises he prompts to argument, and it is fortunate that in most of his correspondence he reveals himself as a keen and strenuous critic of books.

For the rest the Letters wear a

somewhat solemn aspect. There is no doubt that Stevenson was always inclined to preach, to pontify, to be didactic. As pictured here he seems to have cultivated the lay-sermon rather more diligently than need be. We have often been told, indeed, that there was another side to him; once even, we believe, he was called an indelicate Ariel; but there is no hint of freedom, and not too many hints of spriteliness in these somewhat grave volumes. Of course you gather that Stevenson was supported in an arduous life by an indomitable courage, while here and there, especially when he drops into the Scottish tongue, you get a word of reckless gaiety; but this word is too seldom spoken, and the lasting impression of the book is severe and sombre. In description sometimes he is admirable, but then you feel he is anticipating the literary expression of what he has seen or heard; at other times he draws a character with rare discernment, and again you are reminded of his *MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS*. His description of Molokai is really eloquent, and a few lines concerning Father Damien, though they suggest his famous pamphlet and illustrate his favourite and sane theory that to do right is a hundred times better than not to do wrong, are ever memorable:

Of old Damien whose weaknesses and worse I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant: dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candour and fundamental good humour: convince him he had done wrong (it might take hours of insult) and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector the better. A man, with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that.

But perhaps the best letter of them all is a lament for his lost

friend, James Walter Ferrier. The first part of the letter is a pæan to friendship, the last, which we quote, is a skilful and touching character :

I never knew a man so superior to himself as poor James Walter. The best of him only came as a vision, like Corsica from the Corniche. He never gave his best measure either morally or intellectually. The curse was on him. Even his friends did not know him but by fits. I have passed hours with him when he was so wise, good, and sweet, that I never knew the like of it in any other. And for a beautiful good humour he had no match. I remember breaking in upon him once with a whole red-hot story (in my worst manner), pouring words upon him by the hour about some truck not worth an egg that had befallen me; and suddenly, some half hour after, finding that the sweet fellow had some concern of his own of infinitely greater import, that he was patiently and smilingly waiting to consult me on. It sounds nothing; but the courtesy and unselfishness were perfect. It makes me rage to think how few knew him, and how many had the chance to sneer at their better. Well, he was not wasted, that we know; though if anything looked liker irony than this fitting of a man out with these rich qualities and faculties to be wrecked and aborted from the very stocks, I do not know the name of it. Yet we see that he has left an influence; the memory of his patient courtesy has often checked me in a rudeness; has it not you?

This is indeed a sure and graceful tribute to a friend, while the compliment in the last phrase is of the loftiest. It reminds us of Pope's famous line, than which it has been said literature knows no finer flattery, "Disdain whatever Carberry disdains;" yet is it not even higher praise to say of a dead friend that his patient courtesy is still a check upon rude behaviour?

We would that Stevenson's portrait had been drawn with equal candour. Not Mr. Colvin is a Bossuet rather than a Boswell, and he has written a

eulogy which, eloquent and sympathetic as it is, leaves but a faint impression upon our mind. The real Stevenson has evaded the panegyric, and we feel of the letters as we feel of the preface, that it is not here we shall discover the author of *TREASURE ISLAND*. Yet to what purpose are letters printed save to reveal the complex character of him who wrote them? And now that we have read these eight hundred pages, how ill we understand their writer's personality! Of course we see that he is vivacious, brave under suffering, keenly enthusiastic for literature and the arts. But these are qualities which he shares with many others, and again we say that the real man has escaped from these two stately volumes. And this brings us to another question. How is it that Stevenson, who has been dead scarce five years, has so august a monument raised in his honour? There is no other man of his time who will be so bravely distinguished, and it is interesting to attempt an explanation of Stevenson's popularity. Accomplished as he was, he is less in stature than many men of whom the world knows nothing; nor did he ever make a definite appeal to the people's favour. Yet he has already passed into a legend, and the whole Press has conspired to advertise him. For him it is a temporary misfortune; time will sift his work, and permit us to contemplate his excellencies otherwise than on the bended knee. But for the moment he suffers a patent injustice. He has been painted in such colours of blue and white as no man ever wore, and the least word written by his hand has been as reverently criticised as though it were part of an ancient classic. The time has not come to pass a judgment upon him. His works will remain to find the place which they deserve; but meanwhile

we may wonder what it is that has aroused the general enthusiasm. It can hardly be his works, because the delicate humour and style of his essays, the dainty colour of his shorter stories will always elude the vulgar. Nor is it as a writer of boyish romance that he thus takes his place in the people's fancy. Probably it is the adventure of his life, the tragedy of his sickness, which have won him so wide a sympathy. The curious public, which is slow to discover literary talent, is always attracted by the enterprise and suffering of those who write; it would always rather applaud its hero on a side issue, and find that admirable which the hero has accomplished away from the profession of his life. So Robert Louis Stevenson has grown into a figure of romance, more wonderful than any of his own creations. He has been pictured among the natives of Samoa, whose politics he made a vain attempt to shape; he has been heard of in the highlands of America or in the remote Marquesas. In fact, he aroused

an enthusiasm which would have been unfelt had he lived out his quiet days in London or Edinburgh; and the journalists, misled by a false interest, praised him with more zeal than discretion. Thus it has come about that his letters are printed with as much respect as though they were Shakespeare's or Fielding's. But still the real Stevenson is hidden from our view. The letters, interesting and animated as some of them are, show but one side of the man; while as for the writer, we prefer to go back to his books, which we know have received the last polish or revision which his delicate hand could give them. In a hundred years, perhaps, the letters may be invaluable documents, or, should the popularity supposed by their publication decline, they may lie among the forgotten books. But whatever be their fate, is it not premature to print them now? The passing years might have lifted the weight of reticence, and though old letters are often as precious as old wines, is not last year's vintage apt to taste a little crude?

CONTINENTAL FIGURE-SKATING.

FIGURE-SKATERS may be roughly divided into two classes, those born and those bred to the pursuit, and a difference will always be noticeable between the two. The born skater shows an originality and vivacity in his performance, which can never be emulated by the skater who has been made by dint of taking pains and hard work; the latter will always be somewhat stiff and somewhat too academic in his movements. For both, however, constant practice is necessary on approved lines before any degree of perfection can be reached. A skater may be able to perform many things owing to natural strength of ankle, power of balance, and nerve; but there will be still something lacking in his performance if he does not study the best way of using these natural advantages.

The rules of correct form in English figure-skating are strictly laid down, but even more strict are those of the Continental styles. One reason of this is that in England there are no very distinct schools of skating; in fact it may be said that there are only two, the pure English and the Anglo-Swiss. Between these two there are at most but small differences, the latter adding some few niceties to the art which are not insisted on in the former; in the main they are the same. On the Continent things are very different, owing to the differences of nationality. Each nation has its own peculiar style, and even in one particular country there may be several distinct schools, each of which teaches and upholds some special modifications of the general

national style. All, however, begin their teaching from one fixed point, as it were. This rule with which all the foreign schools commence is that the employed leg, that is the one on which the skater is performing, shall be kept bent at the knee. This is the exact opposite to the first rule of all English skating.

Starting then from this common point, Continental skaters vary a good deal in other respects, according to the particular school which they may represent. The different styles may be called the French, the Swedish, the Austrian, the Hungarian, the German, the Russian, and the mixed Swedish-Viennese. The various styles emanate from the clubs formed at Paris, Stockholm, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Berlin, Munich, and St. Petersburg.

In Continental skating generally there is first to be considered the employed leg on the position of which all are agreed, and then the carriage of the unemployed leg, of the arms, the body, the hands, and the head. It is in connection with these latter parts of the body that the differences of the various styles arise.

The French school is the product of covered rink-skating, and is chiefly marked by its *abandon*. There are virtually no fixed rules for the carriage of the arms and unemployed leg. The knee of the unemployed leg is very much bent; the arms are held away from the body almost shoulder-high; the body itself is inclined forward; the unemployed leg is carried at a considerable distance from the employed, swinging stiffly with very little bend at the knee. The style

is remarkable for its agility rather than for its grace. There is on the whole, thanks perhaps to the natural exuberance of the race, too much freedom and too little restraint. Their skating is somewhat of the nature of the *can-can*.

The Swedish school approximates to the French, but is marked by much greater reserve. The arms are kept lower, breast-high at most; the employed leg is less bent; the unemployed is kept more under control, and is not used with the stiff clumsy swing of the French; it is more bent at the knee, and is gracefully posed with the toe pointing downwards and the knee turned outwards. Generally, the carriage of the body is more upright, and the whole motion is more subdued, although still retaining great freedom. The figures executed in both the French and Swedish styles are more noticeable for their originality, and cleverness of execution, than for their grace or accuracy. Skaters of these two schools are apt to be somewhat rough and at times almost uncouth. Of the pure Swedish school Herr Grenander is probably the finest exponent; he is remarkable for the variety and brilliant execution of his figures.

Turning to the skaters of Central Europe, the Austrian school, exemplified by that of Vienna, is perhaps the best known, and the majority of skaters who have achieved much of late years have been imitators of this style. Much of the freedom of the French and Swedish schools is lost, but there is great gain in a certain graceful reserve, and in the added accuracy. The rules of the Viennese school are strictly laid down. Arms should be carried waist-high; the unemployed leg must be kept fairly close to the employed, toe down, knee slightly bent and turned outwards; the body is held very upright. In-

deed this style is very much more in accordance with the generally accepted ideas of good skating as conceived in England. On inside forward and inside back edges the unemployed foot is held in front of and nearly over the employed foot, a position which adds to the graceful appearance. The Viennese skaters are also particular about the carriage of the hands. They must be open not clenched, the leading hand slightly turned palm upwards, the other turned downwards. The chief fault noticeable in some exponents of this school is that of stiffness. Their skating may be made almost too academic, and there is at times a noticeable effort to conform with the rules laid down. The Viennese skate their figures large, very accurately, but somewhat slowly.

We find German skating represented by the two schools of Berlin and Munich. The former has not of late produced any skaters of very great merit, and as a school lacks something in originality. Their style is moulded on that of the Viennese, but they fall short of this standard by a want of accuracy and neatness. The Berliners are slightly less academic, however, than the Viennese, allowing more freedom in the use of the unemployed leg and of the arms.

Munich also follows nearly the same lines as Vienna, but is even more academic. The arms are held lower, but the hands do not meet with the same careful consideration that they do from Viennese skaters. The unemployed foot is held closer to the employed than is the rule of the rival school, and the unemployed foot is generally kept close to, and slightly behind the employed.

Buda-Pesth has not been very prominent in the foreign skating world of late, though some very fine performers have hailed from there. Their style is more free than that of Vienna,

and their figures are skated with more pace and more dash. As for the individual parts of the body, the Hungarians follow the example of the Viennese, but allow more freedom and, generally speaking, show more individuality.

St. Petersburg has produced but few good skaters. The school also is moulded on that of Vienna, but is more free. Indeed the Viennese school may be said to have set the model for the whole of Central Europe. At present the finest representatives of these various styles of skating are Herr Hügel of Vienna and Herr Fucks of Munich. The last-mentioned school of skating, the mixed Swedish-Viennese, is most happily exemplified in Herr Salchow of Stockholm. Here the academic stiffness of Vienna and Munich is avoided; the over-exuberance of the French and pure Swedish schools, shown in the sometimes exaggerated motion of the arms and legs, is modified, and most of what is best in the two styles seems to have been combined to form one. In this Swedish-Viennese style the body is held upright, legs moderately wide apart, arms waist-high but allowed to move upwards if necessary with a graceful and quiet swing. The unemployed leg is slightly bent toe downwards, and is carried in front of or behind the employed as the particular turn necessitates. There is no appearance of jerk; every motion is made with a graceful, steady swing of the extended arms, and with a steady even raising or lowering of the unemployed leg.

Throughout Continental skating the most noticeable features are the arms, since they are carried high and extended from the body, and the unemployed leg, since it is carried at a considerable distance from the employed, and does most of the work when a turn is executed. Consequently these are the first two things that catch the eye of the critic. The arms, which call

attention to the general carriage of the upper half of the body, must never be allowed to move with a jerk. They mark, as it were, the direction of motion and follow or sometimes even precede the rotation of the body, emphasising the rhythm. And so they must move easily and steadily with an even swing. The unemployed leg can very easily look ungraceful, often from the skater's misfortune rather than from his fault, but in whatever position it is placed, the first thing to avoid is any appearance of a kick in changing that position. As it moves it must do so slowly with a swinging motion, not rapidly with a kick. These points represent the most important differences between English and Continental skating, for in the English style the arms and unemployed leg should attract as little attention as possible.

At first sight to an Englishman this arm and leg work of the foreign skaters appears unnecessary and ungraceful, but it must be remembered that English and foreign skaters perform with very different objects. The Englishman learns to skate chiefly for the exercise, and for the pleasure he himself experiences in overcoming difficulties. He takes his pleasures sadly, considering merely this gain of exercise and his individual merit, not taking much account of spectators, but content to judge for himself of his performance, himself playing critic to himself. The Continental skater, though doubtless no less eager to arrive at excellence, thinks firstly of the spectators and critics, skating especially for their good opinion, and to give them some sensation of pleasure at sight of a thing so well done. It follows that an Englishman does not consider a difficult thing well done until, to the casual observer, it appears to be very easy, and to have needed no extraordinary effort. The foreigner,

on the other hand, makes an easy feat appear difficult, at once raising in the spectator feelings of astonishment and admiration. Since then the Continental skater is performing for the pleasure of the spectators, he will skate small, intricate figures which can at once be examined and appreciated by the surrounding audience. Consequently foreign skaters use skates very much more curved than those usually adopted in England. They do not wish to make large curves, but prefer to have their figures on a small scale, compact. The ordinary radius of the skates used abroad is five feet, or even less; many patterns are made with mixed radii, five and a half or six feet in the middle of the blade, and four and a half at the extremities. In some cases the middle part of the blade is made broader than at the ends, which has the effect of further reducing the working radius. The skates are often finished with a small spike at the extremity of the toe, on which are performed the wonderful toe-spins to which foreigners are much addicted.

As the result of these small radii the figures described on such skates must necessarily be of small dimensions, what in England would be called picture-figures. The Continental skaters do at times indeed skate big turns at high-speed, but although the edges before and after the turns are very clean cut and true, yet there is always considerable appearance of effort about such performances, and a decided jerk. There must be some contortion of the body and some lack of grace in the carriage and a too decided movement of the unemployed leg, in order to overcome the natural tendency to move on a curve of small radius.

The Continental skates are also made higher off the ice than English patterns, so that the skater can get

very hard on to an edge, without running the risk of his boot coming into contact with the ice. The body is therefore often very much inclined from the vertical towards the ice, and the skate seems to grind into the ice, leaving very deep and true cuts. All the turns (three, rocking-turns, bracket-turns, counter-turns) are executed almost entirely by the use of the arms and of the unemployed leg. The swing of the arms gives the required direction of rotation, and the twist of the unemployed foot, raised or lowered at the same moment, is the main factor in executing the actual turn. The body is allowed to take up any position that is most natural. This is again directly opposed to the English style, where the turn is done by the body-swing and by the ankle-work of the employed foot, without the external aids, as it were, of the arms and unemployed foot.

The Continental skaters excel in loops, cross-cuts, pig's-ears, toe-spins, and pirouettes. These loops and cross-cuts are made by a steady rhythmic swing of the unemployed leg, the foot rising or falling as each stop or new edge is made in the cross-cut, and revolving steadily round the employed leg in the making of loops. Very hard set meanwhile on the edges, the skater makes and keeps up his pace by means of this swing. The toe-spins and pirouettes are wonderful exhibitions of clever balancing. They are skated at great pace. In the toe-spins one hand is lifted above the head, pointing vertically upwards. This assists to keep the centre of gravity of the body directly over the small surface of contact between the skate and the ice. Of these figures one of the finest is that known as Hügel's Spin, more commonly called the cork-screw. Starting with a powerful stroke of the outside forward edge, and inclining his body very much over from the

vertical, Herr Hügel starts the spin with a strong swing of the unemployed leg. The arms are extended at right angles to the body, and assist to keep up the momentum. As the spin progresses, and as the pace of rotation increases, the arms are gradually lowered, and the employed leg, hitherto kept rigid, is gradually bent. The unemployed foot, having now swung in front of the employed, is grasped by the two hands. The spin is continued in this position, the employed leg becoming more and more bent, until the skater is almost in a sitting position. The unemployed leg is, as it were, coiled round the employed, the foot still held in both hands just clear of the ice. Then the employed leg is gradually straightened again; the unemployed foot is released; one arm is lifted above the head, and the skater ends the figure with an ordinary toe-spin. Another figure, which is included in the *repertoire* of nearly all expert Continental skaters, is the spread-eagle. This as usually executed in England is very ugly; the feet are kept apart and in the same straight line, heel to heel, by a great and unnatural effort. The knees are bent and the whole body seems to be contending against the contortion. The foreigners do it apparently without effort, legs absolutely straight, body perfectly upright, and arms folded across the chest. Discussing their superiority in this figure with a great Viennese skater, I was informed by him that he was in the habit of standing in stocks, constructed specially for the purpose, for two hours daily throughout the summer months, in order to accustom his legs to the required position. And this seems to have been the method adopted by most of the skaters to achieve this figure.

On the whole the Continental skaters are most remarkable for their

originality and individuality. Each skater has a large selection of fancy figures, peculiar to himself in many cases, forming beautiful and symmetrical patterns, and the individuality of the man is very marked in his selection of figures. One skater will indulge in a wild riot of spins, grapevines, and pirouettes, while another will perform intricate patterns on a small scale, quietly, but with wonderful execution. All foreign skaters are also accustomed to skate to music. In England the only combination of skating and music is instanced in waltzing on the ice, and it is comparatively rare to find two skaters, who are waltzing, also paying very much attention to the music. The music is an excuse for the waltz, but seems hardly to be a necessary part of it. Abroad there are an infinite number of pretty steps all invented for the purpose of being skated to music, and depending on the strict accuracy of the time-keeping for their good effect. These steps are generally for single skaters, but there are also pretty arrangements of them for two or more performers. The figures introduce grapevines, mohawks, and spread-eagles, the majority of them being what are generally known as two-foot figures. Throughout the performance perfect time is kept to the music, and a rhythmical swing is imparted to the motion of the arms and of the body which is most pleasing to watch.

Continental skating is to English skating very much as continental dancing is compared with English dancing. Englishmen usually dance either a smooth, fairly fast waltz, not always particularly graceful in itself, or else a rather furious hop-waltz. The smooth waltz gives at any rate an appearance of power and of control over the feet; it may be made very graceful, without any undue appear-

of effort, and allows of beautiful
ing. The hop variety is not
it, but is cheery and very ex-
ing; as hard exercise it has cer-
great merit. Abroad the hop
neral, but it is done quietly;
teps are pretty and very neat,
perfect time is kept. Not
ground is covered, but there is
y of animation and swing about
en though it be on a small scale.
so with the skating. The English-
shows power and dash with a
n clumsiness perhaps, or else
so little apparent effort that the
difficulty is not generally noticed.
urves are big, strong and smooth.
Continental skaters exhibit neat-
rhythm, and execution, but it is
a somewhat small scale.

the matter of costume foreign
rs are far ahead of us. We

English folk wear our ordinary every-
day dress for skating, with loose
coats, and trousers that crease and
fold with every motion of the body;
or else we take to knickerbockers,
whereby is produced a somewhat
startling contrast between the upper
and lower parts of the leg. Abroad
the skaters wear tight-fitting coats,
and clothe their lower limbs in tights,
or else in close-fitting trousers, with
high boots or hessians as foot-gear.
The costume shows up the lines of
the figure, emphasises the rhythmical
motion of the body, and calls atten-
tion to every nicety of the swinging
motion of the unemployed leg. It is
clothing the body so that it may, for
the particular art of skating, look
most attractive.

GEORGE WOOD.

THE BLIZZARD.

THOSE who have only seen the soft, wet English snow, dear to the juvenile mind from its association with snow-balling and figure-making, can have little idea how terrible an enemy it is in those regions where the intense cold converts the beautiful element, as it falls, into fine dust which no endeavour will bind together, where each tiny crystal of this dust is frozen into a glittering speck of ice scarcely larger than the point of a needle, and almost as sharp. It is true that most of us have at one time or another been inconvenienced by the snow and slush of these latitudes: trains are stopped, traffic impeded, and communications interrupted; but these trifles are very different from the state of things in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan, the true home of the blizzard, where the frozen white dust is often caught up in a raging torrent of wind, travelling perhaps some forty miles an hour, at a temperature of, say, thirty degrees below zero, which is another way of saying sixty-two degrees of frost. It seems wonderful that any one should be able to live for even a minute in such a storm of death; and of course it would be impossible were there a suspicion of moisture in the atmosphere, but many are compelled to make the attempt; some succeed, others fail; how, many people on this side have little idea, for though news of a blizzard may be reported briefly in the English newspapers, the names of those who have perished are concealed as far as possible.

I am going to confine my remarks

to the blizzard on the prairie. It may begin in different ways. I have known it spring up quite suddenly on a clear winter's day, but generally it gives some sign of its coming, often by a strange and ominous silence lasting sometimes for an hour or more. There seems to be no life in Nature; there is not the slightest motion in the trees or bushes, not a stir in the air, and not a sound, unless animals are close at hand, for they know what is coming and cry uneasily. Then, with the utmost suddenness, the blizzard strikes. All may be peace one minute, pandemonium the next; clear and bright one moment, a raging, freezing grey-black night the next. The contrast defies description. The blizzard in which Johnson, the mail-driver on the route between Troy and Fort Qu'Appelle, was caught came up somewhat as follows.

In the early morning it was beautifully bright and peaceful. Between the hours of eight and nine several solar coronæ and numbers of fine rainbows were visible, and there was a clear mirage, the inverted houses of the Fort with the frozen lake, along the horizon. Gradually the sun grew more feeble, the colours died out, and at noon the light became partially choked by a rolling mass of grey cloud, through which the sun glowed like a blood-red ball before being blotted out. The clouds drifted thicker and closer, the darkness increased, and a great silence fell over the prairie. I looked from the doorway of the little Troy hotel, the windows of which were sheeted with an armour-plating of ice, and watched

little spiral flurries of snow-crystals rising up at every point, travelling along a few yards, then dropping with equal suddenness. It is a wonderful sight that, and can only be seen in regions where the cold is sufficiently intense to convert the snow into dust. These spiral columns would spring up in the midst of perfect stillness, sweep along like an advancing army of genii, then suddenly disappear, only to rise again as suddenly at another point. It is a magical phenomenon, not caused by wind, but by the breath, as it were, of the coming storm; it is one of Nature's kindly ways of warning her children that danger is at hand. I noticed, also, that the masses of cloud were dropping, and that a strange darkness was forming between earth and sky; the spiral flurries became indistinct, and livid, if I may use the word,—I can think of no better. Next I heard a low moaning, and before I could stir there was a mighty rushing and a roar, and a furious cloud of ice-crystals cut me across the face. The wind shrieked, the houses shook, the woodwork creaked and groaned. The snow sprang into the wind, and formed an impenetrable curtain through which no eye could pierce. Earth, sky, and atmosphere assumed the same appearance, a grey raging torrent of blinding snow. Inside the house little eddies of snow were dancing wildly about the boards, and the cold was fearful. Now and then there would be a rush towards the door, a furious scuffling, a regular tempest of wind and dust and a man would burst in, his beard and eyebrows ice-bound, and crystals glittering on every hair of his furs.

Johnson has described his terrible journey for us. He had covered ten miles, half his stage, when the blizzard struck him. He was of

course well wrapped up, and owned one of the finest buffalo-coats in the country; so he made himself as snug as possible, whipped up the horses, and for some time made fair progress, as he was travelling with the storm. It was impossible to see anything, but he was an old hand, and could tell by instinct whether the runners were gliding over a trail or the rough prairie. Presently the horses became invisible; his face was covered with a grotesque mask of snow that had clung to the warmth of his flesh and frozen there, and great lumps of ice hung to his beard and moustache. Still on he went, thinking doubtless (as all do in similar circumstances) of the warmth and comfort awaiting him when he reached shelter. On and on the horses struggled, until three-quarters of the distance had been covered, and his spirits rose with the thought that he was well able to control his movements, and, if nothing happened, could last the journey. But that something *did* happen. Presently there was a plunge of the off-side horse; the sleigh half stopped; there was another plunge, and now Johnson realised that there was trouble. He tied the reins to the front bar of the sleigh and crept out, keeping his back well to the stream of snow. A trace had become unhitched. He fumbled with it, but he was a little heavy and stupid with the cold, and he could not refasten it with his mitts on. He pulled them off, put them in the sleigh, and took up the trace, though its contact froze his fingers. How it happened he never could tell. He hitched the trace, and staggered to the sleigh, but for some reason the horses suddenly took fright and bolted. He caught wildly at the side of the sleigh, but was knocked back into the snow. He struggled up again and shouted for help, but there was nothing in

sight, nothing except the whirling snow. The sleigh had gone, with it his mitts, and with them both his hope of life. Yet he made a splendid effort. He dragged himself along the snow-piled trail, and in some wonderful way his instinct never failed him; but his hands were soon frozen, and his arms became useless appendages hanging like lead to his body. There was a farmer's shanty not a mile away. He kept on, staggering blindly beneath the storm, sometimes walking, sometimes crawling, but fighting always against the deadly inclination to drop down and sleep; he knew that continued motion was his only chance, poor as it was, and he kept moving, though his senses were well-nigh dead. And he reached the shanty; he fell against the door, and the farmer heard his pitiful sounds, and dragged him inside. Seeing his condition he kept him well away from the fatal heat of the stove, stripped him, and placed him in a tub of ice and snow, in the hope of preserving his frozen limbs.

So far as I know Johnson is still alive. Both his arms were cut off and both his legs; but decomposition was arrested by these awful measures, and, as I say, he may be living to-day,—if it can be called life.

When the blizzard has dropped, the inhabitants of each settlement often go out and search the bluffs and snow-hills for the bodies of any who may be reported missing. Terrible are the discoveries sometimes made by these bands, as the following instances will show.

I was a member of one such search-party after a short but very violent blizzard. We had tramped into a bluff, on our way to a shanty where we hoped to obtain refreshment, when the leader stopped suddenly, and called out. I looked where he pointed, but saw only a thick patch of willow

scrub. "What is it?" I asked of the man beside me. "Don't you see," he replied, "over there, side of that poplar?" Then I saw. It was a very dreadful, yet in its way rather a beautiful sight. The bluff was piled up with the unbroken snow with all its crests and ridges, and the bare trees were covered with white wind-ing-sheets. Huddled up against the trunk of a poplar was the figure of a boy, his hands clasped round his knees, his head resting sideways upon his arms; he crouched there, motionless in that silence, as though he were fast asleep, though we knew too well the meaning of that sleep. On approaching we found that he was frozen through and through, for all the world like a block of marble. We had to carry him away in that crouching position, and he was buried as he died. He was the son of a neighbouring farmer, and we heard that he had gone after a wolf just before the commencement of the blizzard. He must have lost his way, and wandered into the bluff, where he had sunk exhausted by the tree, and finally succumbed to the fatal sleep.

Still more sad was the case of Daddy Peters, as he was called, a kindly old soul, who lived on a little farm with his old wife Mammy, both of whom were always glad to welcome a visitor. Daddy's stables were about fifty yards from his shanty, and during the blizzard he insisted on going out to attend to the requirements of his stock. Mammy entered a strong protest, but Daddy, who, like many old men, became angry and stubborn at any suggestion that his powers were failing him, stuck to his purpose. He wrapped himself up and went out into the storm. They found him next morning, not ten yards from his own door. He had reached the stables, and done his duty there. This had probably numbed him, and

when he tried to get back he must have lost his way. It sounds ridiculous to say so, but when a man cannot see a yard in any direction, and all his surroundings are exactly the same, what can he do, except go by instinct? Daddy's instinct had served him; he had found the barbed wire fence, which ran up within a few feet of the shanty, and he had felt his way along by this. When found his poor old face was covered with frozen blood; the flesh had been torn by the cruel barbs when the storm had thrown his body against the wires. Mammy was unconscious and half-frozen by the side of a dead stove, but she luckily recovered.

I have noticed that women can, as a rule, endure extreme temperatures better than men. The following incident of Widow Baker and her two sons is a case in point.

This old lady lived on a farm in North-Western Manitoba, together with her sons, young men both, the eldest not over five-and-twenty. Her husband had been dead about a year when the catastrophe occurred; the boys had given up their own half section and had brought their stock and implements to the old place to farm it for their mother. One day in March a violent blizzard sprang up suddenly, and in the midst of it the great box-stove in the kitchen fell over,—not a very uncommon accident, but in this case the risk had been increased, for one of the supports had come off, and its place had been taken by a large stone, which probably had become shifted. The stove-door burst open, and blazing logs and red-hot embers showered forth, rapidly igniting everything. The young men were outside, necessarily braving the elements, as they were short of fuel. The widow lost her head and did a very foolish thing; she threw

open the house-door and then the storm-door, but forgot to close the former when she called out for her sons. Of course the wind, rushing wildly into the house, completed the disaster, and the little wooden shanty was soon ablaze. Fortunately the boys were close at hand; they rushed in, and managed to save some bedding and furs, but it was quite impossible to attempt to save the house. There was no shelter within three miles, while the blizzard was increasing in violence every minute; their horses had been turned out for the winter, with the exception of one, who had lately (misfortunes never come singly) gone dead lame; oxen were of course useless. They did the only thing possible. They wrapped up their mother as well as they could, put her in a small out-house, and then lashing on the snow-shoes they had saved from the fire, started off for help. Nobody ever saw them alive again. They became hopelessly lost, wandered away from the trail, and finally succumbed to the storm. Mrs. Baker was discovered the next day, completely buried in snow at the fair-weather side of a pile of logs, but alive and not frozen. She narrated her adventures. After being in the out-house for some time it had been turned over by the almost solid wind; none the worse for the tumble she crept out, crawled on hands and knees to the log-pile, and there buried herself. The full fury of the wind was spent upon the icy covering that protected her, and she escaped unhurt, to mourn the loss of her two sons and her home.

Besides actually recorded tragedies the blizzard is responsible for more than one mysterious disappearance. A man may be missed, and seen no more; his place is deserted, but to

all appearance he had no intention of leaving it. Later it may become known that he went about the time of a blizzard, and then people understand, and wonder where and when they will discover it. At a little colony in central Assiniboia a young English fellow vanished in this strange manner about the time of a blizzard. Search was made for his body, but in vain; the spring thaw came, cultivation took place, but they never found his remains. His farm and effects were sold by the instruction of his father in England, and the young man was forgotten. On the fourth spring after his disappearance, a farmer was driving his team of oxen along a trail in the neighbourhood, when the brutes suddenly broke off across the prairie (a very common trick with oxen, let me say,) and dashed into a dried swamp, where thick strong grass was springing up from the still marshy soil, the farmer swearing and beating them across their noses in orthodox Western style. Midway the wheels of the wagon fastened into something that creaked and cracked. The farmer looked to see what it was, and to his horror discovered a skeleton. From certain articles found beside it some of the settlers had no difficulty in identifying the remains of the young Englishman, who had been lost in the blizzard four years earlier. Needless to say the bones were properly buried at once.

And now I come to speak about the most awful incident connected with a blizzard that has ever been brought within my knowledge. Those who have not had the opportunity of learning how greatly the human temperament can differ, may be inclined to disbelieve the following true story. Two half-bred trappers, Landreville and Cloutier, lived to-

gether in a wretched hut on the Great Saskatchewan river. Like most of their class they were morose silent men, unrefined, uneducated, true children of Nature. Landreville was especially taciturn, and I have been told that he would sometimes go through the day without speaking a word, preferring to make signs rather than to use his tongue. They were a curious couple, but I suppose they suited one another.

Factor M., who told me the grim story, was making his way on snow-shoes back to the fort, along the bed of the Saskatchewan, when the blizzard struck, a blizzard which was general from the Arctic Circle as far south as Dakota, and which was one of the most destructive that has ever scourged the country. The factor took shelter in the trapper's hut, the only place available. He found Cloutier engaged in making a pair of moccasins; Landreville, he was told, had been out since early morning, making a round of the traps. The factor made himself comfortable beside the fire, and when he failed to draw his host into conversation, took refuge in the consolation of his pipe. Outside the blizzard was raging with that fury which cannot be imagined unless it has been experienced; but Cloutier went on stolidly with his occupation, for it was not in the man's nature to show any anxiety about his companion. The factor began to grow sleepy, when the door suddenly burst open, and what looked like a polar bear crawled in. It was Landreville; round his neck were strung some martens he had taken from the traps; his snow-shoes were gone, for he had found them useless and had thrown them away. He did not say a word, but pulled off his ice-covered furs and settled himself by the fire; the factor noticed that he never stood up. Cloutier glanced up

once, and when he saw his companion, whom he had very likely given up as dead, he merely said, "Ho!" and went on with his work. Landreville pulled out his hunting-knife, then slowly removed his socks and moccasins. The factor looked and shivered at the sight of those bare feet, for they were both absolutely frozen and dead; and frozen flesh on a living man is a dreadful sight, with its cold cream-like, waxen appearance, but the factor had little idea what was about to take place. For when Landreville had sharpened the knife to his satisfaction, he bent down, and deliberately began to slowly carve off his right foot above the ankle.

It was a horrible, a sickening sight; the factor described it as the worst nightmare he had ever passed through. Once Landreville called to his companion for the axe,—but I had better not go into details. The right foot fell off, and then the silent man carved and chopped away at the left, while the stolid Cloutier went on stitching at the buckskin, as though cutting off one's own feet were an ordinary occupation. The whole thing is too dreadful to dwell upon, but it may be interesting as showing what a man, who has no nerves and no sensibility, is capable of doing. I will only add that Landreville failed to arrest the mortification engendered by the heat of the hut, and died in a few days.

Like almost everything else the blizzard has its humorous side, though the little gleams of comedy are as a rule lost in the dull black shadows of the tragedies. Turning up an old diary I find the following entry, under the heading, Tuesday, December 2nd: "Twenty below, when I went out to the stables. Colder still, and the snow falling in great masses Dakota way. Went to Egg Lake for hay (twenty-four miles). Blizzard

coming back. Never suffered more in my life." There does not appear to be much of a cheerful nature about these few remarks, and as a matter of fact, I did not myself see much humour in them at the time, though I have since laughed a good deal at the memory of that day's adventure.

I was working on a farm with an elderly Scotchman, a morose, red-nosed individual, who insisted, much to my disgust, on invariably regarding me as a mere boy. He had a wife and children living near Aberdeen, and if it were not drifting from my subject I should like to tell the story of his life, which was an uncommonly sad one; *was* I say, for he died tragically soon after we parted company, without setting eyes again on his family. We both worked for an English farmer, an inhuman creature, who made a point of sending us long trips across the prairie if the temperature was very low or a blizzard was impending. On this particular day we had orders to go to Egg Lake, a very desolate region, for hay. This hay is cut in the early summer, when the swamps are dry. It is stacked and left there until winter, when the farmer hauls it on his bob-sleighs to his farm as he requires it. As we had a long way to go, we were given the horses, which, though not nearly so strong as oxen, are much quicker, and after breakfast we started off with a cage-rack on the bobs, and a good solid snow-bed on the trails. It was bitterly cold all the way, and though we took turns in driving the horses and running along by the side of the sleigh to keep the circulation going, it was cruel work. We passed no human habitation on the road, and saw no signs of life, except clouds of snow-birds. When we reached the lake we loaded the rack, and then fell to on our lunch of bread and cheese. The former was frozen hard, though

we had kept it in our pockets, while there was a thin coating of ice over the cheese; but we got through it, and then set off for home again. P. had scarcely spoken a word to me all the time, but during the return journey, he turned and said, "See yon, laddie?" I looked, and perfectly understood that a blizzard was racing up, that we were about ten miles from home, and that I was absolutely numbed.

Before another half hour had passed we were in the thick of it. It was not a very violent storm, for we could see quite twenty-five yards in front, neither was the temperature phenomenal, as the mercury never dropped more than fifteen degrees below zero; yet I do not think I have ever been more miserably cold. I buried myself right in the hay, until I heard the voice of P., "Laddie, what's come to ye?" I dragged myself out, and could not help laughing when I saw my companion's face. His beard and moustache were a mass of ice, and underneath his fur cap his big red nose gleamed like a danger-signal through the rushing snow. "Hullo, Father Christmas!" I called out, but old P. had no sense of humour in him, and sternly rebuked my attempt at frivolity. "Do you no ken, laddie? It's a blizzard." "I know it is," I said. "Shall we do it?" He shook his snow-covered head ominously, and we dragged our miserable way on, while feeling gradually went out of my legs. "Laddie, we maun tramp it," said P. suddenly. I muttered something about the state of my limbs, and some harsh epithets concerning the storm, which roused my companion's ire. "Are ye no ashamed o' yourself, lyin' there with fear o' death before your

eyes, an' swear-words on your conscience? Laddie, ye need to pray, I'm thinkin'." Then he took me by the legs, and literally hauled me out of the hay. We unhitched the horses, abandoned the load, and struck towards home, using the animals as a protection against the rushing clouds of frozen snow.

I quite think it was owing to P.'s presence and his extraordinary remarks that I was saved from being very badly frozen, and perhaps losing something, that day; he kept me awake, and actually laughing, by his attempts to make me thoroughly grasp the extreme gravity of our position. For all that it was a terrible struggle with the elements. I kept stumbling with weariness, and once or twice fell altogether, and begged to be left, just for a few minutes' sleep. But P. was resolute. He continually quoted Scripture, and as continually pounded me with his fists, sometimes even with the butt-end of his hay-fork, which he carried to steady his footsteps. "Keep awake, laddie. Fight against the wiles o' Satan, an' he will flee from ye." This was the sort of thing that went on all the journey. Utterly exhausted, with scarcely strength left to crawl, we reached home, and when we got inside I fainted. When I came to, with a taste of corn-whisky in my mouth, P. was standing grimly near me, thawing out his hand in a basin of ice-cold water, and treating the farmer to a lecture on the ways of Providence. Poor old P.! I have laughed many a time, when I think of that strange journey. My own bites were painful, but they thawed out all right; my right ear, nose, and right hand, were the afflicted parts.

ERNEST G. HENHAM.

AMONG CHINESE MONASTERIES.

It was near Ningpo that I first assisted at a Chinese Buddhist service. We had been straying over hills glorious with azaleas of many colours in their full delicate bloom and perfect beauty. The most exquisite pink azalea hung over the great waterfall there, and caught some of the spray upon its blossoms as the stream turned over the edge for its first leap, the flowers constantly wavering with the breeze brought by the rushing waters. Wandering by beautiful Windermere in England I had read Miss Gordon Cumming's description of hill-sides striped and banded in colour with azaleas, and thought that some day I too must see them. The seasons had rolled round but twice, and now here was I already tired of pink azaleas, too smart, it seemed to me, for a mountain-side, and preferring the big orange flowers, or the deep red, or revelling in the long clusters of sweet-scented wistaria, that hung about like lovely ringlets, looking with exultation at osmundias among their opening fronds with the full vigour and health imparted to them by the spring, and delighting in the clumps of feathery, golden-stemmed bamboos, old friends of my childhood, yet admiring almost equally *Cunninghamia Sinensis* on its native heath. We plant little saplings of this last over here in our gardens, and boast of them. There they were tall and vigorous, and everywhere giving an Oriental character to the ferns and the azaleas, the bamboos and palms.

Then the rich sweet tones of the Buddhist bell summoned us, and we

slept, as it were prisoned, within the dark precincts of the monastery, not even through latticed windows catching any glimpse of external glories, till solemn sounds roused me in the early dawning, and I stole in at the back of the dark temple, and could hardly believe I was not in one of the Portuguese churches of my childhood. There knelt the priests with close-shaven heads, and long cloaks brooched across the left breast, leaving the right arm bare, and formed of little oblong bits of old gold, or ashen grey, stitched together, thus symbolising at some expenditure of pains the poverty of rags. They prostrated themselves three times, touching their foreheads to the ground before the altar,—was it not? They bowed and knelt before the altar; they elevated the Host, or at least a cup, one ringing a bell meanwhile, the others prostrate in adoration. Could the resemblance be more perfect? They chanted a monotonous chant, (a Gregorian, as it seemed to me), and after many bowings and prostrations and beating of a dull, wooden gong in the form of a skull, moved in procession round and round before the altar, bowing as they passed, each with a rosary at his side, and solemnly chanting. There seemed to be no doubt about the words. I heard them quite distinctly: *Domine, ora pro nobis, ora, ora!* Then *gloria! gloria!* swelled out. And meanwhile, though passing me at intervals so closely that I could feel the rustle of their robes, not a priest there seemed to perceive my presence, but all went by with shaven heads, and eyes bowed down, and fingers and



palms close pressed together. A strange feeling came over me, as if I were dreaming. Had the azaleas intoxicated me? Was I in the far-away Madeira of my childhood? Were those not Portuguese Roman Catholic priests, not Chinese Buddhists? Were they praying really,—to our Father in Heaven,—or are there more gods than one? If not, they were worshipping and I was not. And this worship had gone on after this fashion for thousands of years, long before Christ walked the earth and lived and died for men. I knelt in prayer behind the Buddhist priests; and then I saw the figure of the Virgin with the Holy Child upon her knee. They call her Kwanyin, Goddess of Mercy.

Outside the door stood two beautiful *Salisburia Adiantifolia*, the sacred tree of the Japanese. The breeze rustled through their graceful leaves, resembling the lobes of the maiden-hair, and I felt that they could tell me all about it, if they could only speak. The blue sky overhead tells no tales, and the azaleas were of yesterday. Then a young priest came up to question me, and to ask me if I could say *Omito Fo*. Blessed is Buddha, I took it to mean, and assuredly he must be blessed, if ever man were, for the good that he has done for his kind. But since then I hear that learned men attribute various meanings to the phrase, and their meanings I do not understand, nor I am sure that these priests would understand them; they did not look very clever. I meant what they meant. "Our Temple wants new tiles, *Omito Fo*. We are very poor, *Omito Fo*." Praise-God-Barebones meant the same, I fancy, by his Praise God. But Buddha was a man, I hear someone say. Well, then go to Thibet, and tell me what the uninstructed Thibetan means, as he walks along the streets murmuring, "*Om*

Mani Padmi Hum (the Jewel is in the Lotus)." What does he mean by saying it, wise man? I do not ask what you think the words may originally have signified or symbolised; is not its meaning now, *Praise the Lord of Life*?

The next monastery we visited was the stately Tien Dong. Avenues of magnificent trees led up to it, squares with giant trees enclosing them, terraces and ponds with the sacred lotus. The entrance and approach prepared one for more than man could ever realise inside. The Parthenon would have looked small and the Pantheon empty after that approach. As it was I certainly did not think much of the temples, and the guest-rooms were dark. But the trees behind were beautiful, and had enticing paths leading on into the woods.

There was a well-dressed Chinaman going in. He proved to be captain of a man-of-war, and, with some reason for acquaintance with us, he asked if we should like to be introduced to his particular friend, the Chief Priest. Within the inner courts there was a blush-rose peony plant covered with blossom, before which the Post-Captain stood in rapt adoration. It was evident that he had really brought us to show us this, as one of the wonders of the world. The Chinese specially esteem peonies of this shade of colour; and indeed it was a lovely sight and must have carried off the prize wherever it was exhibited, so carefully had it been grown and so completely was it covered with blossom. But I had seen flowers before, never a Buddhist High-Priest, nor a Chinese Post-Captain clad in long silk gown and high boots. The Post-Captain led us into the pleasant reception-room. On the couch sulked a Mandarin we had met several times before, always wear-

ing a scowl and a magnificent gown of richly embossed cream-coloured satin. He scowled now, and without a feint of courtesy of any kind at once seated himself in the seat of honour. Then the Chief Priest came in, with nothing to indicate his grandeur beyond particularly civil manners. He had also a bustling cheeriness, which was probably all his own, not belonging to his office, as he begged us to sit at the round table and taste the various sweets with which it was spread. Delicious tea was now brought in, of a kind very costly even in China, scented with jasmine flowers. After having thus distributed hospitalities, pointed out the peony, and generally made us welcome, the Chief Priest bustled away, carrying off the Post-Captain with him. Then a comfortable-looking Ningpo merchant, spending a few days at the temple with his family, with that geniality which seems a Ningpo characteristic, began to introduce the various members of his family and to make friends generally; but the cream-coated gentleman still sat and scowled. It was disagreeable, and so, though everyone says one cannot, I determined to treat this scornful Mandarin as if he were after all a human being. Looking round with a bow and a smile, as if I had never noticed his rudeness, I took the seat indicated to me at the table, at which he had already seated himself. After all, a Mandarin is human; he looked surprised of course, but smiled too, and after that we saw his scowl no more, but received a very polite bow and smile when, after a little while, he went away.

Years passed, and I saw no more of monasteries, till we went to Omi's sacred mountain in the far West of China, where we stayed at the comparatively rich Temple of the Myriad Years. There were crowds of pilgrims

all the day and every day, grand rooms set apart for us (but with a most filthy kitchen), an elegant but strictly vegetarian repast (including some delicious *beignets* with pumpkin flowers inside), and at the end almost violence, in the shape of priestly rapacity begging for a contribution to their expenses, and showing us the startling sum given by some American missionaries, their last foreign visitors, who had occupied our rooms before us. There it stood, inscribed in beautiful Chinese characters in their visitors' book; but it turned out on subsequent enquiry to be a barefaced forgery. The American missionaries had paid for the accommodation they had received, and for nothing more.

At the next temple where we tried to spend the night, we were met by a point-blank refusal. The priests said their rooms were full. We might have believed them, had they risen to receive us and offered us tea; but meeting with cold incivility we believed rather that the Temple of the Elephants' Pool was too rich to be beguiled by foreign offerings into receiving heretics, and pushed on through the gathering night and rising mist, up and up along a *col* like a knife's edge and by beautiful trees, to a little temple, where they did their best to make us comfortable, according to our (to them most strange) tastes. After which they importuned us like beggars for some of A.'s old clothes, because the young priest in charge of the temple had set his foolish fancy on trying foreign garments, and like a child could not be turned from his point.

At the top of the mountain we spent a fortnight in the Golden Monastery. The priest, whose especial duty it was to entertain strangers, received us from the first with great courtesy, but he informed us that all our meals must be eaten

in the privacy of our own apartment. And as at first we had none,—for we could not (till we had tried all round and failed) resign ourselves to one room giving on to the mountain-side out of which it had been dug, and with only one window that did not open—this resulted in our taking our first meal in the open air upon the grass of the mountain-top; the monastery, however, very kindly supplying us with hot water for our tea. Then, finding no other temple could or would receive us, we promised to take no life while upon the sacred mountain, and only to eat our shocking foreign food in the one room assigned to us, having it cooked in the adjoining one given over to our two servants and eight coolies. The priests used to come in and out all day, offering us tea and sweetmeats; but they never would even drink tea out of our cups for fear of any defilement of previous milk still clinging round them.

That monastery struck us as both strict and carefully managed. The Chief Priest, who had the air and bearing of a saint, spent hours in solitary devotions in the temple on the verge of the great precipice that goes down for something like a mile from Omi's top; and up which the white mists float and fly, and roll and curl, or sometimes creep up like great bears, putting one foot before the other and peering cautiously over the edge, then coming on with a rush and a hot damp breath from the sweltering world below, that year writhing in the Cholera-King's embrace. All the temples on the mountain's top were burned down a few years ago, but they were being quickly rebuilt almost in a row, and presenting, at all events in their preliminary stage, much the same appearance as Canadian log-huts. But the exquisite bronze temple on

the edge of the precipice, to which every province in the Empire contributed, has never been rebuilt after its sad conflagration, and there still stand the beautiful fragments. Meanwhile the rough pine-wood edifices seem all at daggers drawn. One golden temple was bringing an action against another for placing a golden pinnacle as the centre ornament of its roof, thus building up a pretext to filch from it its immemorial golden title; while another temple accused ours of having intentionally lit the fire that consumed it. We did not believe this of our temple, for even its boy-priests were hard-working, good little lads; who knelt and burnt incense with reverence too. On the other hand, the young priests of the adjoining temples seemed bold, bad youths of ribald laughter, importunate curiosity, and great effrontery. There was, however, one other temple where the priests were always wrapped in devotion whenever I looked in. They had not yet begun rebuilding; perhaps they were still praying for funds, as they knelt among their burned and charred images. There were outlying temples on distant points of vantage, each inhabited by a solitary priest. One had long attracted us by its exquisite neatness and the propriety and cleanliness of its arrangements. Its occupant was away on pilgrimage, but he returned before we left the mountain, and we were not surprised to find him a young man of great gravity and courtesy. We had already studied his kitchen, with its kettle hanging from the rafters by a chain and a pointed stick, and had also observed his closed bed, which, in accordance with the stricter rule, was but a wooden seat, so that day or night he could never lie down. We now saw how carefully washed the feet in his straw sandals were, also

what superior straw sandals he had brought up to sell to pilgrims who had worn out theirs, and how particular he was to make no profit upon the transaction when we bought a pair, and inadvertently slightly overpaid for them. But our acquaintance was not long nor intimate enough to arrive at anything of the spiritual life beneath that exterior propriety. He it was who told us there was a way down the back of the mountain into the wilderness, where the wild cattle roam, and that, though bad, he could not say it was any other than passable, seeing he had just passed along it; and this he said though he could see our coolies' imploring gestures and hear their rather audibly muttered curses. They had everyone of them sworn there was no path; but there was, and the young hermit could not say otherwise. We often thought of him as we all fell headlong, more than once, while descending that path, that certainly did exist and enabled us to proceed to our next sacred mountain without descending into the burning cholera-stricken country.

Where we went it was hot enough; but it was positively cold on the flat top of Sai King, upwards of ten thousand feet high, where the temple gave us its best room; it was perfectly dark with no window, but a free current of air ran through the chinks between the planks of which it was built, and there were three separate places of danger between its door and the outside world. I had a bad fall there once, but I dreaded three every time I went in or out. There the winds howled, and the rain poured, and we were not sorry to do our cooking in our bedroom, although, in spite of all the cracks, the wood-smoke nearly blinded us. But the views were magnificent, — when we could see them. The final ascent,

after flights of steps, was up three ladders, one of twenty-seven rungs, whence we looked away, from the edge of the precipices that girdled the mountains all round, over everything as far as the eye could reach. The mountain-top was flat with ice-cold streams, and clad with rhododendrons, some twenty feet high, and firs festooned with moss, which also grew about a foot thick upon the ground almost everywhere. There were only three priests at the temple. One was old and useless; one was shivering with ague, which seemed strangely out of place on that mountain, but we did not learn how long he had been there, confining our sympathies to relieving him with quinine. The whole work and administration seemed to be carried on by the young priest who had led us up the mountain, and who by various begging-excursions had amassed enough money to buy it for four hundred gold dollars, and so to save it from the havoc of the woodcutters who had for years past been cutting down all the trees. This young priest took care of the potatoes, collected the mushrooms, and did everything, it seemed, that was done. But we could not find out that religious services were among the number; it was the aged priest who lit joss-sticks before the images in the morning.

Since then, however, we have stayed in a monastery with which his and the golden temple on Omi are both associated. The Monastery of the Parti-coloured Cliff is only about fifteen miles from Chungking, the commercial capital of China's great westernmost province of Szechuan. The entrance was striking, from the perspective of the carefully planted shrubs, the flights of steps, the carvings and careful adjusting of the path with sudden corners, lest its straightness should admit free access to evil

spirits. This is a prevalent Chinese superstition, leading to the almost universal practice of placing screens across their entrances either within or without, and like Fung Shui, the Lore of Wind and Water (often called the reigning religion of China), probably taking its origin in climatic influences, so much to be dreaded where transitions are so sudden and so severe. In America, where they are perhaps equally so on the East coast, it seems to be the custom to despise them and affect to be so hardy as to set them at nought, but the American race does not multiply. The Chinese race is most prolific, and in a climate like theirs it is obvious that the draughts, which are cut off by these screens and crooked entrances, would naturally be specially dangerous. The Chinese despise none of the forces of nature, and in winter they are as in a feather-bed inside their multiplicity of wadded garments, whereas in summer the men, at least, are bare to the waist, even at their feasts.

Much etiquette was observed in the method of our admission into Hoa Ngai. We brought gifts, as we were told was the usage, and polite monks received us and bade us wait first in one reception-room, then in another, while higher and still higher dignitaries were brought to parley with us. Finally we were conducted along a long, out-lying wing, the strangers' quarter, and led through one or two bedrooms, all full of beds, each carefully curtained and supplied with rolls of most comfortable-looking wadded quilts, evidently quite new from the brightness of their scarlet colour, a gift from some recent wealthy guest, we were informed. The floors were clean, everything was in order, and attendants, at once swift and quiet, were making all those last final arrangements that must be deferred

till the arrival of guests. But best of all was the view, the peaceful sunset framed in a setting of trees, the chastened lights and shadows and the fresh pure country air breathing in through the open window; but one must have lived shut up in a Chinese city to appreciate that as we did. The priests came to and fro to enquire if we were content. Only after some time did they signify that by their rules I must not share that room with the open window and the peaceful outlook, but retire to the women's quarter all along the long corridor again, down an outside staircase, along the corridor below, then through a great door with many bolts into a bedroom leading on into another, both full of beds, but otherwise untenanted and as clean as the rooms above, only without a view and with the dank smell of the earth outside instead of the fresh country air. Presently we were asked to take tea with the priests, tea and many sweets. A few priests are told off each day to prepare special food for the guests, generally of course pious pilgrims come to pray. There were over fifty priests in all, and we saw the orders for the day hung up on the wall as if for a regiment. We also saw all the others sitting at their severely simple meal, never occupying opposite sides of the same table, but always the same side of several tables, and in the midst on a raised seat the Chief Priest, not eating with the others. He always ate apart, but he sat there while they ate. In the early dawning we had been each day wakened by the bell to prayers and the solemn chanting. One day I sprang out of bed and followed the sound, which seemed to come from a side temple further down the corridor beyond my room. Only a few priests were as yet there, but they continued to come in till the chapel

was full. Only a very few of the youngest seemed to pay any heed to my unaccustomed presence, except the Chief Priest when he came in. He was an old man of over seventy, and had sat and talked with us at our evening-meal more than once, a great mark of condescension, we were told, only shown to honoured guests. Presently he came forward with a kindly smile, and taking me by the two shoulders very kindly but firmly pressed me into the place he desired me to occupy. The next minute I saw the reason of this. For, still chanting, the monks began to move in procession round and round the chapel in and out among the seats, forming the most curious figures, and ever quicker and quicker, ever with bowed heads and fingers and palms pressed close together. The wild simple chant rose and waned as they moved, close on fifty Chinese Buddhist priests moving as fast as ordinary people when they dance the Caledonians, all chanting and not one looking up. At last I felt as if I could bear no more. It may have been the early hour, the strange chant, the quick moving to and fro; at all events I tried to go to A.'s room and fell insensible on the stone passage just as I reached the top of his staircase. I recovered consciousness in an agony as to what Buddhist priests might think suitable treatment for a fainting lady if they any of them found me there, and that gave me strength to drag myself along to A.'s room. They were chanting still, the sweet wild music softened by distance now, or I might have thought it was all a dream as I looked out upon the gentle hills and sky framed in a setting of trees, and breathed the fresh country air again.

They were very strict in that monastery: they would not hear of our cooking anything for ourselves in

our own room beyond a kettle of tea; but their vegetarian diet satisfied all our wants. And there was a sort of chanting all day in the principal temple, a droning kind of chanting from certain priests told off for the purpose. We often looked in, for, uncommon enough, the central image was beautiful with a certain grave serenity. It was very ancient, they told us, and we believed them, for the images of to-day are made for money and lack the air of sanctity. This image recalled Byzantine pictures in Russian churches, very set, very firm, yet withal so kind and above all so holy.

But the most ancient temple was under the overhanging cliff from which the whole place is named. The water drips over it from the cliff, making the steps up to it so slippery that one must needs walk warily. There the images were of the true Indian type with supple, graceful figures, erect carriage, sloping shoulders and small waists, all as unlike the Chinese figure as possible. But perhaps the figure of Puh Hsien differed from the Chinese type as much as anything by the seraphic smile that seemed to illumine even the dark cavern in which it was shrined. Afterwards we saw carved on a headland of the Ya River, Indian divinities with low necked dresses and bare arms (an abomination in China), evidently from their type of great antiquity. Close by was the place where the head-priests are cremated, which seemed to have been recently rebuilt. We saw also the Chief Priest's grave, solemn by reason of its surrounding trees rather than from its architectural adornments. But the most striking feature of the whole place was its exquisite cleanliness and propriety, and the perfect order in all the land around that belonged to the monastery and

that might have been a model farm, so carefully was it weeded and watered and tended. The Chief Priest, so far as we could ascertain, was elected for three years only, and our Chief Priest's time was nearly drawing to an end, but before it did so he would hold the yearly ordination when the *stigmata* are burned on to the priests' heads by means of a lighted joss-stick as they lie prostrate before him. Those whose hearts are perfectly pure are said to feel no pain; but the most part appear to show some touch of human frailty. We were told that as a rule there would be two hundred candidates, but this year there were only half that number.

The monastery was charmingly situated, partly on a little knoll, partly on the more sloping side of the hill; with its outbuildings it must have covered about six or seven acres of ground, and the sound of worship was never silent there. But we were most impressed when we considered how great must have been the force religion brought to bear before out of such a slatternly race as the Chinese it produced this spotless, orderly, exemplary establishment. And as we sat within those peaceful precincts, listening to the rich deep sound of the Buddhist bells, so far more musical than those of Europe, and the hum of the chanting softened by distance, and realised that this ancient worship dated from immemorial ages (having been only reformed by Gautama) it seemed impossible to believe that for all these

centuries God has left these people groping in the darkness for a way to approach Him, or that this long-continued worship can be altogether unpleasing to the Most High.

The old Faiths grown more wide,
Purer and glorified,
Are still our life-long guide.

But in China they have to grow more wide. Would He be our God, all-powerful, all-merciful, all-loving, if for all these centuries He had left this patient people with their high ethics, their complex and beautiful system of morality, without any elements of truth to guide them? Surely Sergia Fu (as they call Gautama) and Confucius must alike be placed among the noblest seekers after truth, and the venerable Master Lao-Tsze perhaps even higher still. But to treat of him, so little known in Europe, whose teachings are now so clouded over with superstitious practices and his followers generally fallen so far away, would require at least an article to itself. Only thinking of these holy men of old we too bowed our heads and prayed that in teaching what further inkling of truth, what gladder tidings the All-Father has vouchsafed to us, missionaries might cease to divert the Chinese from that reverence for their pious ancestors and their high moral doctrine, which has been so far the great safeguard of the Chinese race, making their days longer in the land than those of any other race of whom we know.

ALICIA BEWICKE LITTLE.

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

DEAR LAD,

Yesterday (Sunday) evening I was leaning against the churchyard wall and looking over it, as I often do, across the valley. Everything was so quiet and still. In the far distance I could just see the black cloud that almost always, even on Sundays, hovers over Hampton. What ages ago it seems that you gave up farming and went there to work in the mills! Something came over me, and I thought I'd write to you, dear Lad, though very likely you have quite forgotten me and the old days.

It's dull here now, I can tell you; do you ever think how dull it must be? There never seems a soul about the place, and never a step comes up the garden walk, at least a step I care for. If the gate clicks in the dusk it is only old Robin or Peter (they are still just alive), coming to sit a bit with father and chat about old times. I am not quite so young but I catch myself too sometimes thinking of old times. Not that father's up to much talking or much working either, and for that matter every man about the place seems worn out too. Certainly the old fellows have lasted longer than one could have expected, and it's a wonder how they still manage to get through the work as well as they do. But it looks as if we should wake one morning (I mean we few girls who are left here) and find them all gone. There are no young men to take their places, and as for a ploughboy it's years since such a thing has been seen here.

The boys are learning Shakespeare and Latin, and a number of things

that seem to me still more absurd (for them at any rate), and what they'll do when they grow up I can't think. They won't like to do as you did, and go to work in a mill. I suppose they'll go into milliners' shops and measure ribbons and things, or the more manly ones may sell cheese and bacon behind counters; and I only trust they'll enjoy it. It's hard, or so it seems to me, on the old men, just when they wanted a little rest, to have to go back to a sort of second childhood, and be ploughboys and crowboys again. How the farmers get along (most of whom are nearly as worn out as father, and not half so good-tempered over it,) would be hard to imagine, only I suppose they don't get along at all. And now the talk is that you (I don't mean only you, dear Lad,) are never coming back to the land. If that's the case I suppose we shall have to go into the towns too, for soon there will be no one left in the village to look after us.

When I complain of dullness you must not think I am complaining for myself so much as the village. Do you know, I've been school-teaching now for some time, and it finds me plenty to do in the daytime. A great deal I have to teach the boys (who ought to have been, but never will be, ploughboys) is, as I said, very inappropriate; but from teaching them I've learnt a great many things I should never have known in any other way. Some of the poetry and fine writing my pupils get no good, or very little, from has sunk into my heart, and made me, I hope, a wiser and better girl than I used to be. Among

other things I've learnt not to grumble (for this letter, dear Lad, is not a grumble); and of the sort of content which teaches to give up fretting for what you are not likely to get, I hope I have garnered a fair share.

Dear Lad, don't you ever look up from the smoky town at the old village you used, once upon a time, to be so fond of, and where you knew every stone and every tree, or at the church where your old mother lies buried, (but perhaps you don't care for churches any more), and wish yourself back again? If not, you must have altered a great deal. A poor place, yes, as no one knows better than I do; a poor place indeed, and poorer than ever now, but with something better than riches, or rather with a wealth of its own that you might go far and never find elsewhere. It seems to me there are other things besides national glory that are worth paying for, even as much as three or four shillings a week. Was it worth nothing to see the lark rise in the morning from the shining grass at your feet, or to watch the little rows of green corn (of which after all no one perhaps would ever make a profit) peeping up after the rain, and later perhaps to see the wheat-field burst all at once into ear after a shower? How you must have changed to be able to do without them! You used to notice, when you were a lad, every living thing about the farm. There was not a nest but you knew the builder; you would never have thought of robbing one,—not that I would have let you (in the days when you did as I told you) if you had wished to. There was not a bird's note but you knew it; the thrushes are bursting their throats here now, and the nightingales in the dingle are singing as loudly as if there was an audience to listen

to them. I dare say you could not tell one note now from another; the noise of those hammers must dull the ear for such delicate sounds. The cherries and apples are setting,—but there, there's no end to all the glorious sights and sounds (like so many picture-galleries and concerts all free, gratis, and for nothing,) and you are out of it all. Do you remember the walks that we used to take in spring and summer about the lanes, and what we used to talk about? You get your walks still, no doubt, with somebody else. I have no one to walk with. Dear Lad, if you'd rather forget one thing you said, (not once but many times), Jenny will try and forget it too. Please don't imagine I'm jealous. I know nothing as to the sort of girls there may be at Hampton; there are plenty of nice ones, no doubt, and finer a great deal than we were. Certainly we never thought we were fine. Perhaps we were a little too much like the daisies; fresh and clean, and pretty enough in an innocent and simple way. You will have got past the daisies by now, and I am not so silly as to think the daisies everything.

They tell me that skilled workmen at Hampton (and I am sure you are skilled) get high wages, such as no one ever dreamed of in the country, but that houses, and lodgings, and everything you eat, drink, or wear is so dear that at the end of the week you are not much better off than our old gaffers at twelve shillings a week. I don't quite believe that, but I dare say you want a number of things in a town you never thought of wanting at home,—creating wants (don't they call it?) and then supplying them. I suppose it takes wiser folks than me to know about such things, but surely if everyone is to run off to towns to manufacture things, while the country grows gradually more and

more a desert, there will one day be nobody left to buy anything. But that is not so much what I was meaning. I dare say you are doing better in a money-sense than you would have done here. I only want to ask if you are quite certain that that's everything, and if so where you gained the knowledge. Was everything here so wretched that it was quite clearly an act of wisdom to shake the dust off your feet so determinedly? Think of your sweet little cottage and garden. The cottage has been vacant now for some time, and is going to ruin, while the garden is like the sluggard's (I wonder if you remember about him), and overgrown with all kinds of weeds and rubbish. I only hope you don't (as I hear is the case with many who are getting high wages) live in a dark dirty court, shut off even from the street, and buy your vegetables quite faded from an Irish costermonger who has probably never seen any fresh ones. Are people as healthy with you as with us? You may be, very likely; but what have you to thank for that but your up-bringing in country air? And you show your gratitude by leaving it.

The Old Bell too, with the roses climbing over its porch, where no one took any harm, and where even the

Parson thought it no shame to be seen (wasn't old Foster the sexton?) you have changed perhaps for one of those glaring town palaces, as they call them. You are a fine workman (oh, I am sure of it!) but will you ever be prouder than you were on that day when you came out prize ploughman? I was a little bit proud too. How well I remember your face, and that I thought you a little conceited over your victory! I'd forgive you that willingly enough if you'd come back again. You might quite easily take all the prizes now, for, as I said, there are none but grey-beards left to do anything; but then there have been no prizes for a long, long time.

Well, this has been a long letter for me to write, and I'm afraid you'll find it still longer to read. Good-bye, dear Lad; I wish you all the good things your town has to offer. May you prosper and grow rich, as I suppose you want to; and if riches ever make up for the loss of many things (and you do seem to be giving up a good many) I hope they will do so with you. After all, whether you win your way in a village or a town won't make much difference in the end. I must try and win mine, alone, in my little corner.

JENNY.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

To study the intricate, and often seemingly unreasonable, ways of sound, you cannot do better than stroll out on a night not far advanced and sufficiently still, choose some retired easy resting-place on the broad common, and let Nature be your teacher.

The sounds of busy life are not yet hushed. Climbing the short hill behind us a tax-cart is making its way complainingly, the wheels grinding in the grit and pebbles of the roadway rotten from the long drought: the framework of the cart too is slack in its joints and bolts from the same cause, and clatters and creaks as it jolts over the loose stones; but it reaches the straight flat at last, and the slow grinding changes for a brisk rhythmical rattle as the old mare's footfall rings out crisply in the fresh still air. Suddenly the sound both of horse and cart come resonant and full. They are crossing the spot where the road rumbles hollow, and about which the country-folk will talk mysteriously. There are barrows, not a few, about the country, and battle-grounds of many dates lie around. The people wish you to believe, even as they undoubtingly believe themselves, that slaughtered warriors of old lie below (perhaps along with hidden treasure), or else perhaps some malefactor, if they were to dig, would be found there with a stake through his body. What they would find, if they were to dig, would probably be one of the many faults, or traps, that abound hereabout, where some long vanished rill has eaten away a tunnel with

its natural vaulted roof that may last through all the ages.

The distinctive rattle of a cart is a curious and notable fact. It is equally unmistakable on all roads and in all weathers, being sometimes recognised over great distances; and often long before the human ear can catch the sound the watch-dog has raised his head from the ground and uttered a short glad warning as he detected the return of his master then perhaps still considerably more than a mile distant. It is a question whether the dog's position with his head near the ground does not give him a decided advantage in hearing such a noise as that of wheels. The ground clearly can carry certain sounds across great intervals; hence the remarkable sound-range of cannon, which is far greater than that of thunder.

It is incorrect, however, to speak of the distinctive sound of wheels. The distinctive note more really resides in the hollow body of the vehicle, and thus the rattle of a tax-cart gives place to a *roll* when the cart is one of larger type, while again a close carriage distinctly *rumbles*, and the big van is aptly described as *lumbering* along. In all such cases the woodwork is the main resonator. The same mistake is made when people talk of the telegraph-wires humming in the wind. Doubtless the tense wires are the real cause of vibration, but the true sound is in the wooden posts.

Before we dismiss the rattle of the cart another very noticeable fact claims a moment's reflection. The

continuous sound was far more apparent when the cart was half a mile distant down the hill, than now, when it is dying out though at no greater actual distance on the high ground. Is the cause due to mere relative position? It has been a disputed point whether sounds more readily ascend than descend. I was present once at an experiment made during the midnight hours in the exceptional quiet of a village churchyard, when it was found that there was no appreciable difference in the ticking of a watch heard from the parapet of the tower when the watch was held five feet above the ground, and from the ground when the watch was held five feet above the parapet. Yet a bomb bursting from a rocket one hundred and fifty feet above one's head makes not nearly so loud a report as it makes when fired on the ground to an observer at twice that distance. The whole explanation in this case being that sound in the free air overhead has nothing that can reflect or reinforce its intensity, while in the other case the ground itself acts as a powerful sounding-board.

We are waiting now for the striking of the hour as it is wont to come across the valley from two church-towers distant two and four miles respectively. There is much to be learnt about the character of the night, if not of the coming weather, from the voice of bells with which you are familiar. But while we wait there comes another signal; a low and indistinct drone falls on the ear, rapidly growing fuller till it breaks with perfect suddenness into a harsh roar. The late up-express has started from the distant town and, working its way through the deep cutting, has emerged abruptly into the open and now, keeping alongside the river with its many locks,

a considerable gradient is in its favour, and for a couple of minutes the speed will be over fifty miles an hour. It is a tearing, angry, remorseless sound, softening down for a moment and then breaking out again as the train threads its way in and out of clumps of trees. All the while the rapid stroke of the pistons, with steam at one hundred and sixty pounds behind them, is clearly distinguishable amid the uproar. Then for three seconds' space all is merged in one wild roar ten-fold louder than before; the carriages are running over the pile-bridge, and the wooden framework acts as the fiddle-body to the fiddle-strings. A quarter of a mile further on, passing the tall semaphore, according to invariable rule the driver blows his whistle. That roar and that whistle are haunting sounds. I have heard them both,—one, an indescribable raucous jangle, the other, a piercing shrillness—heard them from the car of a balloon coming up through many thousand feet into the still rare air above the clouds where all other sounds have been long left behind.

With the exception of the quick short bark (without the least roll) that comes up to the higher regions from a big gun fired below, no sounds are more penetrating into upper regions than the two just described, so totally different in character. In the one case, fifty yards of double rails together with the heavy train above are all quivering sound-waves into space; in the other, the iron giant blows his one shrill pipe with the breath of that fearful pressure to the square inch. The train tells of no wet weather yet, for its sound lingers on long and loud as it hurries on eastward. When that same long rumble comes further yet and softer away in the south-west, then the neighbours say that rain is in the wind.

There they go at last,—the old Cambridge chimes, older than the days of Crotch, ringing out the familiar intervals from the nearer tower straight across the valley. Now listen while the tenor speaks, ten times all told. The first four strokes come full and clear; the sound during the four next, however, seems to have gone in, growing faint and fainter till with the final two strokes it swells out strong as ever. This modulation in the sound of bells lends a special charm to their music, and often being noticeable on perfectly still nights has been the subject of much speculation and theory. Some have supposed that masses of different air drift along, obstructing as they pass the travel of sound. Unquestionably it is the quality of the air, quite as much as gusts of wind, that account for that characteristic rise and fall, particularly noticeable when many bells are in full peal together.

The phenomenon is on all fours with an effect often to be observed when viewing a distant object through a powerful telescope. Look with such an instrument at a faint, far object, say the signal-mast of a light-ship far out at sea. There is very commonly an unsteadiness of the atmosphere, like the quivering of hot air over a stove, that causes the distant object to come in and out in a manner and at intervals in close accord with the fitful hearing of the bells.

Now that the nearer clock is silent the far town-clock can be heard still speaking. The big bell there is heavier, and the hammer that operates upon it is heavier also and slower in its stroke.

The weights of bells in village churches is generally much over-estimated. The sexton likes to boast of his big bell, and takes care not to make the number of hundred-

weights too few. Roughly speaking a bell of four feet diameter will weigh a good ton, and for bells slightly larger, or smaller, you may make an allowance of about one hundredweight to the inch.

The sound of church-bells is much more mellow and musical when they are in full swing. Each bell is then struck a full fair blow, and the great mouth upturned to the air speaks out first in one direction and then in another. There is something responsive in these alternate strokes, and pleasing to the ear; but the perfection of such antiphonal music is in a muffled peal properly rung, truly the most solemn and impressive requiem that art can render.

There are footfalls now, the last that will break the silence of the night in this retired hamlet. It has gone ten, and the company at the village ale-house has broken up. Someone of lusty lungs is shouting a parting word at the top of his voice to his fellow already half across the common. But the voice of a grown man, unless he be a street-crier, is not well tuned to carry far; it will not carry to such a distance as it once did; this has been proved again and again in my own experience. In descending with a balloon from high elevations different sounds of animal life come within hearing in due order. The barking of some dog will generally come first, and this is so commonly heard that I have always thought that they were barking at the balloon. Ducks perhaps may be heard next, and then human voices. As a matter of course everyone is shouting up at you with all their lungs; but though the harvesters strain at you with their best view-holloa they are not heard nearly so far as children. The shrill trebles, in chorus certainly, win easily.

As an inevitable consequence of

the late footsteps the dogs are challenging far and near, and answering one another from every farmstead round. A neighbourhood will sometimes get an evil name from the barking of the dogs at night. Some ill-trained cur may at the first have been the chief offender, and then other dogs, if not duly checked, will be sure to fall into the same bad habit. But of all miserable noises that make night hideous commend me to a dog that bays at the full moon. This is not a mere trick of his, or a bad habit; surely something deep in the dog's nature makes him for the time being, not restless or unhappy but, melancholy mad; some dim sense of mystery and awe, perhaps akin to the way he is affected by music. The dog is not really made miserable by a fiddle or a horn, or he would slink away; as it is, he prefers to stay and howl.

The wind has risen considerably during the half-hour that we have been keeping watch, and now murmurs plaintively through the neighbouring clump of pines. The murmur rises in pitch to a whistle, almost to a scream, during short-lived gusts, and then dies out in soft cadence. Some have thought that the openings between the pine-leaves act like chinks in a window-frame, and that the wind is blowing, as it were, through crevices; but the sound is simply that of friction. It is as though caused by a multitude of minute impacts, like sand washing down the beach with the recoil of a wave, and can be imitated by plucking a twig and blowing against it. The sound grows softer when the air is moister, and the characteristic *sough* is equally well known and named. The music of wind through trees changes also with the season, becoming more plaintive in

autumn as the leaves grow crisper and less yielding.

Whence come these transient disturbances in the air that arise and die all within an hour? Are they not sometimes of very local origin, perhaps an eddy that has had birth where cross currents overhead have met? In summer weather, when thunder is about and clouds come up against the wind, strong and short-lived eddies are frequent, sometimes becoming seriously aggressive in their nature, as on a hot day last August when a sudden dust-storm swept across Kennington Oval, actually hiding the players from sight and for some minutes putting a stop to the game.

The night is too dark to allow of our seeing who is digging furtively in the earth not a hundred yards away. Is it a miser burying his gold, or a murderer hiding his victim? There it goes again, the sound apparently of a spade struck into stony ground. It is the ducks on the neighbouring pond, as you may tell by the subdued babble of the younger birds; they are well out on the water, knowing that Reynard used to look round that way when they were younger and had not yet learned wisdom.

But for some time there has been a sound now and again falling on the ear that defies interpretation, something between a creak and a croak, and whether on the ground or above it would be hard to tell, for the sound being vague and faint the ear has grown fatigued and easily deceived, and, as a consequence, imagination begins to play its part. Neither distance nor direction seems fixed, and yet doubtless both are invariable. Very possibly it may be a broken limb of a tree grating occasionally against the branches. Yet it might pass for ventriloquism. Night-birds that utter a monotonous cry are said,

but without sufficient reason, to have the faculty of ventriloquising. The fact is that they utter the same cry now here and now there in darkness, when it is always difficult to locate sound with any accuracy, and the incessant repetition of the same note soon wearies the ear and confuses it.

There is a more definite noise now near at hand and coming nearer; a stealthy footstep, almost ghostlike, and a dim white outline looms in the direction whence it comes. Here we have all the material needed for the uncanny tradition that hung about this spot till Board Schools arose. Yonder pond is named after the White Lady,—where she drowned herself, I suppose—and this is where she used to walk. She, however, who blows that one loud breath, not a dozen yards off, must be a cow, for well we know the ways of her kind. Our presence has been discovered, and no creatures have more downright curiosity in their natures, which is certainly saying a good deal. It is a point of honour with them, however, not to betray it. If a game of village cricket is played in a paddock where cows are, they preserve outwardly a stolid indifference throughout the game; but directly the players retire to luncheon they will at once

walk on to the pitch and carefully scrutinise the stumps.

Other familiar sounds are to be heard. An occasional hoot, many times repeated, has told that the owl calling to his mate has started on a marauding expedition; but there are others on the prowl as well as they. A single shot has just rung out in the thick covert behind the brow of the hill. It will not be repeated again to-night, at least in that quarter, for the poachers hereabout know their business and long before the keeper (who is doubtless known to be elsewhere) can reach the spot, the dead game will be picked up and the gun-barrel and its stock separately stowed inside the lining of the loose long coat.

Such night-sounds as have reached us during the past hour might have been heard on this same hill-side any night throughout a life-time; but from the London road below has just spoken a voice that was unheard and undreamed of in these parts a year ago,—the warning horn of a passing motor-car. Yet there is no sound of other wheels; the warning was probably given in recognition of the constable on his beat. The constable will also have heard that gunshot, and doubtless will have made his own scientific notes thereon.

JOHN M. BACON.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE first review of his work that Trollope ever saw was in *THE TIMES*, and it compared *THE KELLYS AND THE O'KELLYS* to a leg of mutton, "substantial but a little coarse." Twelve years later, in 1860, Hawthorne in a passage of warm eulogy came to practically the same opinion. Trollope's novels, he said, precisely suited his taste; they had for him the charm of something perfectly unlike his own visionary world; they were written "on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale; they were as English as a beefsteak." The very word which *THE TIMES*' reviewer used with an accent of contempt Hawthorne used in commendation; the books pleased him just because they were so solid and substantial. That is the impression which anyone derives from reading Trollope, but the fact is that for the moment no one reads him. All writers undergo this period of eclipse after their death; a few recover from it. Is Trollope one of these? Would we recommend him to the younger generation which scarcely knows the name of Mrs. Proudie? Would we advise a publisher to re-issue those of his best novels,—*CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?* for instance, *PHINEAS FINN*, and *THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET*,—which are out of print?

On the whole I am inclined to answer in the affirmative. In the group of novelists to whom Trollope belongs both by date and natural affinities, that is, among the lesser contemporaries of Thackeray, he stands, I think, next to Charles Reade. He has not the lyrical fire

and intellectual fervour of Kingsley, —indeed no mortal could have less poetry in his composition; he has not the skill of Wilkie Collins in construction,—the charm of a well-conducted plot was a thing which he felt but could not attain to; he has not the grace and delicate irony which distinguished Mrs. Oliphant at her best. His work is everywhere heavy-handed; yet although others outstrip him in style, invention, and the quality of humour, he is not without these gifts. Nobody could swear to a page of his writing as you can to one of Thackeray's, but his style is simple, forcible and lucid: his invention is sober and judicious; and though his humour is not remarkable, he has humour. And in one gift, the greatest of all for a novelist, he approaches the great masters,—in the power of characterisation. Scott and Thackeray can create personages who inspire more sympathy or keener revulsion; their people are more beautiful, more witty, more lovable, more tragic, and more humorous; but they are not more alive. Mr. Palliser, Archdeacon Grantley, Mr. Harding, Lady Glenora, Mrs. Proudie, Miss Dunstable, all these people are just as real to me in their way as Colonel Newcome and Becky Sharp. I do not know or care so much about them; they do not interest me as Thackeray's people do; they are neither my friends nor my enemies; but they produce an equally vivid illusion of life. Where the other novelists of his own rank have dwelt mainly on the incidents that they had to describe, Trollope has dwelt upon the actors. He was a

man who always meant precisely what he said, and he writes in his autobiography concerning his characters : "I have wandered alone among the rocks and woods crying at their griefs, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy." And the ideal which he set before himself is one which his practice gives him excellent right to commend, as he does, to other artists.

The novelist has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be speaking, moving, living human creatures. This he can never do unless he knows those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and even submit to them. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true, and how far false. The depth and the breadth, and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him. And as, here in our outer world, we know that men and women change,—become better or worse as temptation or conscience may guide them—so should these creatures of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist has aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling; but if it do not come, I think he can only make novels of wood.

It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this

intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass.

Such is the counsel given by one who was in this respect a strenuous and successful artist. Mrs. Oliphant, commenting on it, declared very honestly that she could say for herself nothing of the sort; that her characters were no more to her than the characters in other books. That is why Trollope's work has a chance of survival denied to hers. This intimate familiarity with his own inventions enabled him to get a grip upon them so sure that he could make a drama pass in the mind almost without the aid of action. I hardly know a finer piece of psychological analysis than the few opening pages of *BARCHESTER TOWERS* which describe Archdeacon Grantley watching by the deathbed of his father the Bishop, while the news is daily expected of the downfall of a Ministry which would certainly appoint the Archdeacon to his father's chair. The son kneels by the old man's bedside and wrestles with himself that he may not desire his father's death; he prays and he conquers in prayer. Death comes while he watches; he goes out to meet the news that the Ministry has fallen, and it brings not bitterness but a genuine happiness that he has no cause of reproach against his thoughts. But when Bishop Proudie arrives on the scene the Archdeacon will not be found in any way submissive, for meekness is none of his attributes. He has not desired his father's death, but he is none the more willing that another than he should be appointed to succeed his father. Thus, before the action of the book properly opens you have set before you the very inmost heart of a chief actor in it; the clergyman who enters the Church as a matter of course rather than by

vocation; a man in no sense spiritually-minded, ambitious of worldly success, but not basely ambitious, set upon his interests but loyal to his lights, zealous for himself and for the temporal Church, religious rather than devout, but essentially a Christian (as he understands the word), and a gentleman every fibre of him. Good as the Archdeacon is, he is not a whit better than his father-in-law, Mr. Harding, the Warden of the First Chronicle of Barset. Only a true artist could understand and put life into types so absolutely opposed, (for Mr. Harding is meek and gentle as the Archdeacon is resolute and warlike) and present them so as to win sympathy for both, showing how each alike is faithful to his conception of honour, yet how unlike are the two conceptions. Unhappily in other ways nobody could be less of an artist than was Trollope. He was constitutionally indolent, or rather averse to desk-work, though possessing a superhuman supply of energy; and to correct this aversion he adopted a plan of labour which he recommends with the most ingenuous good-faith. When he undertook a novel, he decided that it should be of such and such a length; then he portioned out this task into months, weeks, and days and kept a daily register. Thus he tied himself to produce a stint which amounted to about ten thousand words (say twenty pages of this magazine) in the course of every week. Whether he was in the vein or not, the work was done; and he admits that there were moments when he was not in the vein. At other periods he became absorbed, and his daily stint was doubled and trebled; and it was in these times that his best work was done. In some ways the arrangement was excellent; but the result was that he came to consider quantity rather than quality. It was

a point of honour with him to fill three volumes with the fullest measure; but whether the work produced against the grain was or was not up to the necessary level he did not stop to consider. It never seems to have occurred to him to re-write or recast to any considerable extent (though perhaps the necessity for this operation to a practised workman is less than writers have declared it to be), still less to discard anything as superfluous to the conduct of his story. In this respect the standard of quantity was his ruin. If the main thread of his plot would not fill the allotted measure a new one had to be worked in, and his conscience never smote him for incorporating inferior work with good. In *DR. THORNE*, one of his best novels, there is some of the worst padding ever invented, relating to certain Thornes of Ullathorne who have no real connection with the story. Cut that away and there would remain a novel of perfectly sufficient length; but Trollope's notion of business integrity demanded the padding, and his artistic conscience did not revolt against it. In *THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET* many chapters are taken up with the love-affairs of that very unattractive person Johnny Eames; yet absolutely the only link which unites these to the fortunes of the Crawley family is the fact that Johnny Eames, being rejected by Lily Dale, volunteers to go abroad and seek for Dr. Arabin to unravel the mystery of the stolen cheque. It is Johnny who brings the news to Mrs. Arabin, and at that interview the mystery is unravelled; but a casual letter would have answered the purpose quite as well as the mission of a gentleman with an unprosperous love-affair on hand. Yet Trollope, though in his very outspoken self-criticism he blames the plot of this particular novel for a mechanical defect (the

improbability of all the puzzle about the stolen cheque), never shows the least consciousness of this far graver defect of irrelevancy. He himself is keenly interested in the fortunes and flirtations of Johnny Eames, and with that he is satisfied. The truth is that he was too easily satisfied. If he could make his people behave in a lifelike way, if he could feel assured that their motives were genuine, he did not trouble sufficiently to be certain that their behaviour was interesting or that their motives were worth discussion. A great deal of his work concerns itself with the dull actions of dull people, and since Trollope's vision is perfectly normal there is nothing attractive in the recital. When the thing which Trollope had to tell was interesting in itself he could tell it excellently; but he had not the wonderful art of Miss Austen which can construct a masterpiece out of trivialities. Irony was far too delicate an instrument for his rough handling, and his humour though genuine is no more distinctive than his style. Indeed the passages which are intended to be funny and nothing more (for instance the loves of Captain Bellfield and Mr. Cheese-acre in *CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?*) are the dullest things he wrote.

I think the reason why Trollope is so good to read, as I for one find him, is that he entered so thoroughly into the whole business of life. Whatever he did was done with a zest; and his characters have nothing half-hearted about them. They enjoy their loves and their friendships, and they get full value out of their quarrels just as their creator did. But circumstances conspired to make Trollope not only a teller of good stories (which his genial, expansive nature would have made him in any case) but also a remarkable artist in the business of characterisation. He was gregarious by all

his tastes and habits; fate compelled him to loneliness, even to a kind of ostracism, and he was reduced to make company for himself. The pages which record his early life are the best written and the most touching that I have read of his writing, and their story is worth recalling. His father was a man of some considerable means, by profession a barrister, but eccentric, unpractical, and morose. He put his money into land injudiciously, then, still more injudiciously, tried to work the land; and the result was ruin by slow degrees. While the father's ruin was in progress Trollope was a schoolboy. He went as a day-boy to Harrow when he was seven, and he was an untidy, awkward, loutish little boy. His head-master stopped him in the street to ask, "Whether it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy." "He must have known me," Trollope comments, "had he seen me as he was wont to see me, for he was in the habit of flogging me constantly. Perhaps he did not recognise me by my face!" At Winchester where he went when he was twelve, he was flogged still more persistently, and yet worse things came on him. His father migrated to America and the school-fees remained unpaid; the fact was publicly proclaimed by a stoppage of Trollope's weekly pocket-money and he began to drink the bitter cup of poverty. Men, and Englishmen in particular, are never tolerant to those of their fellows who fall into shabbiness; but boys, and especially English boys, are still less so. "It is in the nature of boys to be cruel," says Trollope, and most of us can remember the genteel contempt which was heaped upon any unfortunate lad who was obliged to go about with patched clothes or clouted boots. At fifteen the boy was taken from Winchester and

sent back again to Harrow, his father having returned; but the change was to a worse misery. The Trollopes' farm-house was three miles off, and twice daily this distance had to be tramped in all weathers backwards and forwards. The condition of a sizar at a university, where at least a man can live in some measure to himself, was never enviable; and Trollope was, in his own words, a sizar at a fashionable school. "My tutor," he writes, "took me without the fee; but when I heard him declare the fact in the pupil-room before the boys, I hardly felt grateful for the charity." The iron entered into his soul and he grew more and more lumpish and loutish, all the more dejected because of his keen desire for companionship and ambition to excel in the sports which were denied to him. His home was scarcely more cheerful than the school. Only one ray of comfort dawned for him in that time, and it left an exultation which lasted as long as life. "At last," he says, "I was driven to rebellion, and there came a great fight,—at the end of which my opponent had to be taken home for a while. If these words be ever printed, I trust that some schoolfellow of those days may still be left alive who will be able to say that, in claiming this solitary glory of my school-days, I am not making a false boast."

That was the one distinction of his career. He learnt nothing, and left Harrow at nineteen ignorant even of the simplest rules of arithmetic, ignorant of everything but an imperceptible quantity of Latin and Greek; with nothing, in short, to show for all that misery. "From the first to the last," are his words, "there was nothing satisfactory about my school-career,—except the way in which I licked the boy who had to be taken home to be cured."

By that time his mother was the

main support of the household. After the family's removal to America, in pursuit of a new speculation which succeeded no better than the rest, she tried authorship in despair and produced her much-talked of work on the Domestic Manners of the Americans. She was then fifty, and for the rest of her life she turned out books almost as fast as her son was destined to do. Trollope was seventeen when she began this new career (in 1832), and the possibility of authorship as a means of livelihood was thus brought constantly before his mind. A hereditary bent towards literary expression no doubt there was in him, and the enforced isolation of his boyhood had given it a direction. He had begun, like most solitary youths, to keep a journal; and what is less common, he had made for himself a pastime of castle-building. "For weeks, for months if I remember rightly, from year to year I would carry on the same tale binding myself down to certain laws, to certain proportions, and proprieties, and unities. Nothing impossible was ever introduced, nor ever anything which from outward circumstances would seem to be violently improbable. I myself was of course my own hero."

But for this combination of circumstances it seems to me almost certain that Trollope would never have been a writer. If chance had allowed him to take an ordinary part in school-life he would have thrown himself into games at all events as he did afterwards into work: if it had not been for the example of his mother, his castle-building might never have crystallised itself into a definite form of art; and if his education had been such as to give him a start in a profession which he could have adopted with zeal, he would scarcely have faced the laborious apprenticeship to success-

ful fiction. As it was, though on entering the Post-Office (where a relation of his mother's had procured him a clerkship worth £90 a year) he decided that the one way in which he could hope to make a success in life and earn something beyond a pittance was by the writing of novels, he was long before he made his first attempt. For seven years he lived as a clerk in London, always in trouble with his superiors by reason of his unpunctuality (which he seems to think was fairly compensated by his energy when he set to work), and of his temper which was always insubordinate. All this time he was deep in debt, forming that intimate acquaintance with the habits of bill-discounters which is written large on half a score of his books; and, moreover, plunging, so far as his means and credit permitted, into all the things that a young man ought not to do. If one studies the character of Johnny Eames one will, I think, know a good deal about the character of Anthony Trollope. One will probably also conclude that a novelist does not write best about the things he knows best. A novel of clerical life written by a clergyman is apt to be what is vulgarly called shoppy, to dwell upon details which may interest other clergymen but not the average man; and Trollope's novels about the Civil Service are shoppy, whereas his novels about clerical life, which he only divined from outside,—letting his fancy play about a situation and seizing the points of real human interest—are the best things he did. His political stories are less good, probably because Trollope aspired to be a politician and to make speeches in the House of Commons, whereas to preach sermons or visit the sick came no way within his aspirations. In a word, we want a story of men and

women in interesting relations to each other; we do not want a novelist's theory of the British Constitution. Trollope had a theory of the British Constitution, and the speeches which he could not make in the House got themselves written down in his books; but the clerical novels carry no suggestion of a sermon. What interested him in life was not passion but principle,—the point of honour, and the pride which is so closely connected with the point of honour. He depicts again and again the struggle which takes place when a man or woman is called upon to sacrifice love, interest, or ambition to duty or to the demands of self-respect; the struggle between loyalty to a cause and loyalty to an idea; sometimes too the struggle between duty and pride. What interests him about Lucy Robarts is not that she is in love, but that, being very honestly in love, she refuses to accept the man who loves her unless his mother, Lady Lufton, not merely sanctions the match but comes and begs Lucy to be her daughter-in-law. What interests him about Phineas Finn is not that he is a handsome and agreeable young man whom women naturally take to, but that he is so placed as to make it very hard for him to distinguish between his duty to his party and to the abstract principles, as he conceives them, of right and wrong. What interests him about Mr. Crawley is precisely the disease of pride, which assumes the garb of humility and displays its bitterness by self-abasement, yet is continually forced to give way and accept for the necessities of his wife and children some help out of the affluence of those who eagerly desire to help. And Trollope's merit is specially due to the fact that in selecting a group of characters and circum-

stances to display such a struggle his invention is fed by a very wide acquaintance with life.

The turn in his career came when he was released from routine-work in London and sent as surveyor's clerk to Ireland to extend the blessings of a postal system to Connaught. The office was one which no man coveted, but it brought to Trollope an increase of income, and a very active out-door life in which he was largely his own master. With three or four hundreds a year in Ireland he was as well off as most of his neighbours, well enough off to keep a horse and hunt; and so began, for him, the greatest joy of his life next to successful work. He was heavy, short-sighted, and rode abominably, but he hunted with an indomitable energy. For the next twenty years he lived a life of continual movement, first in Ireland then in England, as a sort of travelling inspector of country post-offices, extending the ramifications of the postal system. It appears that he did excellent work, though he did it in a way that brought him into constant conflict with his superiors; but that was the salt of existence to him, and among his regrets when he left the Civil Service he records not merely the life-long interest in his labours, but the feuds, "such delicious feuds." Whether he was a good official or no does not particularly matter, though for my own part I believe he was; but this way of living, in continual movement hither and thither over the face of the country, brought him into relations with all sorts and conditions of men and women. Genial, sociable, and quarrelsome, wherever he went he took an interest in the people whom he met, exchanged stories with them, took sides and fought battles, learnt their difficulties and successes, and delighted in their affections, but more particularly in their feuds. He is

always chanting of arms and the man; but the weapons are the weapons of modern warfare, — letters to *THE TIMES* and newspaper articles, or hunting-crops and fisticuffs. It would be impossible to name another novelist of domestic life in whose pages there is so much assault and battery. Johnny Eames blacks Mr. Adolphus Crosbie's eyes; Frank Gresham chastises Mr. Moffat with a whip judiciously selected; George Vavasour in *CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?* attacks John Grey; the rascally husband in *THE PRIME MINISTER* tries to horsewhip the hero; Phineas Finn only averts a quarrel in his lodgings by consenting to fight a duel. In the clerical novels such things cannot occur, but those novels are one and all of them the story of feuds. *THE WARDEN*, Trollope's first successful book, narrates the feud between John Bold and the ecclesiastical authorities of Barchester; and with the induction of Bishop Proudie begins a well-nourished animosity which can only terminate with the death of the belligerents. In that feud the encounters are many and heroic; the two leading champions, Archdeacon Grantley and Mrs. Proudie, draw the whole diocese into the strife. Need we call to mind the first passages at arms between the Archdeacon himself and "that woman at the palace"; the devastating war in which Mr. Slope so nearly conquered and reduced the Archdeacon to believe that even his own sister-in-law was a traitor in the camp; or the more delicate duel in which Mrs. Proudie, worsted but in no way routed, fights Mrs. Grantley in Mrs. Grantley's own drawing-room? Rather, one would pass to the capital and crowning instance in *THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET* where the unfortunate Mr. Crawley, throttled with poverty, overwhelmed with an accusation of theft, doubting of his own sanity and seeing that his very

wife too doubts, is confronted with "the bishop's angel,"—the obsequious divine whom the Bishop, at Mrs. Proudie's behest, has dispatched to inhibit and supersede the accused but uncondemned clergyman. Then indeed Mr. Crawley in the midst of his prostration recovers an erect spirit. Whatever may be right, he knows that the Bishop has put himself in the wrong; he rises in defence of his lawful position, turns the emissary out of doors, summons his daughter back to her Æschylus, and, chanting choruses with a fierce glee, girds himself up to the battle. Next day he tramps the fifteen miles into Barchester, fainting in body but sustained through the muddy roads by the anticipation of combat; he encounters the Bishop and the terrible woman, and by the sheer force of his personality crushes the aggressor in a scene which breathes the very spirit of defiance. Then he tramps wearily home again, worn out in body but renewed in mind. He believed himself beaten, ruined, and disgraced through no fault of his own, but at last he had struck his stroke; and he carried back the exhilarating sensation of that affray, as Trollope himself preserved out of the long servitude of his schooldays the memory of the boy who had to be taken home to be cured. No one but a connoisseur in combats would have capped this scene with another, similar yet unlike; the interview between Dr. Tempest and the Bishop in which Mrs. Proudie is finally overthrown. And then, by a very curious and characteristic turn, Trollope's heart goes out to his own creation. There was never exhibited in any book a more detestable character than Mrs. Proudie, a feminine bully, mean, sanctimonious, cruel, and miserly; and no one was more prone to detest her than Trollope himself. Yet in the day of her defeat, when she knew herself openly disgraced, when even her

servile bishop turned upon her and accused her, and would not be reconciled, Trollope has compassion upon the woman and cannot but sympathise with such a strenuous fighter, who when she can fight no longer dies of the pang. "The King has killed his heart:" in something of the same spirit as Shakespeare's when he parts from Falstaff, Trollope says farewell to Mrs. Proudie; and it is really by a fine exercise of art that he contrives to enlist some of our sympathy for the tragedy of her unregretted end.

I do not think that he has anywhere done anything so good as the best parts of this book; and Archdeacon Grantley and Mrs. Proudie seem to me his finest achievements. Trollope himself claimed to be judged by the series of political novels in whose action Plantagenet Palliser appears,—*CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?*, *PHINEAS FINN*, *PHINEAS REDUX*, and *THE PRIME MINISTER*. He prided himself especially upon the character of Mr. Palliser, in whom he considered himself to have represented one who might stand for the type of an English gentleman. At least this may be conceded, that anyone who studies this character will be in a position to understand precisely those qualities which have made parliamentary government so conspicuously successful in England as to lead other countries, which do not possess men of the Palliser type, into the fatal error of attempting to copy what is a special developement of the English breed. I have no enthusiasm for the type, but I recognise the truth of Trollope's portraiture. The man who is incapable either of feeling passion or of inspiring it, yet capable of an attachment which nothing will shake, is not easily rendered picturesque or striking, and it can hardly be said that Trollope has made him either one or

the other. But he has made it clear that the man of whom he writes is one who will in no circumstances do anything that is not perfectly honourable; a man with few temptations, yet able if need be to sacrifice his dearest hopes; a man of infinite value to his country because he will do, for the sake of doing it, work which can only be done perfectly by a man who does it for no reward; ambitious not of notoriety, but of power to serve by doing things in the way in which it seems to him that they ought to be done; and willing to drudge like a galley-slave for the work's sake. It is greatly to Trollope's credit as an artist that he has deliberately chosen to divest the man of charm, to make him appeal exclusively to respect; wisely too, like an artist, he has given this man a wife who decidedly possesses the charm which her husband lacks, who has in some ways more brains than he, but is scheming, and ambitious not of power for its own sake but for the name of having it. Plantagenet Palliser would work himself to death that he might reform the country's metrical system; his wife would all but kill herself that she might make her husband Chancellor of the Exchequer. The pair between them often pull different ways, but the novelist makes one realise that if the woman gets her way nine times out of ten, the tenth is a matter of principle and upon that the man is absolute. Yet although Mr. Palliser at every turn strikes one as a dry stick, he never strikes one as a prig. It is something to have chosen for your hero a statistician with a conscience and not to have made a prig of him.

Of all the novelists since Fielding not one has been so typically and normally English as Trollope. He is enamoured of the average virtues of

his countrymen, and he sets them down plain to be seen with a hatred of exaggeration that is entirely English too; he is lenient to their vices, but these also are faithfully depicted. And it is just in this quality, in his fidelity to the truth of human nature but more particularly of English nature, that he immeasurably surpasses, in my judgment, the novelists who are in fashion nowadays. Take two or three examples from the books that were talked about last year, take especially those which aim at depicting the manners, customs, and conversation of what they agree in calling smart society: *MAMMON AND CO.*, let us say, No. FIVE JOHN STREET, and *CONCERNING ISABEL CARNABY*. All three writers lay enormous stress on the accidents of life, all three equally fail to display its vital principles. If I want to know what sort of people these are who come to the top in our society,—call them cream, froth, scum, or whatever metaphor happens to suit your moral convictions—neither Mr. Benson, nor Mr. Whiteing, nor Miss Fowler can tell me anything that I could not glean from the appropriate newspapers, from the records of social functions and social scandals. Now with Trollope, it is different. He made no pretence of being in the smart set, of knowing potentates and powers of any sort; but he knew the world, he knew men and women, and he could always infer from his knowledge of it how human nature might be modified by external conditions. Dukes, it appears, have had their day; but in his time dukes were still personages, and he has drawn one whom I can fit easily into the scheme of English society. His Duke of Omnium (not Plantagenet Palliser but his dignified predecessor) is perfectly convincing. He is a portrait not so brilliant and masterly as Thackeray's Lord Steyne but not less

truthful. You can see how he looked to other people, how he looked to himself, how the world looked to him. In short, the Duke is a man; his actions and demeanour are human and intelligible; you are made to feel how his position influences himself and influences those about him with and without their knowledge; but he remains a man, not a peg to hang attributes on. Likewise Lady Glencora is a leader of the smart set in her own day and afterwards a political great lady, but she is something more than that; she is a woman. You have not the details of her dresses, but you know that she was well dressed; you can realise the effect she made when she entered a room far better than if you had a recital of the different shades of orange which made up her costume. You read that she did eccentric, risky, even immoral things, but you can entirely understand why she did them; I cannot say as much for Mr. Benson's Marchioness. Or if you wish for a still more significant comparison, contrast the financier in *MAMMON AND Co.* with Sir Roger Scatcherd in *Dr. Thorne*. Mr. Benson will make known to the future historian of manners the fact that towards the end of this cen-

ture the financier permeated society, used society, and was used by it; but the newspapers can tell him that. Ask what manner of man the financier was and Mr. Benson presents you with an arbitrary collection of attributes strung together and called by a name. Now Sir Roger Scatcherd is a man, intelligible to his own age and to all succeeding ages, and if you want to know what the millionaire was when he made his first impact on society you can go to Trollope and he will show you Scatcherd and Miss Dunstable. The other types which have been since evolved have as yet to find a delineator of anything like his competence. If Trollope were alive I have no doubt he would depict them, but he would work as he always worked from the essential to the accidental; and the essential is human nature, the accidents are the tools it works with, the clothes it wears, and the plays it plays. For that reason Trollope can never be wholly out of date. His theme was the average life of English gentlefolk, and for a faithful representation of that life, given with strong partiality for his subject but with no undue heightening of lights and shades, I do not know who can better him.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE CAMPAIGN OF DOUAI.

CHAPTER I.

(Introductory.)

THE last year of the nineteenth century had seen a growing spirit of unrest among the nations of the old world. Each one of them, by the mouths of their leaders, spoke loudly of peace, but each one prepared feverishly for war. The burden of these vast armies and enormous fleets, under which all nations groaned alike, had become so crushing that it was almost with a sense of relief, as of the man who half fears but half wishes to know the worst, that men at last recognised in the spring of 1903 that the further maintenance of peace, or rather of the armed truce that the nations had grown accustomed to call peace, could no longer be relied on, and that it was at length only a question of a few days before the great nations of Europe would be locked in a life and death struggle for existence.

With the causes and with the earlier phases of that struggle we are not now concerned; it will be sufficient for our purpose to mention that England and France found themselves arrayed on opposite sides, after nearly a century of friendly intercourse. The war was at first confined to these two Powers, although Russia evinced an intention of interfering by massing troops at strategic points on the Indian frontier, at the same time threatening Germany by concentrating large armies in Poland and Volhynia. Contrary to general expectation the war proved a lingering one. It was

not long before the maritime superiority of Great Britain was decisively manifested. She met indeed with occasional reverses, but her fleets were on the whole entirely successful, and before the war had lasted three months the tricolour had been swept from the seas, the French colonies, crammed with troops in anticipation of this struggle, had been completely isolated from their mother-country, and the great trade of Britain was able to cross the ocean with only slight danger of interruption. But though this danger was slight, it existed. Despite the careful watch kept by British cruisers over the French ports, fast commerce-destroyers now and then slipped out, generally doing an incalculable amount of both moral and material damage before being hunted down and captured by the bloodhounds let slip on their track so soon as their elusion of the blockade had become known. All these destroyers were ultimately accounted for, owing to the impossibility of refilling their bunkers and magazines when fresh supplies were needed. A few of them managed to elude capture and to fulfil their mission for a considerable time, by picking up supplies of fuel from captured merchantmen, or by making a lucky haul in the shape of a steam-collier taking coal to the British fleet; but in the end this lack of coal led to their destruction, though the enormous strides in the science of marine engineering, especially as regarded the construction of boilers, enabled these corsairs to prolong their raids to a much greater extent than had been

thought possible a very few years before the war.

The war in fact, at last, came to such a pass that it appeared impossible to exhaust either of the combatants sufficiently to compel them to sue for peace. France had lost the fleet which she had built up with so many sacrifices; her merchants and manufacturers, the artisans in her towns, and the shopkeepers in her cities of pleasure, alike felt the cruel pressure of the war. But there was food in plenty for the great bulk of the population; grain was poured into her granaries from Russia by routes which no British cruiser could threaten; beef came in from Belgium and from Spain; and, a potent factor against peace, the great French army was swelling with fury and impotent rage, casting about for the means to grapple with the power which had swept the flag of France from the high seas, and which maintained an iron guard over her ports. Thus France, though so far the loser in the contest, was very far from being humiliated thereby, and in fact was in many respects in better case than her enemy, with whom the fortune of battle had hitherto rested.

In Great Britain indeed there was much distress. There was no fear of starvation, the fleet allowing our merchant-ships to bring supplies in ample quantities into our harbours; but prices were high, trade was unsettled and depressed, large numbers of men were out of work, and though the great bulk of the people bore their sufferings with a fierce resignation, and there had as yet been no serious riots, yet it was felt that the war must somehow or other be brought to a close. Not for a moment was there so much as a whisper of any advances towards peace; did any secretly think that even a peace of humiliation would be

better than the burden of this war, a war in which the British had everywhere succeeded, they durst not breathe it. A stern and threatening spirit was abroad. It was recognised that, war having been begun, it must be brought to a successful termination at any cost, and the nation cheerfully backed the Ministry in every step they took to prosecute more vigorously the campaign to which they were committed. The Ministry on their side found themselves in a dilemma. They had been assured by their professional advisers that, so long as Great Britain maintained an undoubted superiority on the sea, she could look forward with equanimity to the result of a contest with any nation in the world. They now found, to their amazement, that, though this naval superiority had been decisively proved at a comparatively early stage in the war, yet that the position of the country was such as to cause the gravest anxiety, and the ultimate issue of the struggle could not be foretold with any certainty. To the army, which had for so long been regarded as a weapon to be used only against savage or half-savage people on the most distant borders of the Empire, men now looked to deal the final blow. At the outbreak of hostilities it had been placed on a war-footing; the reserves had been called out and large purchases of horses and war-material of every kind had been made; the militia also had been embodied, and the volunteers, with the exception of a few corps, the members of which were chiefly artisans required in the manufacture of guns and other implements of war, had also been mobilised. Four complete army-corps had at last been prepared for foreign service, large numbers of good recruits having come forward from the ranks of the unemployed, and money was

poured out like water to give the best equipment and the utmost amount of training possible in the time to the troops thus assembled at various centres. The Indian army also had been very largely reinforced, a complete division having been furnished by the Australian Colonies, in addition to a considerable force sent out from home. To prepare an expeditionary force, even of four army-corps, or about one hundred and sixty thousand men, was comparatively an easy matter, when once the nation had made up their minds to the effort : to convey this great force in safety to the shores of France was also a feasible undertaking ; but when the landing had been effected, if it ever were effected, would there be any prospect of such a force making any head against the enormous and highly trained armies which awaited its arrival ? This question was anxiously considered by the Government and their military advisers, and pending their decision, all arrangements were completed for the concentration by rail of the troops who would form part of an expeditionary force at Dover, Portsmouth, and Southampton, at which ports also large numbers of hired transports were collected. There were many who advocated an attack on the French Colonies, but it was wisely recognised that such an operation, which would be expensive both in blood and treasure, would have no decisive effect. The ultimate fate of these Colonies, moreover, would depend on the general issue of the war.

Meanwhile the war dragged on. Perhaps for a week there would be nothing to chronicle ; then would come news of the capture of two or three liners, news which invariably sent up the prices of all food-stuff at a bound, followed by endless rumours as to further captures, as to the

tracking down of the raider, and as to the schemes on foot in France to apply new inventions for the destruction of the British navy ; while all the time sinister reports as to the intentions of Russia were current wherever men held converse together.

At last there came a change. The war, which had for so long been localised, entangled in its toils first Russia, which Power at length openly drew the sword on behalf of France, and finally Germany and Austria, who, doubtless for some material advantage, stepped into the arena as allies of Great Britain. It is at this stage that my story opens. The endeavours of the Russians to paralyse the German mobilisation by flooding her eastern frontier with swarms of cavalry, a plan which had been actively seconded by the French on the western frontier, had failed. The wonderful system, born of the genius of Moltke more than thirty years before, worked as smoothly as ever. Almost before the world knew that Germany was at war she had two armies ready to stride across the frontier of Russia, and to join hands with the troops which Austria was pouring across the Galician border. Two other great German armies were preparing for a campaign in France, an army of the North and an army of the South. The Southern army was to move from Metz on Paris, while the Northern army advanced rapidly across the Belgian frontier (a breach of neutrality in which the Belgians apparently acquiesced), and prepared to strike at the French capital from the north-east. Meanwhile a third army was being rapidly concentrated at Metz to follow up the successes of the Southern army, or to cover its retirement in case of disaster. The French on their part were straining every nerve to drive their ancient foe back across the Rhine. At first

they were at a slight disadvantage, owing to the bulk of their troops having been concentrated in the north and north-west. The collection of transport and troops by the British had not altogether escaped notice, and, on the assumption that an attempt would be made to seize and destroy the naval ports of Brest and Cherbourg, great armies had been brought together for their protection. With the intention also of profiting by any incident which might leave the Channel temporarily unguarded by the British fleet, elaborate preparations had been made for the invasion of England. A great flotilla of small craft had been assembled at Calais and Boulogne to transport the infantry of the invading force, the guns and cavalry being allotted to the limited number of larger vessels which had escaped destruction at the hands of the British. Thus when Germany joined in the fray, the bulk of the French forces were not in the best position for meeting an invasion from the east, though that frontier was guarded by several army-corps spread out along it like beads on a string, from which corps the cavalry were furnished which had made the futile attempt aforesaid to interfere with the German mobilisation. However, as may be imagined, the French lost no time in turning to meet their new foes; all the available troops were hurried to meet the danger threatening from the east, leaving only a force of observation of some two or three corps to watch the coast-line in case of any attempt at invasion from England. But such an attempt was not seriously feared, as it was generally expected that Britain would not attempt to meet the armies of the Republic on land, the sea being the only element on which her power was regarded as at all formidable. It was at this jun-

ture that the British Ministry decided on throwing into France the expeditionary force which had been prepared with so much care, if with so much haste, and the plan of campaign selected was to land somewhere in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, and marching thence on Douai to endeavour to join hands with the German army of the North which was invading France from Belgium.

CHAPTER II.

It would have been impossible to imagine a finer day than that on which the army, destined by Great Britain for the invasion of France, began to disembark. The arrangements, carefully elaborated for weeks beforehand, worked with smoothness: no fogs, storms, or other untoward circumstances, had interfered with the scheme of concentration; and now, at eleven o'clock on the morning of a brilliant day in August, the enormous fleets of transports were closing with the French coast. Two places had been selected for the disembarkation, the idea being to land two army-corps at Etaples, a little town a few miles south of Boulogne, and the two remaining corps at the little town of Berck, a few miles further to the south. The sight, could one have looked down on the great armadas as from a balloon, must have been a very imposing one. Between the shore and the great flotilla of transports, from whose funnels a dark haze of smoke drifted lazily across towards the English coast, steamed slowly some half-dozen men-of-war, ready to turn their guns on any force prepared to interrupt or oppose the landing of the troops. On the seaward side of the transports a powerful squadron of battle-ships floated quietly, prepared against any foe coming from the ocean, though an interruption from

that side was hardly to be anticipated, unless the Russian Baltic fleet should succeed in eluding the vigilance of the British blockading squadron. Further out to sea were numerous cruisers, which, assisted by a crowd of sinister-looking destroyers, acted for the time being as the eyes of the battle-fleet.

Lieutenant Walter Desmond, of the Royal Ulster Fusiliers, which battalion shared with two others temporary quarters on one of the transports, known for the time by the plain title of Number Seventy-Two, thought that he had never seen such an inspiring sight in his life. At one moment he turned his glasses on the low sandy coast-line, to which the transports were now drawing near, and scanned it eagerly for any sign of life; at another he fixed them on the low grey forms of the destroyers, which seemed to move snake-like through the quiet sea, some of them within a couple of miles of Number Seventy-Two; and then he would carefully study the semaphore flickering out mysterious messages from the flag-ship to the men-of-war closer in shore. But the destroyers interested him most. Those low and grim-looking hulls, quietly parting the water with their razor-like bows, looked so small and powerless when compared with the great battle-ships, floating majestically in sombre dignity; yet Desmond knew well that some of them, possibly some of the very craft he was now watching, had barely two short months before found an opportunity, in the turmoil and confusion of a great battle, to strike at the heart of more than one proud man-of-war. Our own ships-of-the-line also had suffered in the earliest days of the war at the hands of the French torpedo-craft, handled with a dash, a skill, and a brilliant courage which had excited the astonishment and

admiration of the British seamen, perhaps too ready as a rule to underestimate the prowess of foreigners on that ocean which they regard as peculiarly their own.

The decks of Number Seventy-Two were crowded with men, all, or nearly all, completely dressed and equipped, though the word had been passed that no one from Seventy-Two would be likely to reach the shore before night. Now that the French coast seemed so close, it was felt that a change of programme had probably been made, and every man there would have felt eternally disgraced if his battalion had been late in landing through his not being ready to take his place in the ranks when required. If the officers chose to take their chances, they could do so, but the men were determined to be ready in time; so, without orders, there they all were, crowding the deck of the ship, every man fully expecting that within an hour more, at the outside, he would be able to stretch his legs on that sandy shore which now looked so inviting and so near. As Walter turned his back to the rail and let his eyes run over the soldiers crowding together in the waist of the ship, he could not help admiring their bronzed faces and easy soldier-like bearing. The one thing that he could not admire was the dress. Gone was the scarlet coat which he and most other people had for so long associated with the name of a British-soldier, gone not to return till the piping days of peace brought it back! It had been displaced throughout the British army by a loose, easy-fitting garment of a dirty drab colour; the blue field-service cap had given place to a soft, wide-brimmed felt hat, bearing in front the device and initials of the regiment in bronze; and on his lower limbs the soldier wore a pair of loose knickerbockers of the same material as the jacket, but of a slightly lighter

shade, with linen putties, or bandages, which again were of a lighter colour than the breeches, bound round the leg from above the calf to the ankle. The pipe-clayed straps, which had been at once the pride and the bane of the soldier, had given place to broad belts of stout webbing of the same dirty drab colour as the rest of his garments, and no man had the least brightness or glitter in any part of his attire. This equipment had only been recently issued to the troops: in fact some of the regiments had only received their fighting-kit a day or two before sailing; and it was generally understood that the new outfit was the result of a series of protracted experiments in the invisibility of certain colours. So far as was known in England, the French soldiers still wore the blue coats and scarlet breeches sanctified by their historical associations, and it was hoped that the sombre garments of the British would stand them in good stead on the day of battle.

Suddenly the attention of all was attracted by the sharp crack of a six-inch gun from the leading cruiser of the shore division, and almost at the same moment Walter saw a blinding flash among the low trees of a fir-plantation which at one point came to within a few hundred yards of the sea. Sand, leaves, and all sorts of rubbish flew into the air, and the young soldier realised that he had seen a shell fired in anger for the first time. The consorts of the cruiser which had first fired now joined in the bombardment, though no one on board Number Seventy-Two could see what they were firing at; and before long the little wood was wrecked out of all resemblance to its original appearance, when our men had first seen it crowning the pale sandhills with the dark shadows of its sun-scorched foliage. Walter now made his way to the

roomy bridge which was crowded with officers, in the hope of picking up some information as to the proceedings on shore. Every one was watching the little wood and the adjoining sandhills through their glasses, and Walter followed their example, but could see nothing of the enemy, the shells from the cruisers bursting in quick succession along the crest of the sandhills and raising such clouds of dust that he found it impossible to make out any thing moving. Suddenly he saw his captain beside him. "Oh, Carstairs," he said, "have you seen what they're firing at? I can't see a blessed thing."

Carstairs closed his glasses, as he answered: "You'll see nothing now. If you'd been up here when the firing began you'd have seen something of them, but they've cleared out. There were only a company or two of infantry, and a few field-guns. I guess the ships knocked the stuffing out of them. I think they've stopped firing now."

"I heard nothing at all from the shore," said Desmond, "and had no notion they were firing at us."

"They opened on us before we fired at all," chimed in another of his brother-officers. "I just happened to notice the flash of the gun in the wood,—not a very bright flash either; I don't suppose I should have spotted it if it hadn't come from the darkness of the wood. Then I saw the splash of the shell just about half way between us and that leading cruiser."

"Well, young gentleman," the Colonel joined the group and looked over his young ones, "so you've seen the first shot of our campaign. We've cleared them out, but I'm afraid our cruisers got it pretty hot for a few minutes. I saw several shells burst on board, and they're not protected like the battle-ships."

"It's a pity that they didn't send the battle-ships inshore, sir."

"They draw too much water, my boy; besides I expect they didn't want to take any chances of torpedos. By Jove, what's on now?"

Up went all the glasses, and it was seen that the cruiser division, which had been going dead slow on a course parallel to the shore and about a mile from it, had suddenly turned their heads seawards, simultaneously increasing their speed. At the same time the mast-head semaphores began to spell out a message, which, as it was taken in by the warships and transports, appeared by the commotion it caused to be of great importance. On Number Seventy-Two the tinkling of the engine-room bells and the sudden clouds of smoke from the funnel, coupled with the renewed motion and the altered course, the vessel's stern instead of her bow being now turned to the shore, gave indication that the master had been informed of the meaning of the signal, all the transports being provided with trained naval signalmen, and the majority with naval transport-officers as well. The Colonel was greatly excited. "What is it, Skipper?" he shouted to the fore-bridge.

"Blooming submarines!" bellowed back the hoarse voice of the skipper.

"Submarines!" echoed the group of officers, and once more was the surface of the water astern of the cruisers searched with glasses for some sign of that dreaded enemy. Every now and then all the quick-firing guns of the cruisers, which could be brought to bear astern, were discharged almost simultaneously as one or other of the submarine monsters, for there were two of them, came to the surface to correct their bearing on their target. The calm sea was against them. "There's one!" would come in an excited yell

from fifty throats, as the sun sparkled for a moment on the low dome from which the evil little craft was conned. The next instant the dome would pitch easily forward and disappear from sight, and the next the whole surface of the sea in the neighbourhood of where it was last seen would be torn and lashed into spouts and jets of foam by the shells of the cruisers.

"They'll never hit 'em that way," said the Colonel in disgust; "and we ought to have at least a thousand men ashore by now."

The skipper leaned aft from the bridge and signed to attract the Colonel's attention. "Just watch a moment, Colonel. You'll see some fun now, sir," and he pointed a fat forefinger towards the battle-fleet. The transports had now parted into two columns, one column going towards the English shore, the other in a more southerly direction, while the men-of-war had opened out so as to move on the outskirts of the mass of transports like dogs herding a flock of sheep. One, however, had clearly a different mission. As the transports parted to right and left, a wide lane of water was left between them, and down this lane came majestically a huge battle-ship.

The cruisers, which had all this time been firing uselessly at the two submarines, now parted right and left in the same manner as the transports, and were thus compelled to cease firing from the fear of hitting each other. The great battle-ship slackened speed for a moment, then put her helm hard over and turned her stern towards the spot where the submarine boats had last been seen. As she turned, however, it was seen that she had left four electric launches floating on the water. These launches had no occupants; they were steered and managed entirely from the battle-

ship from which they had been dropped, and yet, thanks to a recent invention, were able to move without being in any way connected by wires with the parent ship. All now watched with breathless interest the movements of these mysterious craft, which were left an ever-widening area for their evolutions by the separating fleets. Meanwhile several destroyers had come in between the spot where the submarines had last been seen and the French shore, so that these latter were now encircled by enemies. A few minutes of manœuvring, watched with breathless interest, passed.

"I wonder why the French don't come after some of the transports," said Walter.

"For the very good reason that they can't catch them," retorted his Colonel. "Those submarines can only go about seven or eight knots at the best when under water. We are all safe enough; but now that they've been seen they must be accounted for. Otherwise, when we go back and anchor, we might get blown up one at a time as we're disembarking. Besides, all France knows we're here now, and if we don't get ashore soon, it's my belief we won't get ashore at all."

Suddenly one of the submarine boats ventured to the surface again to take stock of the situation. It was only a momentary glimpse that she afforded her enemies, but it was enough. Within half a minute the water in the neighbourhood of where she had been seen was rent violently in every direction by the explosion of the powerful torpedoes fired from the destroyers and from the electric launches. The shot which had torn the surface of the sea had proved harmless to the craft below it; but the torpedoes had been more effectual. Scarcely had the water thrown up by

the last explosion subsided when a long greenish hull was seen to roll over, showing for a moment above the surface of the water; then rearing up one end, with the propellers still revolving, as was plainly shown by the flashing of the sun on their gleaming blades, the ill-fated craft dived headlong to its last resting-place below the waters of the English Channel.

While all eyes were riveted on this sight a great column of water rose up beside one of the destroyers. The consort of the sunken craft had taken what measure of revenge she could. There was not a moment's doubt as to the fate of the destroyer; the lightly-built craft turned over and went to the bottom almost instantaneously, her boilers, as they blew up, sending huge jets of water high into the air as she went down. But in striking this blow the other submarine had signed her own death-warrant. Her action had disclosed her approximate position, and again the sea was torn with heavy charges of the most powerful explosives known to science, till, after a brief space, she rose slowly to the surface, a white flag being protruded from a scuttle in the dome as it parted the waves. Two men struggled out on to the platform, but had barely time to throw themselves into the sea ere their dangerous home had, like its predecessor, gone for ever to the bottom. The destroyers, steaming over the spot, quickly picked up the two survivors, and also rescued some of the crew of their sunken partner who had been fortunate enough to escape the fate of their ship.

"By Jove!" said Walter, "how do they get fellows to man those submarine boats?"

"Yes," said one of his brother-officers, "I must say I should prefer to die in the light of day myself."

"Well, we've wasted half an hour over that job," said the Colonel.

CHAPTER III.

DOUBTLESS Colonel Daunt was right, and a half-hour, which could very ill be spared, had been wasted in endeavouring to dispose of the dangerous submarine boats of the French; but Walter could not regard it in that light. He could not help thinking of the struggle he had just witnessed: of the electric launches and destroyers wheeling round the doomed French boat like gulls round a piece of offal; of the sea rent and torn by the hideous forces which science has placed at the disposal of man; of the sickening heave with which the first submarine, like a wounded monster, had plunged for the last time into the depths; of the horrifying catastrophe to the destroyer, appalling in its completeness and suddenness. These horrid sights, which seemed so much a matter of course to his older comrades, had a most disquieting effect on his nerves. Like every other Englishman he had, since the commencement of the war, read with avidity all the accounts of the fighting which had taken place between the contending Powers, and had exulted with the rest of his kind when he read of British successes, of French fleets dispersed and destroyed, of successful torpedo-attacks, or of the annihilation of other submarine boats. But now that he had seen war face to face for himself, though what he had seen could only be regarded as the pettiest of skirmishes, he could not repress a shudder as its realities began to dawn upon him, and the loud rejoicings of his brother-officers at the destruction of the gallant Frenchmen jarred upon his spirit. However, he soon realised that thoughts like these must be banished

from his mind, if he wished to keep his nerve for the ordeal which was doubtless before them all, so he resumed his old place on the poop and once more concentrated his attention on the changing scene before him.

Looking far away to the south-west, Walter was able to catch occasional glimpses, through the masts of the ships moving in his vicinity, of the proceedings of the right wing of the British flotilla, which had evidently commenced the landing of that portion of the expedition. The transports opposite Berck had closed in as near as was safe to the sandy beach, and the sea between the ships and the shore was darkened with swarms of boats, which had evidently met so far with no serious opposition. Preparations for the landing of the force to which he belonged were also in progress. The cruisers had already resumed their position off the shore, in order to cover with their fire the landing of the advanced parties, while steam-cutters and electric launches, evidently intended for countermining purposes, were already standing in towards the entrance of the little river which led to the port of Etaples. A string of large boats crowded with men was being towed slowly by a panting picket-boat to the shore opposite the wood from which the first shots of the campaign had been fired; and, as Walter watched them, the leading boat took the ground and its occupants, springing into the sea, rapidly spread into a long skirmish-line which went wavering up the sandhills and disappeared into what was left of the wood. In like manner boat after boat discharged its men, each boat-load, in a similar loose formation, disappearing in succession over the crest of the sandhills. A series of muffled explosions now told him that the counter-mining launches were busy at work, and the silvery

columns of spray cast up by them could be seen every instant over the low headland behind which the roofs of the houses which formed the town of Etaples lay shimmering under the August sun. As the launches cleared the way the steam-cutters followed slowly, sounding for the channel and dropping buoys here and there to guide the transports, all those which usually marked the passage having naturally been removed by the French. Of further opposition to the landing there was no sign.

As Walter was watching these preparations with the greatest interest he was disturbed by the approach of the adjutant of his regiment, a brother-subaltern, who touched him lightly upon the shoulder and told him that he was wanted by the Colonel in the saloon, as the orders for their disembarkation were to be read out to the officers. Walter ran off at once and entering the saloon found his commanding officer seated at the long table intently studying a map which was spread out before him. In a few minutes the saloon was crowded with officers; the adjutant took up his station behind the Colonel's chair, and rapidly running his eye over the assembled officers reported that all were present. The Colonel raised his head from his map. "Look at your maps, gentlemen," he said. There was a great rustling of paper as the maps were spread out and unfolded before each officer, or before as many as could get near the table, the men on the outside looking over the shoulders of their comrades. When everyone was ready the Colonel went on.

"You all see Etaples, gentlemen, and the river which comes into the sea opposite to where we are now? Well, I have just received orders that we are to land at four o'clock at the entrance to the river just below the

bridge on the right bank. The general line of advance will be, roughly speaking, parallel to the line of the river, Douai being, according to present arrangements, our objective. The Second Corps will be on the left, therefore naturally the twelfth brigade of the sixth division will be on the extreme left; that to-night will rest on the village of Hubersent, to which we shall march by the left-hand road, that through Lefaux. The outposts for the sixth division will to-night be furnished [here the Colonel took up a printed paper which Walter noticed was headed *Orders for the Second Corps*] by the eleventh brigade, which will detail two battalions for that purpose. The outpost line for the seconds corps will, roughly speaking, run along the line of the river Courre, the left resting on the high ground to the south-west of Longfosse. Is that clear, gentlemen?"

There was a murmur of assent. "It looks to me, Colonel, if I may say so," said the junior major, who had a certain regimental reputation as a scientific soldier, "it looks to me, sir, as if our left was decidedly in the air, a bit exposed, don't you think?"

"Certainly any one would think so," replied the Colonel; "but as a matter of fact I believe the Intelligence have got some very trustworthy information, and that that portion of France is practically clear of troops. In any case there is an independent cavalry force (chiefly yeomanry, I believe,) who are entrusted with that part of our flank. They have to assure our left, or at least to give us timely notice if an attack should threaten from that quarter."

"Well, I'm sure I hope the Intelligence are to be trusted," said the major. "I suppose the yeomanry ought to be good enough for scouting, at any rate."

The Colonel went on. "So much for the general orders. Now, gentle-

men, go to your companies ; see that every man is ready for landing, and for yourselves, fasten up your kits, see that they all are clearly labelled, or rather that the labels have not come off, and remember that you will not be able to get anything out of them possibly for a very considerable time. Some sort of a lunch will be served here at three o'clock. The men will have their dinners at the same hour. That will do, gentlemen."

The officers withdrew, and Walter joined his captain in a search through the crowded decks of the ship for the colour-sergeant of their company. On the troop-decks all was confusion. Separate quarters had been allotted to the men of each regiment, but the accommodation was very limited, and the three battalions seemed to have got hopelessly mixed. By dint, however, of a little shouting, Colour-Sergeant Doolan was at last unearthed, and Captain Carstairs found to his great relief that this trusty old soldier had got the men of his company nearly all collected in one place. A couple of lance-corporals were despatched to hunt up the few absentees, and Carstairs and Walter proceeded to minutely inspect the arms and equipment of the men. This task took a considerable time, as it was necessary to ascertain that each man had his ammunition, his emergency ration, his water-proof sheet and blanket neatly rolled on his back, and his large brown canvas haversack properly packed with the articles which he would require. At last everything was found to be in a satisfactory condition, and Walter was given leave by Carstairs to look after his own kit.

As a subaltern he had not succeeded in getting a cabin to himself, or even in getting admission to one

at all. His belongings, consisting of his sword and haversack and a fair-sized bundle rolled up in a brown canvas sheet (marked in large letters *Lieut. Desmond, 1st Batt. Royal Ulster Fusiliers, 12th Brigade, VI. Division*), he found where he had left them, namely, in a corner of what had been the smoking-room for first-class passengers, but which was now crowded with the subalterns of the three battalions on board, all busy with their arrangements for landing. Having examined his bundle to make sure that the fastenings were secure, he picked up his haversack, of brown canvas like those of the men, and proceeded to rapidly overhaul its contents. Handkerchiefs, canvas shoes, knife, fork, and spoon, collapsable drinking-cup, flannel shirt, socks, pipe, and tobacco, spare pistol-ammunition—all was correct, and the haversack was accordingly strapped up and slung over his right shoulder. His field-glasses were already hanging over his left shoulder, and his whistle, watch, and compass were in his breast-pockets, so he proceeded to complete his equipment by picking up his brown leather sword-belt. A sling from the belt passed over each shoulder, so as to support the weight of the sword and new pattern magazine-pistol, which balanced themselves on the left and right hips respectively. Beside the pistol was a pouch in which twenty rounds of ammunition were safely stowed, and to the back of his belt was fastened a neat roll containing a light blanket protected from the weather by a water-proof cloak.

As Walter settled himself into his equipment with much wriggling and shrugging of the shoulders, someone put his head into the cabin and called out : " You'd better look sharp, you fellows, if you want any lunch." At this alarm there was naturally a stampede for the saloon, where a

crowd of officers were already hard at work on a not very attractive meal, consisting of a number of cold joints which had been hacked and cut about in a most unscientific manner, and some chunks of bread, eked out with a few plates of those adamantine biscuits which are never found except on shipboard, and an extremely high-flavoured cheese. Walter felt that he ought to eat, as it was not easy to say when he would have another chance; but excitement had robbed him of his appetite, and after a few hasty mouthfuls of cold beef, he stowed a couple of roughly-made sandwiches in his haversack, and rushed on deck to see how matters had progressed during the two or three hours he had been below.

When he had left the deck, Number Seventy-Two with the other transports had been about two miles off the shore, now Walter found that she had entered the mouth of the river, and was jammed up in a crowd of other troopships in apparently inextricable confusion. Warps had been got out connecting some of the transports to the shore, and as its turn came each was hauled as near the beach as the depth of water would allow. Some of the smaller vessels had gone a little further up the stream, and were now alongside the jetty, busily disembarking their cargo of horses, guns, and waggons. Of the civilian population of the town not a trace was to be seen. The shops and warehouses facing the quay were all shut up, and all the windows looking over the river were closed either by blinds or little green shutters. On the left bank of the river a landing-stage had been extemporised by the aid of lighters, which had been towed across from Dover for that purpose; and some batteries of horse-artillery had already been landed, and were moving off at

a trot along the sandy road leading in a southerly direction past a little village, marked as Trepied on the map. On the right of this road ran the wood which had been shelled by the fleet earlier in the day, and among the trees Walter could see the forms of infantry-men resting in little groups in the grateful shade. That other troops were ahead of the guns was indicated by the clouds of dust enshrouding the head of the column, and more dust rising on the north side of the river showed that troops (probably mounted troops) were being pushed inland as fast as possible. Many of the transports were surrounded by boats, into which stores and gear of every description were being lowered, and the rattle of the chains from the derricks, the sharp orders of officers, the neighing of horses, the blowing-off of steam, and the rumble of guns and waggons being trundled along the jetties, made up a perfect babel of noise.

As Walter stood watching this animated scene he was before long joined by the majority of the officers on board, who, being now ready for landing, were fretting to set foot on shore and loudly complaining that the time fixed for their disembarkation had already passed. Some of the younger men were especially bitter on the subject of staff-mismanagement; knowing little of the enormous difficulties to be solved before a large force with its guns, horses, and stores could be landed, they were only too ready to find fault at the first hitch in the arrangements. "This reminds me of nothing so much as a block in Piccadilly in the height of the season," said one youngster. "Yes," answered another, "without the policeman to regulate the traffic." "There are the policemen," said Walter, pointing to a group of hard-worked staff-officers standing on the quay, their hands full

of papers, busy checking off the ships as they lay jammed in the narrow stream, comparing the numbers painted on the bows of each transport with the returns, and evidently trying to arrange for the landing of the troops and stores in some sort of order. Behind this group a leather-lunged sergeant was standing on the top of a step-ladder, shouting out to the ship-masters the orders given to him by one of the Staff. Close by was a group of mounted officers, in one of whom Walter recognised Sir Charles Browne, the general commanding the Second Corps, his head sunk on his shoulders, his grey eyes watching the scene before him with the most restless interest, the reins lying loosely on his horse's neck and his hands crossed idly on his holsters. An orderly, carrying a large red and white flag on his lance, sat erect on his horse behind the group. All around them roared the tumult of the disembarkation.

Suddenly a shout, "The balloon, the balloon!" from the crowds waiting idly on the decks of the ships, attracted Walter's attention. There, sure enough, was one of the large captive balloons rising slowly above the roofs of the houses. "Nothing like making use of your enemy's country," said some one behind Walter; "that beggar has probably been filled at the town gas-works. We ought soon to know something of what the French are up to now."

"It's about time we did," said Colonel Daunt, who had joined the group on deck; "I can't understand the way we're being allowed to land without a fight for it." "I fancy they must all have gone away to the south to look after the Germans," said some one else. "We'll have a fight for it quite soon enough, I expect." "Yes," replied the Colonel; "but think what a pull we get if we're allowed to land

without interruption. Why quite a small force might have given us no end of bother, and with the railways in their hands they ought to have been able to get a division here by this time at the latest."

"Well, the heliograph is busy from the balloon; it looks as if they could see something."

Walter turned his glasses on the balloon. There were two men in it; one was looking towards the south with a telescope, the other was flashing a message, which some of the officers round him were trying to decipher, with more energy than success.

While this had been going on, Number Seventy-Two had been gradually approaching the shore till at last she found herself laid along side another transport which was fast to the jetty. A young staff-officer came striding across the other ship and, springing lightly on to the rail of Number Seventy-Two, asked if Colonel Daunt was on deck. "Here I am," answered the Colonel, elbowing his way to the front. The young officer saluted: "You will now disembark, Colonel; your adjutant will hand me your states. On landing, your battalion will move clear of the jetty and will halt till your waggons and horses are ready to follow you. The rest of the brigade is landed, and when your battalion is ready the Brigadier will march."

The adjutant, after shouting to the sergeant-major (who was waiting orders in the gangway) to parade the left-markers of companies, handed the returns called for to the staff-officer, and then pushed his way through the crowd to the shore, being soon followed by the sergeant-major and a non-commissioned officer from each company. The Colonel had now taken up a commanding position on the ship's rail, steadying himself by the rigging, and when he saw that

the markers were covered, gave the signal to move to the captain of the company which happened to be nearest to the gangway. This company soon pushed their way to the shore, and formed up on their marker; the others followed and took up their places, the Colonel strode to the head of his battalion, the adjutant reported all present, and the column, put into motion by a couple of crisp commands, swung with a steady stride out of the square facing the jetty into the long street straggling away into the country. A few hundred yards down the street was the Brigadier, with his staff, awaiting their arrival. Beyond him the rest of the brigade were sitting on each side of the road, the centre being left clear for traffic. The Brigadier held up his hand. The battalion stopped, the men in rear crowding on to those in front, and regaining their places with much shuffling of feet which set in motion clouds of white dust. This halt was a grievous disappointment to the rank and file, who appeared to think that, once started, they would be allowed to go on till they met the enemy. However, there was nothing for it but to do as they were told, so, in their turn, they strewed themselves along both sides of the street, in front of the silent, shuttered, and apparently deserted houses.

When the regiment had cleared the roadway, the stream of traffic, which had been momentarily checked by their halt, recommenced to flow, and both men and officers soon found plenty of occupation in watching it. The first to pass were a number of waggons bearing flags showing that they belonged to the eleventh brigade of the sixth division, the heavier waggons pulled by electric motors (one motor pulling half-a-dozen wag-

gons), the lighter carts, such as the small-arm ammunition-carts, being drawn by horses. Following these came several ambulances, also motor-driven, men of the Medical Corps riding on the waggons, and surgeons on horseback walking their horses alongside. These ambulances were empty as yet; Walter caught himself wondering how long they would remain so. Then came a long column of cavalry, hussars, dressed in drab like the infantry but retaining their distinctive bushies, their horses fresh and excited, the men active, bronzed, and eager-eyed, sitting alert in their saddles, looking picturesque and serviceable, though cumbered with carbine-buckets, picketing-gear, nets bulging out with hay, shoe-cases and other *impedimenta*. This incessant stream of horses and vehicles drove the dust in clouds on to the troops lying by the side of the road, till they were all as white and dirty as if they had marched for miles. Add to this that the sun was getting near the horizon, for it was now after half-past six, and that the village, indicated in orders as the place where they were to bivouac for the night, was some three or four miles off, and it was not surprising that the men should begin to grumble and fidget, and wonder if they were ever going to move again. At last, however, their patience was rewarded by the sight of the Brigade Transport-Officer (with whose good-humoured face they were most of them destined to become very familiar) who came cantering up followed at a slower pace by the long tail of waggons bearing the placards, *Baggage, 12th Brigade, VI. Division*. The Brigadier at once signalled to commanding officers to fall their men in, and in a few minutes more the march had commenced.

(To be continued.)

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ANTHONY'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER V.

ON reaching the yard, Snidgery turned off and unceremoniously entered the watchman's house, but Anthony walked down toward the water and paused at the side of his wife. The afternoon was soft and warm, such as sometimes comes in the early year with a promise of spring, and there was no discomfort or danger in sitting, as she did, at the edge of the wharf and with no precaution against chill but the shawl about her head. A slight movement alone showed that she was conscious of her husband's approach. She did not look up at him, even when he spoke, but remained gazing blankly at the further shore, with her fingers loosely interlocked in her lap. There were rings on them, with sham jewels whose dull lustre somehow suggested a cruel comparison with her eyes.

"Moping alone, Aggie?" said Anthony quietly. "It is a bad habit to get into. Where is your father?"

"Indoors, I suppose."

"You should keep him company, now that you are back again. He must want cheering up after having been alone so long. Come, let us go in; he will think we are deserting him again."

"No," she replied indifferently; "he wants me no more than you do. Leave me alone, if not in contentment, at least in peace, can't you?"

"A foolish fancy, and an unkind

one," said Anthony, seating himself by her. "Neither of us has ever given you cause to think so. Come, forget the past; do not let it disturb the present, or you, who have lived so much in the future, must renounce all dreams, and that is a poor life to lead."

With an impatient gesture she moved a little away from him. He went on gravely, not pressing himself upon her, but talking as one might to a fretful child,—patiently, and with an added touch of sadness he would not have had appear, but which was there nevertheless. "We must help one another. Your father is old; I have a great deal to learn in many ways before I can earn enough to satisfy your natural desires, and to place you where it has always been my wish to see you; you are unwell; a little time will set us right again, maybe, but not while we bow helplessly to the first blow of misfortune."

"First!" she cried scornfully, striking her hand feverishly upon the ground. "The thousand and first in a conspiracy to stifle my ambitions and hide my gifts! It has been the same always, ever since I left home and began my life. And you, you who should have been my protector and vindicator, you stood by in your paltry content with whatever they chose to give you, and watched me crushed. I could have endured that, and risen despite them all; but what next? You drag me

back to this hovel, watch me wither in obscurity, and then,—preach liveliness! A pretty husband!”

Her voice rose to a shriek, but some power he possessed over her, even in her wildest moments, reasserted itself.

“Look at me, Agatha,” he said. She shivered, and slowly turned her head. “What you say is untrue, and you know it. You know that rest was necessary to us both, and that until this became so apparent that it could be no longer ignored, I gave way against my wiser promptings. To persist would have meant utter breakdown; our resources were pitifully small and irregular, and were growing worse instead of better. And why? You were not physically equal to the work, however unimpaired your talents might be. Managers saw this; they are men of business, and must act according to their code. Until you are able to resume work with a full equipment of strength, and fight the battle with your rivals upon equal terms, they are justified in refusing their countenance, as I am justified in bringing you here. Now, Aggie, you are a woman of discernment; be reasonable, and tell me if this is not so? Just a month or two of quiet, and you are fit again to excel.”

The mingled firmness and flattery subdued the distraught brain, as he meant it should. He was so careful and kind with her; not a movement of her lips escaped his vigilance when he was by; of his whole duty as a husband not an item was omitted, or failed of leaving its mark upon him. His face was cold, even when his manner was kindest; it showed a loveless acquiescence in the demands of honour; the ashes of a boyish passion that had burned itself out in a gradually tainting atmosphere, and now lay dead upon his heart.

“It is easy enough talking when I have no choice but to obey.”

“To agree, Aggie, and thank me after. I am willing to abide the issue if you will only refrain from thwarting me.”

“Well, we shall see,” she replied sullenly. “If I die in the meanwhile, as is more than probable, there will be none to reproach and I dare say plenty to comfort you; a young widower is an interesting object, isn’t he?”

“Hush, Aggie, hush! Has there ever been cause for either of us to speak like that?”

She dropped into her former listless demeanour, seeming to forget his presence. The tugs, snorting upon the turgid river, were beginning to show their lights, and a string of blundering barges, from which a dog barked at them, grounded upon the mud near by; the evening mists began to fall cold and dank, and she gathered her shawl closer about her head and went in, with her husband at her side.

Without too implicitly crediting the popular belief that extremes meet and that ill-assorted companions are assorted the best, it is only on some such vague theory that many incongruous affinities can be accounted for,—as, for instance, the friendship between Snidgery and Scripture Soffit, so diametrically opposite, as they were, in every attribute; the one keen, rough, business-like, and congenitally cynical, as all men must become, no matter their degree, who traffic much with their fellows; the other dreamy, unselfish, absolutely unpractical, wholly gentle. Yet they were the best of friends; and more than once, unknown to the beneficiary, had Snidgery relaxed the strict rules of commercial instinct,—which enjoin that each shall work for himself and the Devil shall take the hindmost

—to float his less vigilant comrade over the shoals and quicksands of the stream of life. Soffit had begun the world as a choir-boy; subsequently he had been advanced to the post of clerk in a City church, and in that office, so congenial to his tastes and studious leanings, he had passed many years beneath the noses of many incumbents, till a legend had grown up to the effect that, at some period before the era of history, he had been planted upon that spot and the sacred edifice created round him. At an early stage in his *quasi*-clerical career, some genius had dubbed him with the nickname of Scripture, impelled thereto by his knowledge of sacred ritual, his classical attainments, and the habit he early contracted of quoting half unconsciously, in and out of season, scraps from his readings. It stuck so firmly, as nicknames sometimes will, that it became irremovable: its application could not escape the dullest; and his baptismal appellation, if he ever possessed such, which some were inclined to deny, lapsed into oblivion. As Scripture he was fated to remain, but, alas, not as a parish clerk. It fell out that the last rector to whom Scripture Soffit responded was a young man, moving, as he himself averred, with the spirit of the age; he was characterised also by long hair, an ascetic expression, an immense belief in his own infallibility, and an only less overpowering passion for strange ritual and vestments. Like most gentle natures, Scripture Soffit could rouse himself astonishingly upon a few points, and his new spiritual master touched them like an irritant. He did not hesitate to rise in his wrath, and denounce progressive sacerdotalism and all its ways; a terrific argument, in which Scripture forgot alike his meekness and his respect, followed, culminating in his dismissal, with a

motherless baby-girl dependent upon his helplessness.

Though he never for a moment regretted his action, he began thenceforward to appreciate the radical difference underlying theoretical acceptance and militant championship of any principle, and to ponder with a sort of surprise (for the question had never struck him before) what various interpretations the abstract virtue known as truth will bear. The rector took one view, he another; they had come to no decision more satisfactory than agreeing to differ, and to differ apart; that was the rub, for academic questions fail to engross when bread cannot be got to nourish the speculative faculties. Worse than all, there was the little girl, already growing pretty and precocious, crying to his ineptitude for shelter and food. Had not Snidgery bestirred himself, he would have suffered sorely for his conscience-sake; but that gentleman, after lavishing certain jewels of rhetoric in his favourite style upon the customs of fools, contrived to secure him the custodianship of Rosebank Wharf. At the first blush, a more misplaced choice would scarcely seem conceivable, but Snidgery knew the conditions of the employment; the work was practically nothing, the pay, if small, was regular, and the intervals of seclusion, when the dilapidated wharf was unlet, constituted an added inducement. Scripture Soffit, delighted and grateful, entered upon his duties, such as they were, at once; and from them, with his tattered and well-beloved volumes surrounding him, and his child growing up beneath his eyes, he had never since moved. Even when the climax occurred, which another less kind and more clear-sighted could have long foreseen, and the wilful child, become the discontented young woman, left him to follow her misguided bent among a company

of strolling players, he remained with his books to await the triumphant return she had predicted ; and he was there, ready with words of welcome and comfort, when she came back, crazed, defeated, but not disillusioned. Such was Scripture Soffit's history up to now, when he stood blinking at some recent utterance of Snidgery, and the subject of their discourse cut its thread.

"That's right, my dear," said the old man ; "come in out of the cold. Here's Mr. Snidgery come to see you, and surprised to find such a healthy face, I'll be bound, after all your travels."

The entirely obvious nod and wink with which this mendacious assertion was accompanied, made no impression upon the literal Mr. Snidgery.

"Showing up at the wharf again, Aggie?" he enquired, with a keen glance at her. "And a good job too ; you and me are quite strangers. If I was your father, I'd tie you up by a rope in the yard, so as to know that I'd got a daughter. You're as bad as a commercial traveller, without the profits."

"It's such a lively place to come to, Mr. Snidgery, isn't it?" retorted Agatha, rousing up, as she always did, under the impulse of society. "And such charming conversation !"

"For common sense 'tis," replied Snidgery imperturbably ; "there you're right enough ; but as for fal-lals, there's little enough of them, I'm free to own, or fashion either. As for poetry, which used to be in your line, your father will spout it by the yard ; ain't he good enough ?"

"We had nothing to do, so I was reading aloud to entertain her just before you arrived," said Soffit ; "and we only broke off on account of her needing exercise you know, Josh, and taking a walk in the yard. Listen to this," he continued eagerly, taking a

volume from the mantel-piece. "Just listen a moment ; it would soothe the saddest breast—"

"All right, Scripture, all right," interrupted Snidgery. "Let's have that another time. I've come here to talk business, and I want you to attend ; if Aggie don't like it, she'd better go and lay down."

"About me?" asked Agatha, quickly. "If it is, I mean to hear ; no settling things behind my back ; you'll be up to some trickery."

"About all of you, if you don't fancy starvation," said Snidgery bluntly. "Smith, here, must get something to do, mustn't he ?"

"Only until you are well enough for us to work in concert, Aggie," interposed Anthony, who had been attentive to her growing irritation. It was palpable that Snidgery chafed her unendurably. He had not the tact to perceive the effect of his tone ; and in no case would he have been at the trouble to soften it, for her pretensions aroused his contempt, and her desertion of his old friend for ridiculous impossibilities, as he deemed them, made him angry. Moreover, her ailment was of a nature he could not understand or rate at its full sinister significance, and she, on her part, had known him so long as to care not what she said to him or in whose presence she said it. Anthony made her sit by him, and silenced Snidgery by a look. Then he spoke to her in a low voice until she was passive and the dull scowl passed from her face, giving it back once more a mocking semblance of the beauty that was almost wholly gone.

"Well, are you ready?" enquired Snidgery, when he considered he had waited long enough.

"Quite, quite, Mr. Snidgery," responded Anthony, looking up.

"And *that's* all right," said Snidgery. "I've been talking over

matters with Scripture, and what I want to know, as well as him, though he won't say so, is,—have you got any idea of the next thing to turn your attention to?"

"Of course he has, Josh," interpolated Scripture triumphantly before Anthony could reply. "Lor! how did I come to forget it, and such a first-rate profession too as I have heard it to be!"

"Give it a name," said Snidgery.

"Barristering."

"Eh?"

"Practising at the bar," explained Scripture, under the impression his uneducated friend required enlightenment; "a sort of solicitor, Josh, only with better fees and less work."

Snidgery expressed his appreciation of this glowing prospect in a dismal groan. "Look at 'em," he exclaimed, throwing up his arms and apostrophising the ceiling; "only just look at 'em! What a set of innocents! It's enough to make one believe in fairy-tales!"

Poor old Scripture, upon his disclosure being received with such scant respect, collapsed utterly. He had, with good reason, a high opinion of Snidgery's knowledge of worldly matters, and the scorn of his proposition from such a source destroyed his cheerfulness at a blow. He blinked and rubbed his hands together in the most apologetic and depressing way, murmuring to himself, as a sort of mechanical consolation: "Ah well, it can't be helped; there must be something else. He dare do all that may become a man,—who dares do more is none."

"I was called to the bar just before my marriage," said Anthony, with a reassuring nod for his father-in-law; "that is what he means; but I am afraid that's not likely to be worth very much just at present. There is no need for your ridicule, Mr. Snidgery;

we are all liable to make mistakes, and I dare say that there are matters in which Mr. Soffit could instruct you."

"And there's no need to ride the 'igh 'orse, young man," replied Snidgery coolly. "Scripture and me knew one another before you was born or thought of, and it ain't likely we are going to fall out now. But that's neither here nor there; the question is, have you got anything in view?"

Anthony shook his head, and turned to Agatha with a questioning glance as she stealthily pulled his sleeve and bent toward him until her great swathes of careless hair mingled with his.

"Don't bind yourself," she whispered.

"What do you mean?" he asked in the same tone.

"Do not promise to do anything that you cannot throw up on the instant, and come with me. Anthony, if you do, I will kill you!" Suddenly her whisper became low and tender in one of her rapid transitions of mood, so that he could hardly catch the words. "I want you to be with me, Anthony, when I start again; as you were before—always, my husband. Though I have ill-used you, and other men—" Something made her raise her eyes to his face, and the passion fled from them; with a mirthless laugh she pushed him roughly away and leaned back in her former posture.

"What's the secret, Aggie?" asked Snidgery.

"If I had intended you to know, I should have spoken out loud," she answered. "Mind your own affairs, Mr. Snidgery."

"Very well, then," he said, dismissing her petulance with a grin, "let's get to the point. I'm willing to give Smith a start down at my

own place,—though it's a fact I don't want nobody, and would sooner be without him—and to keep him on until he can get something better. I've been thinking it over this morning, as I was tolerable sure that you'd all be up a tree, and at present I can't hit upon no better plan."

"It's very kind of you, Josh," said Scripture rather timidly, for he had a prescience that Anthony's silence did not proceed from overwhelming enthusiasm.

"Oh no, it ain't," retorted Snidgery, who, if he were conscious of the same possibility, permitted it to move him not at all. "He'll earn his money honestly enough, and there'll be no favours on either side. He can keep my books and such: he won't find himself overworked, for the business is small and straightforward; and at the end of the week he shall receive somethink to keep himself and Aggie from the House. If he don't like it, he can leave it, so what's the verdict, Smith?"

"Acceptance, of course, and my thanks along with it, Mr. Snidgery," replied Anthony gravely. To be clerk, handyman, general factotum, to a petty usurer and lodging-house keeper,—such was his glorious destiny! And yet the offer, dictated by a rough kindness which his galled spirit called charity, was his only choice. The wife he could not love dependent on it to keep the feeble light burning behind her sullen eyes, the old man hanging timorously upon his decision and joyfully saluting him when he had spoken, as though he were an emperor back from conquest,—these controlled his voice and attuned it to complaisance. He had passed beyond the young man's restiveness at broken hopes, but he was still too young for the resignation that time flings like a mantle over the disillusion of life; he battled in the middle channel

where the water is grey and the winds wail to one burden—"It might have been!"

"About the pay," resumed Snidgery after an interval in which he occupied himself with the stump of a pencil applied to his lips and the back of a book alternately, "about the pay we won't quarrel. How'd thirty-five shillings a week suit,—or say two pound, if you like?"

"Don't ruin yourself, for gracious sake!" said Agatha.

"Not likely," replied Snidgery in perfect good faith. "What would Scripture do if I went through the Courts and there was no one to look after him?"

"I should fare very badly, my dear," said Scripture to his daughter. "I know you are only joking, Aggie, but there are some forms of fun which are poorer than downright baseness, my dear, and they should be shunned, for none toucheth pitch without defilement."

"Ah, that's right enough," said Snidgery. "What do you say, Smith?"

Anthony started from a reverie. "The same," he answered at random.

"What d'yer mean by that?" enquired Snidgery peevishly. "Some people have got as much idea of a contract as a cow has, it seems to me. Will you accept my tender, or won't you?"

"I accept it thankfully; I have said so."

"Very well; and as that's settled, I'll be off," said Snidgery, rising. "Are you coming back with me?"

No; it was better that he should remain with his wife in their cramped quarters on the wharf. To leave her to the sole care of her father, night by night with the river flowing near and the silence and darkness around her, would be criminal. He had seen no cause for the rising of a terrible

apprehension in his brain, but it was there, and he dared not disregard it. He must sleep at Rosebank Wharf.

"'Night then, all of you," said Snidgery. "To-morrer morning, Smith, but not too early, we'll put your nose to the grindstone."

CHAPTER VI.

THEN began Anthony's struggle to provide that for which petitions are put up so often in the mere repetition of a form, and with as little appreciation of the significance of the words as if they were a shibboleth of some forgotten sect. He began the struggle for his daily bread, the combat with an enemy no less relentless and infinitely more grim than death, whose generic term is poverty. And as, to those in whom sensibility has not been crushed by despair or brutalised by the sordid struggle, there come intervals of detachment when one steps aside and wonders dumbly why many things are, so amid the sterile round of effort he would drop his pen at times with a sudden fierce determination to let it lie. He seemed to move under a mist, heavy, grey, and impalpable, beyond whose confines, of Little Joseph Street at one end and Rosebank Wharf at the other, he could never again adventure. Under the mist moved shadows with little semblance to human beings who came and went with dreary persistence. They lived and he spoke and dealt with them; but they were no part of his life, only, in some complex fashion, a part of his nerves, jarring upon them and setting them to work in the struggle. He was not an emotional man in the hysterical style which becomes fashionable at recurrent intervals in all educated communities; but the aftermath of a boyhood's crude romanticism,

whence sprung the great mistake of his life, remained ineradicated. And thus, at night in the close bedroom on the wharf, when his wife lay in dream-haunted sleep, all the ignoble details of the day's work would come back to him in grim assurance of a long succession of such days stretching away into an aimless future, and he would sometimes rise stealthily and twist back his razor-blade, pondering if one sweep of the clean steel would be sufficient. But those moods were rare and transitory; he had sufficient manliness not to take them, even at his worst, more seriously than as theoretical speculations upon forbidden hypotheses. Still the weeks went by and nothing changed, save for the worse.

In his own vulgar and unsympathetic fashion Josh Snidgery was not an unpleasant taskmaster. He neither expected impossibilities nor failed to acknowledge that charity was not in his line, and that Anthony was worth his wages. Moreover, though his calling was neither noble nor picturesque, it left the conscience unruffled, however it might affect the taste, for Josh carefully shunned risky transactions; he had a wholesome respect for the law, and was always careful to keep on the sheltered side thereof. His practice, as he was pleased to denominate it, had been worked up entirely by himself, and, once satisfactorily started, required no elaborate machinery to keep going. There were no advertisements, no touting, no insidious hospitality, not even a card in the window hinting at temporary accommodation upon favourable terms. He cherished no Napoleonic dreams. His clients were almost as regular as the wives of a lower class of borrowers are at the pawnshop; with these, and chance customers

whom he knew at least by repute, his traffic ceased. He was a wise and happy man, for his cautious cunning, by circumscribing his area to the attainable and keeping him clear of all legal entanglements, supplied him with the master-secret of content.

Thus, in so far as he escaped the notoriety of a more exalted sphere of usury, Anthony might have returned thanks that his lot was no worse rather than rebelled against the fate which made it no better; but there are few who can compass that refinement of pious abnegation. Man is an aspiring animal,—or discontented as some would say, which is after all but to adopt an alternative phrase—an animal with a wide proclivity for grumbling under the most favourable circumstances; and Anthony, even if he was exempt from the weakness of grumbling aloud, shared sufficiently in the usual equipment of original sin to waste a portion of his leisure in bitter reflections upon his destiny. There were other considerations, also, that pressed upon him like a weight, slowly hardening the sweeter faculties, as trouble will, and leaving but utilitarian faculties unimpaired. All his spare money, if such an adjective could be applied to any fraction of his exiguous income, went to pay the doctor; the doctor who gave Agatha medicine with an air of giving a child a toy,—something to stop its crying for the moment; the doctor who prescribed absolute quiet, good food, mental relaxation; the doctor who shook his head and gave no hope. For she grew worse, perceptibly even to Anthony, who watched her so kindly and patiently, and marked the evil growing, though he saw her every day. The fits of brooding grew longer and more frequent; the passionate outbursts of temper, in which she grew ugly and unrestrained as a fury,

though they were intermittent waxed with repetition. They frightened her father and aged him as many years had failed to do. Yet, in other respects, after the first shock when her husband had brought her home, the old man's habitual mood of abstraction saved him from much, blinding him to what others saw, and deceiving him into taking the harsh rebuffs with which she sometimes met his attempts to distract her as mere ebullitions of that waywardness he remembered from her babyhood. It was pitiable to mark the puzzled, pained expression on his smooth old face when she cried at him to leave her in peace upon her favourite seat by the water's edge, or broke in upon a reading from some classic favourite, which (Heaven help him!) he thought the surest anodyne upon this troubled earth, to scream and rail at him, at her fate, at everything and everybody.

These things Anthony had to bear with, and to hide in silence, even from her father, who might have been his helpful confidant, but was instead a loving old man from whose blindness it would have been the act of a coward to tear the scales. Time would do that, inevitably enough, in its own appointed circle. On one side indeed, and on one only, were his anxieties lightened. Her fascination for the river, and her habit of watching its restless flow, appeared to suggest nothing of what he had dreaded. She never hinted at self-destruction, or gave him reason to suspect that it was numbered among her diseased fancies. Yet, though the imminent apprehension of impending danger was no longer present, when his day's work ended and he passed under the tunnel on to the wharf, he never lost remembrance of the fear that had seized him when he first saw her with her feet swinging over the ripples and the rays of sunset

slanting across her bowed head. At those times she was quietest, so that he had got into the custom of bearing her company there, very often in absolute silence, until the stars twinkled in a dome of indigo, and Scripture Soffit piped from the door that supper was ready. Thus the Spring came, and smiled as it can even in cities. And Spring gave place to Summer, shod in brass; the season of breathless waiting for mellow Autumn, when the sun stands still, smiting like a physical blow, and London pants breathless in a great vacuum where air is not, neither coolness nor relief, where the scarce rain comes like drops of lead, unrefreshing, and only a great heaviness remains.

Upon an afternoon he sat with his forehead in his hand, apparently immersed in contemplating the waste of dog's-eared blotting paper before him, for in that attitude it could not be seen that his eyes were closed. The window was open, and the sounds of movement outside crept in with a muffled hum; for the atmosphere was suffused with quivering heat, impressing upon even the most energetic that crawling is now and again an inevitable part of the scheme of things. He was oblivious of Snidgery's entrance until that gentleman ensconced himself in the wooden elbow-chair worn to a surprising degree of slipperiness by the gyrations of fidgety clients, and cut into the heaviness with his hard voice.

"You look a nice business-like sort of clurk, I give you *my* word," he observed with a dry attempt at jocularity; "going to sleep instead of keeping your eyes skinned for victims, as they call 'emselves. Well, I'm blowed! What would people think of me for permitting it?"

"I was not asleep," answered Anthony, looking up; "I was thinking."

"Thinking!" retorted Snidgery scornfully. "I know how that figures out. Principal—everythink's wrong; interest—I'm part of everythink; net total—everythink's wrong with me, and I'm a poor ill-used creature."

"Well, perhaps your arithmetic is not far out; but even then, Mr. Snidgery, I do not see that it matters much to you. The—the—work does not suffer for my fits of self-pity."

Snidgery combed his red whiskers with his fingers, and glared at his clerk thoughtfully, taking as much pains to veil his scrutiny as if the object of contemplation had possessed the delicate sensibility of a brick. "To poach on old Scripture's sort of language," he remarked at last, "you've wandered out of your spear, and it's a bad thing for a man to do."

It was useless, as Anthony knew, to take offence at his employer's language or show that he felt it. Drawing a sheet of paper toward him, he punctuated his reply upon it with dots of his pen. "You think so?" he said indifferently.

"I'm sure of it. Lor' love me! What are you doing here? Do you hanker after this job?"

"No."

"No! 'Ate it, don't you? I could have told you as much as that, and more too, if I'd a mind to it. Where are your friends?"

Anthony drew a shakily elaborate scroll, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Give you the go-bye, ain't they?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Well, you've give it to them; it's the same thing, only more so."

"Pray think so, if it pleases you; but this conversation is no more businesslike than my thinking."

"I don't know so much about that," retorted Snidgery. "I'm a-driving at something, you wait and see. I'd lay five pound, if that was my heathenish

custom," he went on, still combing his whiskers as if the action inspired him, "I'd lay five pound you cut yourself off when you made that marriage. Mind! I'm free to own she was a fine-looking gal then, with a knock-me-down sort of air about her and no promise of what has turned out, and you must have been little more 'n a boy. All the same, Mr. Smith, it was a mighty cracked business, and one you'd be bound to pay for sooner or later."

"I am not inclined to discuss the question," said Anthony, throwing down his pen and looking at Snidgery with two clear lines shaping themselves between his brows. "If any other man offered to dilate upon my wife's affliction in the way you seem inclined to do, I should break his neck."

"Pooh! but not mine," replied the money-lender, entirely unabashed. "I'm a sight too old and too coarse to quarrel with, and tough as well, so far as that goes."

"You have also been her friend from birth, and mine since."

"Well, it's cost me nothink," said Snidgery; "we're quits if you don't chouse me out of my dues from them that comes here. But let's get back to where we started from. My notion's this,—if you're so bunged up with pride (as you'd call it, I calls it bosh,) as to keep away from old friends, haven't you made none since that know about you and would be willing all the same to give a shove behind? For I knows well enough, Smith, that you are throwed away here, and that you ought to be, and might be doing better."

A momentary gleam passed over Anthony's face. "No," he replied, "no; how can one make influential connections in the sole company of strolling players whose lives alternate between fighting for bread and squabbling for

precedence? I certainly came across one man, God be thanked, to whom we both owe unpayable debts; but we went away, and though I had his address, Agatha was breaking down then, and in the dawning knowledge of that all smaller things slipped my memory. I purposely avoided him, and the address I have utterly forgotten."

"Any'ow, that sounds healthy," said Snidgery; "it's something to go upon. Do you remember if he lived in London?"

"Oh yes; it was somewhere here; but he was a great traveller, and may be at the other end of the world for aught I know."

"Well lined, of course?" said Snidgery, jerking a dirty thumb toward his pocket.

"I should think so,—very."

"It ain't likely to be anybody I know."

Anthony smiled slightly at the definite tone. "I fear not," he replied. "He was a man of social position as well as means."

Snidgery grunted, but whether in approbation or contempt it was impossible to decide.

"I do not even know his clubs," proceeded Anthony, rather as if he were talking to himself; for this was one of the grooves in which his thoughts often ran. Like most persons with lack of sympathetic or helpful listeners, he had grown to avoid in general conversation the subjects which touched him nearest; but when they were dragged to the surface by germane allusions, he would follow the groove aloud as he had so often done in silence. "That is no help, therefore, and, as my memory serves me, he lives in chambers or rooms, a directory is equally useless."

"Try advertising."

"How do you mean?"

"Hagony column," explained

Snidgery. "Like I've read. *Gen-teel young man, in deep distress owing to need of an immediate advance of thirty pound to save his home from ruin*—and so on. That's how they generally go, ain't it? Of course, you'd mention as delicately as you could, and as briefly, on account of the outrageous rates them papers charge, that you appealed to his recollection of former friendship. That ought to fetch him."

Anthony glanced at his employer keenly, but that worthy's countenance scouted the idea of irony.

"No, I am afraid that would not do."

"Ah, pride again," said Snidgery. "Well, please yerself; I can't do more than give good advice. 'Tisn't everybody would do that gratis either. Now, look at me."

This request the philanthropic Snidgery did not intend to be taken in the literal sense as implying that he was an individual of personal charm, but merely to draw attention to the desirableness of his economic and social environment. He did not, therefore, place himself in a more picturesque pose for contemplation (which would, indeed, have been superfluous), but stuck his chin forward and harried his fiery whiskers into an extraordinary state of disarray preparatory to distributing a few pearls of worldly wisdom. "Look at me," he repeated. "I've done myself pretty well, ain't I? And how? By sticking to Number One and swallowing pride. What's the result? I've got all I want, and more too that I have no call to draw upon in the tightest seasons. This money-lending concern I've worked up entirely to my own cheek; treating all alike, friend and foe, and giving favour no more because a man comes with tears in

his eyes and grizzles of auld lang syne than I would to the man out of the street. There's no pride about me. Why, I'd lend 'arf a sovereign to my father to-morrow if the old man was alive, and make him pay interest on the nail too. What's friends sent for, I should like to know, if not to be made use of!—Hi! you're not listening."

"Intently," said Anthony, without enthusiasm, and his head in his hand again, "intently, Mr. Snidgery, I assure you. Our views coincide exactly."

"People say to me, 'What do you live in?' 'A house,' says I. 'Why?' says they. 'To let out to lodgers, and make a bit extra,' says I. 'Why?' says they again; 'there's no necessity so to do, and you bemeaning yerself low.' 'Low be d——d,' says I. 'I must live somewhere, mustn't I? You talk of apartments and comfort, and being waited on 'and and foot as I can afford; but I've never met the apartments yet where you *are* waited on 'and and foot, and only a house remains. Well, I couldn't sleep in more 'n one room at once, nor feed in more 'n one parlour, not if I was the Czar of Prooshia, could I? Naterally not; so why should I chuck over the chance of making a bit for the opinion of people I don't care a blow about and whose talents for business is pretty well on a par with the superiority they jaw of! Not me! Look after Number One first: blow scruples; and Number One will look after you.'"

With this peroration, Mr. Snidgery, in whom the flow of eloquence necessary to describe his philosophy of life had intensified his native colloquialism rather more prominently than is the wont with practised orators, blew his nose violently to clinch the argument, and proceeded with a good appetite to tea.

Anthony gathered up his hat and

stick, and went back to his home upon the wharf through the sultry evening as drearily as if he were actually a neophyte freed from sitting at the feet of Worldly Wisdom, and pondering for the first time the words that had fallen from her hard, unsmiling lips. In detail he had caught few of Snidgery's aphorisms; but the effect remained and the harsh voice hammered unceasingly in his ears. He forgot it, and everything immaterial at the moment, when Scripture Soffit's figure, as he came round the corner, exhibited itself at the mouth of the tunnel, looking for him.

"What is it?" he cried, hurrying up breathlessly. "What is the matter?"

"There now!" exclaimed Scripture, lifting up his hands in mild reproof. "What a fellow it is, always thinking something's gone wrong! Come in, my dear, I've a pretty sight to show ye."

"When I saw you waiting—" He said no more, but coughed from the effects of his run, and a slight stain of colour, more like a smear than a natural suffusion, which had mounted to his cheek-bones, died away in his native pallor.

"Tut, tut! Anthony; you are over troubled about many things," said Scripture, stopping with his pleasant abstracted smile. "Here's a picture to scotch one of our anxieties, and the first indication that it will one day be killed, please God! Look at her, the pretty creature!"

He smiled again, and pointed, but there was no need for him to do that. From some recess of her scanty wardrobe Agatha had unearthed a robe of faded yellow brocade. In this she was draped, deftly-applied patches and powder giving the requisite completing touches; and she stood before them, among the litter and rubbish of the yard, in her favourite im-

personation (one Anthony knew well) of Miss Hardcastle. This her father regarded as indicative of convalescence! But for his heaving breast Anthony could have cried at him for a fool as he nodded from one to the other, his finger between the leaves of a book.

"She used to go on so when she was a little child," he whispered as he opened at the page. "Sure, it's an innocent pleasure, Anthony, eh, and a good sign for her to go back to the old ways instead of moping in silence? I encouraged her. Now Aggie (I'm taking Young Marlow, Anthony,) I've got the place: '—My respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.' That's your cue, Aggie."

She made Anthony a deep curtsy, sweeping her flounces out and bestowing upon him the simpering glance that a house full from pit to gallery was supposed to intercept. "Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent?" And so on to the end of the scene, her father reading the other parts and admiringly permitting her full opportunity of spreading out with gesture and pose the speeches allotted to her rôle. Anthony would have left them in sheer sickness of heart, but he dared not, for there was something of pity for the self-deceived old man to keep him, something too, in her very extravagance of mien, and a clear note rising in her voice now and then, to remind him of scenes past of which this was the travesty,—or tragedy, for tragedy in its deepest passions is the futility of fulfilled desire—and to refigure the high-strung girl of ardent beauty and flexible voice.

They sat up late that night, for she would not rest, and kept them talking ceaselessly. It was a variant of her usual mood,—feverish, vivacious, and yet more unnatural because of her theatrical dress and the stilted loquacity she adopted in consonance with it. With elaborate contrivance a second cot had been improvised for Anthony in Scripture's book-closet; and when at last they retired there, through the thin door of their narrow quarters they could still hear her pacing to and fro and acting over again to herself the scene of the evening.

CHAPTER VII.

"AND all my real property," read Mr. Chagbody, smoothing out the sheet of parchment, "including tithes and advowsons and freehold lands and houses hereinafter fully set forth. Provided always that the aforesaid—"

"Confound it, sir," almost roared Colonel Gex, "spare me the legal verbiage, and deliver it in plain English such as a plain Englishman can understand. Leave circumlocutions to those who are paid to spin them, such as your clerks. I am all pins and needles already, even with the specimen you have given me."

"As you wish, of course," conceded Mr. Chagbody drily, in a tone which plainly implied that he considered an individual incapable of appreciating the verbal niceties of his profession entitled to an equal meed of pity and contempt. "Dispensing, therefore, with legal technicalities and being as brief as is consistent with lucidity, I may explain that the will of your deceased cousin, Demetrius Albert Mudge, Esquire, Doctor of Laws, Custos Rotulorum of the County of Middlesex, and a magistrate, having to the best of his knowledge and belief, no living relative but yourself

and your issue at the time of the execution of the said will, provides—"

"Chagbody," interrupted the Colonel in a voice which made no pretence upon this occasion to be anything but a roar, and bouncing out of his chair and back again with startling suddenness, "you know me of old, and whether I am likely to stand your tricks!"

"We are no longer boys, though," replied Mr. Chagbody with a very smooth smile. "However, Colonel Gex, I am not trading upon your ignorance of our diction. If you will have patience, I will proceed."

"Come to the point then, come to the point," said the other gentleman irascibly, adding in his moustache, as a pertinent afterthought, "d—— you!"

"The gist of it amounts to this: that your cousin, not, as I apprehended when he gave me, as his legal adviser, instructions for drawing up the instrument, from any particular esteem he bore you—"

"A reciprocal feeling, on my soul," interpolated the legatee with a snap, despite his anxiety to ascertain more.

"—But from a feeling, not uncommon among persons similarly situated, that the property should not go out of the family, bequeathed the whole of his estate (subject to a few specific bequests), both real and personal, to—"

"Me," said Colonel Gex, summoning all his fortitude to appear calm.

"Yes; but with reservations of some importance to which I must draw your attention. My client married, at a somewhat advanced age, a widow lady who had then living a son by her previous marriage."

"And an infernal row he kicked up in the family by doing so."

"I always understood he had no such connections, putting aside yourself," said Mr. Chagbody icily.

"Neither had he," retorted the Colonel, somewhat taken aback. "When I allude to the family, permit your punctiliousness to understand that myself is intended; and I felt it my duty to write him a tolerably strong letter upon the subject of alliances contracted by a person with one foot in the grave. Gad! he must have been of a more charitable disposition than I imagined, to swallow my observations so easily. If I'd known the old boy was going to make such a handsome exit, I should have been more cautious; but we had not been upon speaking terms for years; I believe, being always a person of extremes, that he never mentioned my name to even a member of his household, and I assumed my interests in that direction to be worth about a twopenny damn sterling."

"I have reason to suppose that to that fact you owe your present good fortune," observed Mr. Chagbody without exhibiting any tokens of gratification,—indeed, so far as his long face ever disclosed anything, his reflections just then were of a contrary tendency. "The relations existing between you at that date, and for a protracted anterior period,—at least so he has informed me—were of a character which induced him to burn the letter without opening it."

"Oh Lord, oh Lord!" cried Colonel Gex, slapping his leg in ecstasy. "Look what cantankerousness will bring a man to!"

Mr. Chagbody made a bow, which began and ended at his neck, in recognition of this moral reflection, and proceeded: "I am slightly exceeding the actual exposition of my deceased client's testament to make its bearings more clear, as we have not met, I think I may say, since early manhood, and I am consequently unaware if you

are advised as to how the late Mr. Mudge's affairs stood."

"My loss," said the legatee, waving his hand, "my loss entirely."

Mr. Chagbody made another bow which might have expressed, had he been guilty of the professional indecorum of quoting proverbs, "One man's loss is another man's gain," and went on: "The lady in question predeceased her husband, without bearing him children, but leaving her own child alive, by this time arrived at adolescence. I have reason to believe that between this youth and my late client there was no inconsiderable degree of affection at one time; but differences arose, as to the actual cause of which I am unable to speak definitely, but which were possibly attributable to a divergence of views natural to their respective ages and dispositions. However that may be, continual scenes of disagreement and occurrences productive of bitterness culminated in final rupture. The young man,—whom I had not the—um—ah—felicity of meeting more than once—committed some filial crime or misdemeanour, I believe, and, instead of professing penitence, defied my client to his face; at the same time leaving the house with the declaration that he would rot rather than appeal to him for a single future benefit. Mr. Mudge, on his side, closed the door upon him, and swore neither to leave him a farthing nor to look upon his face again,—a most ill-judged and reprehensible custom is swearing, Colonel Gex, having regard to the uncertainty of all human affairs."

"Oh, cursedly!" responded the Colonel. "Well, sir, what next?"

"As a matter of fact, he never did see him again in the flesh; though let us hope," said Mr. Chagbody piously, "that he has now done so in the spirit; for his step-son never reap-

peared, and there is strong reason for assuming his demise. Nevertheless, my client did ultimately alter his mind as to his testamentary dispositions, and thereby made this somewhat lengthy preamble necessary. The entire properties you are to hold in effect upon trust—"

Colonel Gex's jaw fell at least two inches, and his nose seemed to become pinched simultaneously. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Mr. Chagbody leaned back and placed the tips of his fingers together. He appeared to be taking his time, like a child who has some surprise to disclose and parts with it lingeringly. "To hold upon trust *only*," he proceeded, "for two years, during which you have the full benefit of all rents, interest upon investments, and so on, but may not touch capital, mortgage property, or sell advowson. At the expiration thereof," said Mr. Chagbody grudgingly, "everything is yours, unreservedly. Till then, practically, nothing is; for should the step-son reappear and substantiate his claim to exist, by proofs satisfactory in the eye of the law, the property reverts to him, and you are benefited only to the extent of a life-annuity of five hundred pounds. With the effluxion of the two years, his interest lapses beyond redemption by any process within my knowledge. You are free, of course, to exercise your private generosity, if you think fit; but that is a question outside my province. The will was drawn in accordance with my instructions as I have explained, and I am not prepared to name a tribunal who would upset it. I congratulate you, Colonel Gex," wound up Mr. Chagbody, though whether upon the Colonel's good fortune or his relative's skilful lawyer remained uncertain.

A variety of conflicting emotions agitated the Colonel's mind. To

enquire too particularly therein would be bad taste, seeing that a gentleman has a right to his private feelings upon all occasions; and it might possibly be unedifying, seeing that dead men's gold has the peculiarity of sowing a richer crop of envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness in the human bosom than all the other coinages of that metal combined. Mr. Chagbody, however, with a maladroitness ill-befitting a man of affairs, took upon himself to begin a leading observation. "The missing heir—"

"Eh?" said Colonel Gex with surprising emphasis.

"As we may call him without impropriety, though the designation sounds melodramatic—"

"And is also erroneous, without doubt. I'll wager he's as dead as mutton."

Mr. Chagbody folded the will into convenient compass for rasping his heavy jaw, and scraped himself methodically. The result was not musical, and if it was intended to irritate, certainly effected its object.

"Dead as mutton," repeated Colonel Gex; "I'll go bail to any amount he is."

"We have no evidence to that effect, any more than we have to the contrary," said Mr. Chagbody. "I was about to remark that though you are under no obligation to seek him or institute a search for his whereabouts, should any intelligence thereof come to your knowledge, its suppression would involve you in grave consequences,—would constitute, in fact, an indictable dereliction. You will pardon the reminder, Colonel Gex, emanating as it does from a consciousness that the layman's knowledge of our laws is often vague."

"But, confound it, sir, I know the code of a man of honour!" said Colonel Gex with slightly unnecessary heat.

"Oh, undoubtedly, no one better. Now, are there any details I can explain more fully?"

Colonel Gex, assuming a concentrated air of severity as appropriate to his position, proceeded to put them, making up in portentousness of demeanour for what he lacked in penetration, and noting down the answers upon a sheet of paper.

Mr. Chagbody's supplementary information was conveyed in his habitual manner of slightly laboured intonation which many persons, until they knew him better or became acquainted with his history, mistook for affectation. In a sense it was so, for it was no natural growth but had been acquired toilsomely, as some men acquire virtue, so that the once indispensable obligation of watching himself had remained behind when the necessity for its exercise no longer existed. For the lawyer was a self-made man.

He was of a grey or neutral tint all over. His frock-coat and trousers were grey, so were his spats, and all very well cut and respectable; and one could imagine grey gloves upon his large hands at such times as convention demanded gloves. His close-clipped whiskers were decorous, and grey: his hair was fast becoming so; and his eyes, if they indicated a leaning to any colour (which was difficult to determine, for they were small and deeply-sunken,) favoured the same colour. Even his long face was of a sort of leaden hue,—as nearly grey, that is, as the legal countenance can attain to without outraging propriety by emulating a clown whose paint needs washing. It may all have been coincidence; but it was keenly reminiscent of earlier days when he was worming his way upward, and a positive declaration of any sort, even as to preference for a particular section of the spectrum, would have been presumption. He

had begun low; but how true it is that life is made up of little things! A copying-clerk with ambition has hopes of articles, daring thoughts as to a managing clerkship, delirious dreams of partnership. Let us assume that, as Mr. Chagbody was, he is astute as well as aspiring. Like that practitioner, he turns his attention to little things, warming his employer's slippers, airing his employer's newspaper, calling his employer's cab unbidden, remembering his employer's pet foibles, and the like. It has been done, with signal success, both before and since Mr. Chagbody's time. By these legitimate means Mr. Chagbody rose, as has been observed in a more abstract and therefore negligible connection, on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher destinies. He grasped the elusive phantom of eminence (again in the concrete sense) and now he was the oldest, and, in all but name, the senior partner of an unimpeachable firm of solicitors within the confines of the County of London, and that egregious phenomenon, a self-made man. It is to be presumed he was happy, though such men very seldom are; but at any rate he displayed no marked predilection for referring to the depths whence he had mounted. He had usurped sundry qualities to assist in constructing himself, and had of necessity been compelled to abandon sundry others, less useful but infinitely more engaging. The result was a workable machine, but neither beautiful to look upon nor pleasant to handle.

"Is that all?" he enquired when Colonel Gex, whose presence seemed to imbue him with a mingling of embarrassment and cumbersome dignity, had come to a full stop.

"Yes." The affirmative wanted conviction. "Ye-es, I think so. By the way, Chagbody, you seem to have

screwed yourself into a mighty snug hole here," added the Colonel, finding time now that his own affairs were fixed and the shadow of the missing heir loomed less with each succeeding minute, to look around him and disinter old memories. "A good business, eh?"

"Most ancient and respectable," replied Mr. Chagbody with heavy emphasis. He might have been speaking of something tangible which weighed upon his shoulders.

"And do you own the whole doocid show?" enquired Colonel Gex, with that airy profanity characteristic of the military butterfly when dealing with solemn civil affairs. Out of the corner of one glistening eye he ogled the folded oblong of parchment. The phantom had shrunk into nothingness.

"There is a senior partner."

"Gad! he must be a regular what-you-may-call 'em—biblical chap who was so devilish ancient, you know."

"A representative," said Mr. Chagbody, "I may say the last representative, of the family which has occupied these offices with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their clients, for—" figuratively, and as implying weight without grandeur, his manner became positively elephantine—"for many generations: Mr. Lancelot Memory."

"I should like to know him. Do you think he would object?"

"On the contrary," said Mr. Chagbody, ringing a hand-bell at his elbow.

In the interval between the despatch of a messenger conveying the necessary request couched in the necessary terms of compliment, and the senior partner's appearance, Colonel Gex occupied himself with observation. He had only been in a lawyer's sanctum upon one previous occasion, the instigating cause thereof being a possible composition with creditors, not, as will be admitted,

a juncture favourable for the cool survey of surrounding objects. Now, however, he was under that benign influence which can find good in everything. The phantom was laid for ever, so far as he was concerned, and a deep magnanimity filled him to overflowing. The well-ordered appointments of the room,—its racks for papers, its pigeon-holes for wills, its easy (without being sensual) chairs for legatees—secured his entire approbation. The timely sun striking through the window and making a splash of radiance upon a lucky square of oilcloth, was a remarkable coincidence, symbolising (and here he felt he was growing poetical) the golden resuscitation of his lately chequered fortune. The regularity and precision of the rows of tin boxes mounting half-way to the ceiling, and by their mystic legends suggesting infinite possibilities, while betraying nothing, of the important transactions signed, sealed and delivered within, made him almost regret not having followed the law himself. About the centre of the pile was a box labelled *Mudge Estate*. As Colonel Gex gazed upon it, he became surcharged with a sort of rapture, and stuck his single eyeglass in position to disguise his emotion.

"Hem! Colonel Gex—Mr. Memory, who considers himself distinguished by your expressed desire of making his acquaintance."

"Distinguished—desire—acquaintance," murmured Mr. Memory, as if he were struck with the phrase and approved of it.

"Mutual, my dear sir," responded the Colonel with effusion. For a moment, it must be confessed, he felt himself imposed upon. He had expected an apparition of fearful antiquity, who would hobble into the room upon crutches, or at least carry one hand in the small of his back,

to localise the peculiar complaint from whose pangs Colonel Gex's experience of aged lawyers (gleaned from the stalls of theatres) had assured him they all suffered. Into the ear of this ancient he had proposed to bawl concerned enquiries as to how the gout was getting on with other general questions, and so give expression to the infinite loving-kindness toward all mankind with which his proximate affluence had temporarily induced him. And here was a fresh-coloured young man, possibly four-and-twenty years of age, with fashionable raiment and a carnation in his button-hole! It is not to be wondered that the gallant Colonel's conversational powers were not immediately adequate to the emergency, that he sat staring with his glass screwed into his eye in rather a ridiculous fashion, and that Mr. Chagbody was the first to speak.

"A relative of one of our most esteemed clients—now, alas, no more!—the conduct of whose affairs was confided to my branch of our firm, Memory. You may not have known him—Mr. Mudge?"

"Mudge—Mudge—" said Mr. Memory thoughtfully. "Can't say I do, definitely. Was it the gentleman who consulted you as to some tangle in connection with the Bigamy Laws?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Memory; that was Sludge."

"Ah," said young Mr. Memory, turning to Colonel Gex, "distinguished by my desire of making your acquaintance, sir, all the same. That is—er—"

"Mutual, mutual, Mr. Memory," responded Colonel Gex again, who, now that his sense of having been trifled with began to evaporate, fancied he perceived a gentleman after his own heart in one so well got-up generally as the youthful solicitor, "mutual, I assure you. When

I am settled in the new house I propose purchasing,—which, in point of fact, I have had in my eye for some time—I shall be extremely gratified if you will call and place our acquaintance, so auspiciously begun, upon a more intimate footing. My girls will be of the same mind."

Here the Colonel began to make preparations for departure, which however, for some reason, exhibited reluctance. He bowed, Mr. Chagbody bowed, Mr. Memory murmured his delight and bowed,—but he did not go. His gaze wandered round the room, and lit again upon the tin box labelled *Mudge Estate*. Mr. Chagbody had mentioned that the deeds therein lay under his sole care. "I expect you, too, Chagbody," he said at last explosively. "Our long connection, though it has been broken of recent years, makes that invitation superfluous. Damme, you sha'n't get out of it!"

"I will make no such attempt," replied Mr. Chagbody solemnly. *Good-bye*. I am always at your disposal. *Good-bye*."

Colonel Gex took at least five minutes to descend about fifteen stairs, and when this progress had landed him on the door-step, stood about five minutes more without proceeding to the pavement. At the expiration of that period,—during which he had tugged his moustache in every direction (short of detachment from its roots) in which a moustache could be expected to go, and had also performed an astonishing variety of movements with his feet—he appeared to have conquered an internal repugnance. Fixing his glass in position—where it habitually refused to remain except under forcible compulsion, and even then for no length of time—he dashed precipitately up-stairs.

"Back again?" said Mr. Chag-

body, who was alone. "Something you have forgotten?"

"Well—ah—yes; a mere trifle."

"I am wholly at your service," said Mr. Chagbody, seeing that he had stuck.

The courtesy did not help Colonel Gex, who dived after his glass,—which had disappeared,—glued it in resolutely, and went off at a tangent. "I take it old Mudge was profitable to you, eh?"

"Well, he was of a litigious temperament," conceded Mr. Chagbody with a slow smile.

"So am I, Chagbody, confoundedly litigious. I don't intend to sever the connection. You'll make a good thing out of me."

Mr. Chagbody had sufficient virtue remaining to refrain from congratulating his client upon the prospect, and Colonel Gex stuck again.

"Is it another matter upon which you desire to consult me?" asked Mr. Chagbody.

"Well—er—no, not exactly," answered the Colonel, advancing nearer and lowering his voice to a confidential, almost indeed an affectionate whisper. "Mind you call upon me, Chagbody. We'll have more than one yarn of old times over the nuts and wine, hey?"

"Certainly, my dear Colonel, certainly."

"But it won't be necessary to discuss, within the limits of the domestic circle, old Mudge's will?"

"I should consider it a violation of professional confidence to do so," replied Mr. Chagbody.

"Ha! I thought you would, of course. Lawyers have their notions of etiquette as much as other people, hey?" said Colonel Gex, waxing jocose, and rejecting, after rapid consideration, a project that suggested itself of digging his legal adviser in the ribs.

"Indubitably," said Mr. Chagbody, ponderously ironical.

"But this young Memory, eh, your senior partner—ha! ha! good joke that!—how about him? Youthful indiscretion, you know, and all that sort of thing?"

"Mr. Mudge's affairs were my care entirely. If you noticed, he was not even cognisant of the lamented gentleman's name."

"True, I had forgotten; but," said Colonel Gex in a burst of rather unnatural expansiveness, "you see my motive? A man does not care to have it advertised all over the shop that he subsists upon the benefactions of a relative with whom he always quarrelled most doocidly. Family rows are rather *infra dig.* sort of affairs."

Mr. Chagbody concurred in this laudable desire for reticence, whereat Colonel Gex made his adieux for the second time, and reached the door without misadventure.

"Wait, though!" he exclaimed, arresting himself spasmodically and plunging for his eye-glass. "There is one more thing, small enough, but which puts a man in a devilish ridiculous position. Fact is, Chagbody, I've slightly overdrawn my account at the bank; I'd almost forgotten it, on my soul. Is the estate yet in a sufficiently cleared-up condition to—eh?"

"Well, probate is not yet taken out," said Mr. Chagbody, unearthing a slim, green-covered book from a drawer, "but upon your signing a quittance I think there need be no difficulty for anything in reason. How much do you consider requisite?"

Colonel Gex considered the requisite figure, and declared the same with so little delay that it might have been in the forefront of his meditations for an hour past,—as indeed it had been, to be wholly frank. Whereat, one

tender pink leaf ravished from the green-coloured book, slips into an innermost pocket: once more he reiterates fervently the desire that Mr. Chagbody will inspect his new town-house at the earliest opportunity; and once more he takes his way down-stairs,—no longer at three steps to the minute, but with feet that hardly seemed to regard them at all, with hands scorning the banisters of suspicious stability, and a heart whose specific gravity was for the nonce so contemptuous of physics that it threatened momentarily to spring up to his throat, and choke him in an insane desire to dance.

For he treads upon air, does Colonel Gex, and he feeds already upon the ambrosial future. He is a widower, and a father of marriageable daughters; his moustache is more white than black, and the hair upon his head needs careful diurnal disposition to mask the approaches of Time. Yet does the Colonel bear himself with surprising buoyancy. The roar of Fleet Street hurtles past him, but he heeds it not; the cupboards of memory contain more than one skeleton, if not ghastly at least uninviting, but he has locked the doors thereof and thrown away the keys. His coat shows a pliant and complaisant disposition at the seams, and his trousers are strapped something tightly over his boots for prudential reasons; but he looks in the shop-windows like any schoolboy, and conjures up sartorial visions of surpassing splendour. Yes, Colonel Gex is young again, and brimming over with the delightful anticipations of youth. A crossing-sweeper importunes him (though there is about as much mud to remove as the Sahara might be expected to exhibit at noon-day) and he dives at once into his waistcoat-pocket. Beautiful generosity, born of a mind at peace with

all the world! But his fingers encounter some keys, a toothpick, and half-a-crown. Can one remunerate a crossing-sweeper with a latchkey or a toothpick? A thousand times, no; it would outrage his choicest feelings. There remains the half-crown. *Ten* thousand times, no; it will pay for a libation to Fortune, who is a fickle jade and ill-disposed to slighting. So Colonel Gex smiles his blessing, and passes on.

He passes on through Fleet Street, through the Strand, and eke through Whitehall; then he turns off and threads less historic thoroughfares with a tendency to squalor and overpopulation. Still he smiles,—he cannot help it. He pulls down his wrist-bands, and pulls up his cravat; eases his collar, and imports a revived swagger into his gait; expends a vast amount of activity in routing his eye-glass from remote coigns of his costume, where it will secrete itself,—for his beaming countenance is not favourable to adhesion, which requires a frowning guise. What do the dirt and the depression of these streets matter to him, what their droves of clamorous infants? He will soon be quit of them, installed once more, and this time irrevocably (of that he is certain) in his own especial niche of the temple of gentility. How chaste it looks through the rending veils of anticipation, how inviting, how—how devilish pleasant altogether! He can hardly suppress his emotion, and, though not congenitally addicted to musical expression, hums a tune in which sprightliness more than compensates for a lack of melody. His way lies partly through Westminster, and the street therein which is named after Little Joseph. He knows nothing of Little Joseph and cares less; and as for two persons seen in a passing glimpse through a window flung up to miti-

gate the heat (with dubious results) he knows them not from Adam. Neither do they know him. The younger, it is true, moved to raise his head from an interest-table at the unusual sound of cheerfulness, seems to grasp at something nebulous in his mind and lose it before tackling the interest-table again; and the elder, with a scornful glance at the eye-glass, grunts "Shabby genteel," before remarking, "It's time you got at least them eight per cents. by heart, Anthony." But that is all; and had they been asked as to the identity of Colonel Gex wending homewards, they would have severally replied, in the same or similar words, that they did not know him from Adam.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF all laudable examples of perseverance in the musical art there is none worthier of commendation than the common or domestic canary; he rivals the whistling street-boy and beats the music-teacher by the hour out of the field. The particular canary which has excited this observation inhabited a small cage in a small room in a small house; and, partly from original sin, partly perhaps to dissociate himself from the pervading impression of insignificance, screamed in a way which would have done credit to a very large throat indeed. A girl who was perfunctorily painting a fan at the round centre-table, paused in her occupation to throw a pencil at him; and another girl, who sat at a little distance engaged in some sewing, paused a moment to smile quietly at them both.

"You will not get on very fast, Bud," she said, "if that is the way you treat your tools."

Bud pouted a pair of the most delicious lips ever boasted by a maiden of seventeen, who has not very long (as years count) put her hair up and

let her skirts down, and is beginning to practise in dead earnest the distracting arts inherent in her sex; and by way of reply she launched a paint-brush at the canary. Even if it had hit him (which it did not, going, as a matter of fact, in an altogether contrary direction) he would have deserved it, for he had just begun a fresh attack upon an octave of incredible altitude and piercing quality.

"Or bring much more grist to poor Papa's mill," continued her elder sister, turning industriously to her sewing again.

"How can you be so silly, Alice!" cried Bud. "As if I could ever bring grist to Papa's mill, as you call it!"

"Perhaps not, my dear; but at least you can try."

"And stain my fingers, and dirty my few frocks,—for nothing; you know it's nothing, Alice. What is grist too, Alice?" said Bud perversely. "I am sure I don't know, and I don't believe you do. As if I should ever sell these trumpery things," she went on after waiting in vain for a reply. "It's ridiculous! I have not even finished one yet."

"I expect that is the reason that you have never sold any," replied Alice, wrinkling her smooth forehead in the effort of logic.

"You are a cross old stick-in-the-mud, Alice!"

"And you a school-girl still, Bud, who cannot forget her slang."

"Oh dear, how hot it is!" said Bud, stretching her arms over her head and yawning. "Bother that horrid canary! One cannot hear oneself speak for his screaming, so it does not matter if I do talk slang; and besides there is no one to listen. I wish I could go out and do things like other girls. It's a shame, and I say bother everything, and *dash* it all too—*there*!"

"You are getting tired, Bud," said

her elder sister kindly. "Lie down until tea-time and finish the painting after."

"While you go on pegging away, Alice?" said Bud. "No, you dear old martyr, I will not do that; I will stay here and encourage you with my presence."

The dear old martyr, who might have been four-and-twenty or thereabouts, stitched away methodically. Bud wandered about the room with wayward aimlessness; banging at the canary's cage (and thereby nerving him to fresh transports), pulling a leaf from a pot of musk, making a face at the hideous china presentments of animals never known to naturalists which adorned the mantelpiece, and sighing tempestuously at intervals.

"Shall we have tea early?" suggested Alice, after watching her for some time without appearing to do so. "Papa will not mind if we do not wait; he does not care for tea."

"Here he is!" cried Bud, waving her hand gaily out of the window. "Hurry up, Papa, and tell us all the news!"

Papa (otherwise Colonel Gex) did not need this exhortation. He came into the room with a burst, seated himself in the only comfortable chair with a bounce, and generally acquitted himself rapturously. The ebullience of his spirits may have suffered somewhat in a long trudge over baking pavements, but only so far as to settle down into a consolidated content which his stuffy surroundings, as he gazed about triumphantly, accentuated by the recollection of their impotence to gall him much longer.

"What did Mr. Chagbody want, Papa?" said Alice. "It is no new,—new trouble, is it?"

"I don't believe it is," cried Bud before he could speak. "Lawyers are terrible people (aren't they?) with always some mischief on hand; but

I am sure this Mr. Chagbody must be an exception, Alice, for look at Papa's face,—it is shrivelled up into one big smile!"

"My children," said Colonel Gex, assuming as much solemnity as lay within him, for he was not manifestly flattered by his daughter's description, "my dubious reception of the excellent Chagbody's invitation to call upon him was more than unjustified; it was criminally faint-hearted and devilishly wrong from beginning to end. In a word, I am again a man of ease—a man of wealth."

Bud flung herself into his arms with a little scream of joy. "You darling old Papa! Oh, how delicious! But what was it—where was it—who did—how much? Oh, *do* open your mouth, Papa, and tell us everything, or I shall go off pop!"

"There, my child, that'll do," said Colonel Gex, extricating himself with all convenient despatch. "You are so impulsive that one cannot get a word in edgeways. Look at your sister; she behaves like a reasonable being."

Alice had drawn her breath in sharply at the Colonel's announcement and a clear colour had risen in her cheeks. Now her head, with its shining braids of brown hair, was bent over her work again, and it was as if she addressed the busy needle when she spoke. "Mr. Chagbody has not induced you to become director of some company, has he, Papa? When you tried that before, you know, it turned out unfortunately, and you said afterwards that calmer reflection convinced you that it was speculation, and that all speculation was wrong."

"Undoubtedly, Alice; especially so when one has a dependant family and the profits are not visible to the naked eye. I commend your prudence, my child; but this is another affair altogether. Just unwrap that parcel

I have brought back, Bud ; and you shall be enlightened fully and satisfactorily."

The parcel, on being unwrapped, disclosed a black bottle with a red seal, and explained why Colonel Gex's pocket at this moment contained no more than a toothpick and a bunch of keys. It was a comfortable bottle of allusive aspect, and diffused a sense of cool richness, when its ruby contents were poured out, infinitely soothing to dwell upon ; but he would need to be a father, or of very material nature indeed, to dwell upon it while Bud busied herself about its disposal. How the sun shone upon the yellow canary and upon her yellow hair, and how it showed which was the rarest in gloss and softness and light ! How the little hands trifled with the glasses and put to shame by the gentle tint of their nails the gross carmine of the wine ! How her blue eyes twinkled, like deep inland lakes, such as the Switzer knows, when a breeze drifts down into the bosom of a valley and stirs their pellucid depths into life ! How the innocent school-girl trick of tossing the golden head captivated where more polished arts had been vain, and led one to laugh for very sympathy ! How she flitted gaily about, where a moment before she had dragged her dainty little feet in petulance, as light and elusive as a mote in the sunbeams dancing through the narrow sash ! What were the substantive wine beside this, the figurative wine of youth and health and beauty, and of merriment dawning under prosperity as merriment should, at least in youth, despite the sages ? Who but a father—shame on him, even though he were a father !—could disregard all this, and devote himself to the cold-blooded consumption of the liquor, carrying his callousness to the extent of hold-

ing his glass to the light and muttering in one breath deprecation on the vintage and hopes of a better one when he came into his own ?

That is what he did do, however, beside going through sundry other manœuvres artfully calculated to inflame the curious female mind to madness. For how long he would have continued this exasperating course of behaviour it is impossible to say,—the Colonel being one of those perverse creatures who imagine that good news, like wine, grows better for keeping—had not Bud seized upon the bottle, and springing with it to the extreme limits of the little room, vowed that not another drop should pass his lips until he had told his story.

"Dooce take it !" he exclaimed. "Come back, Bud ! The stuff is poisonous enough already without your shaking it into mud."

"Not while you are a tantalising Papa, sir !"

Colonel Gex had almost exhausted the charms of being a tantalising papa, and was willing to compromise, but he felt something was due to parental dignity. It was not to be expected of him that he should rise, on a hot afternoon, and from the one easy chair, in pursuit of a laughing will-o'-the-wisp, so he said snappishly, "Take it from her, Alice."

"I think she has a little reason on her side, Papa," replied Alice ; "we are naturally anxious to hear your good fortune."

"When he descends to a contest of words with one of your sex, a man has to give in,—that's my experience," said Colonel Gex. It would have made him very indignant had the bare assumption been alluded to by others, but actually he deferred upon most points to his eldest daughter ; even in his most selfish and careless moments (which had been pretty

liberally scattered through his tale of years) her quiet and womanly stability of character had influenced him unconsciously more than he knew, or would have cared to admit.

"And that means *you* are going to give in," said Bud. "Now that you are a good Papa, here is your bottle,—and I am glad I am a woman."

"Still, the news is not told yet," said Alice.

"Very well, it shall be," declared Colonel Gex, polishing his eyeglass and glancing from one face to the other to watch the effect of his announcement. "Mudge is dead, God bless him! and has cut up in a devilish handsome and praiseworthy manner, leaving me, in point of fact, his sole legatee. Now, what do you think of that?" He fixed his eyeglass in position, and, as a natural consequence, scowled terrifically as well as impeded his vision.

"I think it's splendid!" cried Bud, dancing about the room, a manifestation of joy which caused her father much uneasiness.

"He was very well off, was he not?"

"He was, Alice. I should not be particularly elated at a bequest of debts or of a bare pittance."

"I mean that he owned houses and had interests which require some business-capacity to deal with," said Alice. "Do you think you have had sufficient experience to manage them carefully unaided?"

"Business-experience?" retorted Colonel Gex irritably. "No; of course I haven't, and I don't need it. What does a gentleman want with business-experience? Dooce take the girl! Haven't I talent and brains, and was I a pauper until that confounded smash-up came from trusting to the advice of a parcel of needy rogues? No,—or rather, yes *and* no."

Alice said nothing in answer to this vindication, and began to prepare the tea as usual; but in such an unusual state of mental aberration as to commit the solecism of pouring milk into the tea-pot and putting sugar in the hot water. Bud, restless and wide-eyed as a child going to its first party, clapped her hands in pure delight at finding her sister, who was always right, for once committing mistakes, and without opposition took over the direction of affairs. Thenceforward these things went more smoothly, inasmuch as they were not attended to at all; and the all-engrossing pleasure of forming plans superseded the material desires of the appetite.

Plans for the future—those castles of Spain whose battlements each architect constructs on his own plan, and can see no fault or fragility in until they tremble and fall about his ears. But what enticing erections they are, raised and moulded solely to one's sweetest specification, and how are their pinnacles informed with every grace as one sees them tapering upwards in the azure softness of futurity's haze! Perhaps it is not altogether to be regretted that they should so often fall before one takes possession of them. There are many sights that gleam fairer from the distance, and with immaterial things to materialise is often to break; and even when the traveller is one of those lucky ones who does not find his bourne recede as he advances, is he always content to find his wishes fulfilled and loiter in the enjoyment of them without disillusionment or ulterior regret? Does he come to learn that the glow from the windows he admired afar, are sunbeams thrown back by panes crusted with the cobwebs of years; that the bricks of his most aspiring tower are friable and its staircase, rotten from long disuse, will not bear his eager

feet ; that the halls are empty, cold, and dismal, and echoing to ghostly voices whispering in a language he has never known? Very often he finds only this ; and his consolation is to tell himself that the place is overrated, but is at least better than that whence he came.

Still, as Colonel Gex observed in prefacing the enumeration of his few modest requirements, it is astonishingly good and unexpected business to find oneself on the high road with one's best foot foremost and the signposts all pointing the same way ; and this combination of circumstances (adduced to the fact of there being no listener of his own sex and standing before whom he could expand) encouraged him to abandon his usual parental reticence and come out very strong.

To begin with, he must provide himself with a new wardrobe according to the requirements of the society which he proposed readorning. That was such a trifling and natural proceeding as to require no dilation. There were other luxuries of importance which, though equally indispensable to a gentleman's household, required more profound consideration : horses, for instance, and carriages, and whether the latter should bear his coat-of-arms or only his crest ; this question also applied to china, plate, and so on. Indubitably these problems could not be settled off-hand and in a frivolous spirit. His prospective cellar threw him into a gentle perspiration of ecstasy ; and the question of clubs was obviously one requiring the nicest thought. These matters, as affecting himself, who was head of the family, and must accordingly be considered first, naturally struck him as most pressing ; but there were others which his daughters would no doubt assist him in thinking out and perfecting.

Bud would, for one ; she required

no goading into co-operation. Papa would find an active aider and abettor in her ; but on the other hand he must fulfil his parental obligations. He must take her to dances, and theatres, and concerts,—yes, and to dinner-parties, but not very often, because she knew they would be rather slow. Then there would be rides in the morning, upon her mare ; she would have a mare for her very own, instead of a horse, because they were more romantic, and good riders, like highwaymen she had read of, always rode mares. And papa would never invite old frumps, especially female old frumps ; but only know nice people such as were amusing and clever, or such as everybody else knew. There must be a yacht too, when the sea was smooth and the weather warm ; and papa should take them abroad,—and they would always travel first-class,—and she should have, oh, hundreds of frocks,—and a French maid,—and—and, oh dear, such a lot of things would Bud have and do, all of them enumerated in one breathless torrent of words tumbling pell-mell over each other, and all such as it surely needed only a glance at those dancing eyes and dimpling cheeks to think wholly reasonable and necessary.

As for Alice, it was difficult to say what she would have ; for she was slow in beginning her catalogue and late in getting an opportunity, and we know that the first comer will always be first served. Moreover, just as she was about to mention her desires, or at any rate to speak, an interruption occurred which postponed their enumeration indefinitely.

The interruption in question took the form of a very loud bang upon the front door, such as might have been produced by the vigorous application of an oaken walking-stick, and an extremely hearty and full voice upraised in the passage directly afterwards.

"That's Mr. Gilstrapp," said Bud, relaxing her attitude of listening. "I knew his knock directly!"

Mr. Gilstrapp himself followed upon her vaticination with commendable promptitude, seeming to bring in with him, as it were, a breeze from some quarter unknown to that stifling neighbourhood. His blue coat with its brass buttons spread back from his ample chest, displaying a waistcoat of surpassing whiteness, and the large low collar he wore spread back from his bronzed throat.

"Well, Gex," he hailed that gentleman, who looked sparer and more correctly urban than ever beside Mr. Gilstrapp's upright burliness, "here I am again you see, like the bad ha'penny or the waggish fellow in the pantomime. How's everybody? Got through the Doldrums yet, eh? Phew! it is hot! the Line's nothing to it, and I've crossed at times when the weather might be compared to that they tell us is customary in a place whose name we don't mention before ladies."

Having delivered this opinion with great heartiness and the utmost good-humour in the world, Mr. Gilstrapp mopped his brow with a silk handkerchief and introduced himself, as it were, less generally. That is, he smote Colonel Gex lustily on the shoulder, at which the Colonel grinned with mingled pleasure and pain,—chucked Bud under the chin, which offended her mortally, and condoned his offence in no time by producing a box of delicious chocolates—and placed his broad brown hand in Alice's white one with an old-fashioned courteous bow very pleasant to see. These amenities finished, he seated himself upon the horsehair sofa, mopped his forehead again and smiled upon each in turn.

"How's the world been wagging with you since yesterday, Gex?" he

enquired, as if they had not met for at least ten years. "You look prodigious cheerful, I'm glad to see. That's right, man! There's nothing like a lively look to keep your end up in this see-saw of life—eh, Bud? You were last at school, and ought to know most about see-saws."

"My dear boy," said Colonel Gex, getting the start of Bud (who was handicapped by reason of her mouth being full of chocolates), and adopting a form of address much affected among gentlemen contiguous to their fifth decade, "My dear boy, I've some reason to look cheerful."

"Good!"

"An ex—cellent reason—"

"By Jove! Good again."

"—Which I'll tell you," said Colonel Gex.

"You shall, or I'll throttle you!" exclaimed Mr. Gilstrapp, laughing heartily at his own pleasantry, and bringing his palm down upon his knee with a resounding smack. "Stay, though — half a minute! Where's Miss Alice?"

She answered the question herself by appearing from some outside region and placing a cup of tea by his side. It was a big cup, such as he affected and as seemed most accordant with his big frame; and a strong cup, like himself and his strong direct ways; a cup, also, brimming with cream, and therein typical of the soft richness of sympathy that underlay his bluff frankness.

"Now, this is what I call the thoughtful housewife and deft hostess rolled in one!" he exclaimed, bending his head over it to her, as if it were a bowl of wine and he toasting her. Perhaps he was; there is no knowing, for even the most transparent persons can be mute upon some points, so they be not dishonourable and touch them deep enough.

"You will choke, Mr. Gilstrapp!"

"Bless you, I'll take care of myself, if only to put your talents in requisition again, Miss Alice. Choking, at my age, would mean a fit, subsequent snuffing out, and no more refreshment for me!—Now, Gex, I'm ready, and I can see you're on fire to enlighten me."

"Not at all, Walpole, if you don't wish to attend," retorted the Colonel peevishly.

"Nonsense! Out with it!"

Thus abjured, Colonel Gex embarked upon the stream of narration, floating gingerly and haltingly at first, but presently finding a fair wind and sailing onward with all canvas set. Having marshalled and passed all specific facts, he proceeded to a wider exposition of his intentions than he had even shown his daughters. Though he was not usually discursive upon his own affairs, this particular turn gratified his vanity and his peculiar instincts so strongly that he threw away all reserve for the time, and rambled on almost childishly. Mr. Walpole Gilstrapp was not, in the nature of things, able to put in more than an occasional word expressive of wonder and congratulation; and his host was not congenitally disposed to read his friends' faces very carefully. This latter fact saved him much, for it was odd to remark that Mr. Gilstrapp did not respond as he might have been expected to do. On the contrary a puzzled expression gradually revealed itself on his tanned face and seemed even to ruffle his iron-grey hair, an expression which, despite a fierce contest with his innate generosity, turned almost to regret when he looked toward Alice. Nevertheless the self-conscious Colonel enjoyed himself at such length that he was still full of resources when Alice rose and drew her sister's arm within her own.

"It is time we were in bed, Papa," she said, kissing his forehead.

"Quite right, Alice; good-night. Don't squeeze me, Bud, as if I were a lemon, for Heaven's sake!"

Bud pouted, fixed his eye-glass up, and kissed that. "I wish I could squeeze the sleepy creature who invented bed till he had no breath left," she said.

"I dare say there are one or two who would be willing to risk asphyxiation on such terms," observed Mr. Gilstrapp with his hearty laugh as she held a cheek towards him. "There's an avuncular embrace for you, Miss Airs and Graces—"

"What does avuncular mean, Mr. Gilstrapp?" enquired Bud, pulling his loose neck-cloth out of shape.

He twisted her round with one light turn of his strong wrist, so that she faced the door, holding out his other hand to Alice. "And good-night, with pleasant dreams and a full realisation, Miss Gex."

"Miss Gex!" put in the Colonel irritably. He had been thrown out by the interruption to his oratory and was consequently inclined to mark little details which would have escaped him in a more complacent mood. "Miss Gex! What the devil's this ceremonious nonsense, Walpole,—or are you trying to be funny?"

Mr. Gilstrapp reddened under his tan. "One must treat an heiress with respect, you know," he retorted lamely. The explanation was meant for two; but one had already gone after a quick look at him from her steady brown eyes.

"Yes; but not you, Walpole, who have dandled 'em both in long clothes," replied Colonel Gex, grinning with satisfaction nevertheless at his friend's ready perception of the new conditions.

"Never mind the dandling; I'm your junior, Gex, by two good years."

"Hulloa! what are you getting touchy about? Gilstrapp touchy—ho! ho! that's a good notion!"

"'Pon my soul, I believe it is!" exclaimed Mr. Gilstrapp, himself again before the fine laugh he sent rolling round the little room had half expended its reverberations. "I shall be cultivating dyspepsia next. Now I've started the canary with my row. Chuck a cloth over him, Gex, and bring out the whiskey if you've got any left; if not, I'll take the liberty of dropping round to the shop and importing some."

"There it is, on the top of the

cupboard. Alice leaves it ready for me each night, and two glasses when you come, as you may possibly have noticed."

"Here's her health, Gex, and yours, and the Flower-Bud's too! May you never deserve happiness less than you have done hitherto; and now that wealth has come for the first time to them and the second time to you, may you know how to enjoy it!"

"I mean to," remarked Colonel Gex, taking his eyeglass out to wink.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE FUR-TRADE.

FOR centuries after the planting of the earliest European settlements in North America the fur-trade was considered by far the most important industry of the settlers, and the great profits derived from it were the main incentives to further exploration. It was in the prosecution of this trade that men first entered the vast prairies beyond the Great Lakes, ascended the two Saskatchewan and the Mississippi and Missouri, and scaling the long rampart of the Rocky Mountains descended into the undreamed-of territories of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. The annals of these explorations are for the most part unwritten (except, indeed, in the geography-books, whose maps and lists of place-names are the only monuments to hundreds of makers of history as well as of geography), and little more can be done by the professed historian than to trace the various steps by which the old fur-traders attained their first sight of the Pacific, the least known and most romantic of the seven seas before the nineteenth century began, and possibly destined to be the world's battlefield in the twentieth. But here and there in his researches the historian finds not merely history but a story, and has not a few stray glimpses of the spacious times of those fur-trading pioneers.

Even during the French occupation of Canada hunting and trapping in the vicinity of the settlements soon ceased to be profitable; and the fur-trader, and those from whom he obtained his furs, found it necessary to travel further and further afield.

To-day in the partially-settled tracts of the North-West it is noticed that even a small amount of traffic (to say nothing of actual settlement) will cause a strikingly rapid diminution in the amount of game there. Experienced hunters and trappers will tell you that a mere haying-trail or saddle-path, or even a cattle-track (for next to the scent of man wild beasts most loathe and dread the scent of domestic animals) will exclude moose and bear from a district as effectually as would a barbed-wire fence; and even in the case of geese, duck, and other wild-fowl the progress of settlement is invariably fatal to the hunter's chance of success. Accordingly as early as the seventeenth century the *coureurs des bois*,—men who travelled for months together into the unsettled wastes, trapping and hunting and also exchanging goods (both wet and dry) for furs with the Indians—were already a prominent class in Canada. At the beginning of the eighteenth century some of the recognised trade-routes,—routes, whose milestones were the nameless graves of such as had perished by misadventure or at the hands of hostile Indians—used by these folk already touched on the confines of the Great Plains; and it was a report brought in by one of those *coureurs des bois* of the astounding richness in game of the lands beyond the Great Lakes and of the genial character of the Indians dwelling therein which led Verandrye, son of the Sieur de Varennes, to take his memorable journey beyond the sunset. Verandrye's work of explora-

tion was carried a step further by Le Gardeur St. Pierre, who was sent by order of the Governor of New France (as Canada was then called) to search for the Western Sea. He found that sea,—but it was a sea of grass, the pasturage of a million buffalo; and it is in his report of the expedition that we first hear of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations from a French source. "The English," he writes, "annoyed at not receiving a large amount of furs at the Bay, sent collars to the Indians, forbidding them under penalty of dying to carry the furs elsewhere than to them. Not having done so, and about eight hundred of them having died from cold, the rest were all seized with fright and told one another that the Manitou had wreaked vengeance on them in answer to the prayer of the English."

It will be seen from St. Pierre's orders that one of the incentives to exploration was the desire to discover the Western Sea. Here, then, is yet another instance of that quest for a Western or North-West Passage (that is to say, a short route westward or north-westward to the wealth of the East Indies) which inspired so many great explorers from the days of Christopher Columbus to those of Sir John Franklin. And yet another instance of the same aspiration is to be found in the preamble of the famous charter granted by Charles the Second to Prince Rupert and his fellow-adventurers, that charter, which was the legal life and being of the Hudson's Bay Company. The motive assigned for the royal gift was, "That the corporators have at their own great cost and charges undertaken an expedition for Hudson's Bay for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for finding some trade for furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities, and by such,

their undertaking, have already made such discoveries as do encourage them to proceed further in pursuance of their said design, by means whereof there may probably arise very great advantage to us and our kingdom." Never was a better bargain driven; for to the Hudson's Bay Company and their servants, who ruled the Indians with such tact and patience for so many decades, the Empire owes the possession of Greater Canada.

That the French Canadian (or, at any rate, his half-brother the French Canadian half-breed) entered the high prairies before his English-speaking rival in business could be proved (if the fact were not otherwise demonstrable) from a consideration of the older North-Western place-names; most of which are French versions of the still more ancient Indian appellations. Perhaps the best case in point is that of Qu'Appelle (Who Calls?),—there is both a river and a town of that name in the North-West Territories,—which is meaningless to those who do not know the story. A certain Cree Indian was returning from the sale of his furs to one of the *coureurs des bois*. His take having included a number of fine silver fox-skins, he had returned rich beyond expectation, and had made up his mind to marry his betrothed before joining his own band. Accordingly instead of taking the direct homeward trail he turned his canoe down through the

Beautiful wooded vales of the Qu'Appelle,

travelling the shining reaches of that fair stream till the sun set and the crescent moon grew bright. Even then he plied his paddle instead of resting, for he had determined within his soul to see the face of his maiden at sunrise. But at moon-set he

stopped opposite a little poplar-bluff, and even as he turned in-shore, he heard his name uttered as if from out of the bluff. "Who calls?" he cried, and a long silence followed. Then, just as he made ready to paddle on, for he had no heart to rest in that haunted shade, he heard his name called again, and this time he recognised the voice as that of his betrothed. Again he cried "Who calls?" but no answer came, and after waiting for a while he continued his journey. All that night he travelled on and at early sunrise came within sight and hearing of the lodges of his friends. They were singing the death-songs over his dead maiden; and enquiring the time and circumstances of her death he was told that she had died as the moon set, and that before dying she had uttered his name twice.

As yet the Keeper of the Archives at Ottawa has not more than half completed the Herculean task of rendering accessible to the student the vast masses of documentary evidence bearing on the history of Canada; but enough has been done to show that they teem with facts relating to the fur-traders' dealings with the Indians. It is seldom, however, that such a flower of romance is found in those piles of dusty details. Through all these bald chronicles of obscure struggles with the French and the Indians, particularly the Iroquois, who fought on their side, one sordid fact is everlastingly evident; that the real motive of the fighting was a desire for the lion's share of the profits from the fur-trade. Indeed there were times when the gathering of scalp-locks was to all intents and purposes a branch, and that not the least lucrative, of the commerce in peltries. There is one letter extant (dated in 1769) which mentions eight

scalps in a list of furs, the effects of a corporal drowned while scouting. And not only did the French and British pay a high price for Indian scalps, but in 1764 the grandson of William Penn (who had declared the person of an Indian to be sacred) offered one hundred and thirty-four dollars for the scalp of an Indian man, one hundred and thirty for that of a boy under ten, and fifty for that of a woman or girl.

Even when the struggle between French and British for the possession of Canada was finally settled on the Heights of Abraham and the Indian war-whoop, or scalp-cry, ceased to be heard in the East, men still fought over parcels of furs. The competition between the Yankee free-traders and the Canadian merchants was carried on not without blood-shed; and then there was the great war between the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies, which began in 1815 and ended in 1821 when the two corporations were finally united. The worst outrage perpetrated in this civil war was the murder of Governor Semple of Fort Douglas on the Red River and a score of his subordinates by a gang of Indians and half-breeds in the pay of the North-West Company. Fort Douglas was armed with artillery and commanded the only water-way out of the North-West, and the Company's men were journeying past to escort their boat-loads of furs down the river, when they were met by Semple and his party, whom they massacred in spite of their leader's effort to restrain them.

There are still living hunters and trappers, and others, who remember the palmy days of the Hudson's Bay Company, when they ruled the country from the Bay to the Pacific and from the Arctic down to the International Boundary-Line. Many such are to be met with in the remote parts of

Saskatchewan and Athabasca, and with some of these I have hunted and heard talk, as the rye-whiskey went round, of the old times. And much as I prize the experiences of sport in those little-known territories, I prize even more the occasional glimpses which the rambling discourse of these men have afforded me of the spacious life of the North-West that was.

The summer running of the buffalo (as it was called) by the hunters of the Red River Settlement was perhaps the most notable event of the year during the period of the Company's utmost prosperity (from 1822 to 1860) and some description of that gigantic hunting-party will give the reader a fair idea of the romantic side of the fur-trader's life. As early as 1820 the number of ox-carts assembled for the Summer Hunt exceeded five hundred, and thirty years later there would be sometimes as many as fifteen hundred carts and waggons, and more than two thousand men, women, and children assembled at the time-honoured trysting-place on the high prairies about two days' journey from Fort Garry. A hunter's wage consisted in those days of Hudson's Bay notes to the value of £3 sterling (colloquially known as *blankets*); the women, whose duty it was to skin and cut up the carcasses of the buffalo and make them into the famous pemmican, received forty-five shillings apiece; and to each of the boys and girls who helped were paid twenty shillings. Seeing that the hunt generally lasted a full three months, nobody can say that these were too well paid for their work; especially when it is remembered that buffalo-running was an arduous and risky pursuit, and that now and again the parties were molested by Blackfeet and other hostile Indians.

Many of the hunters of the plains were also farmers in a small way, and

a start was, therefore, not possible until after seeding; for the same reason it was necessary to return before harvest-time. But as soon as the spring rains were fallen and the new grass well grown on the river-lots, they would hitch up their oxen or *shaganappies* (native ponies) and trundle off in their springless Red River carts to the rendezvous. There they would camp until all the hunters on the roll had arrived; spending their time casting bullets, cleaning their guns, mending their carts, and talking over the weather.

The last evening at home was a time of revelry, and many of the Red River settlers, who did not intend to make the hunt, would come down to the camp to help on the fun. After sundown great watch-fires would be kindled within the circle of carts, and the older hunters would sit round on their heels in the wavering firelight, exchanging tales of adventure in every nook and corner of the West, while the younger chatted with the women and girls who sat in or under the carts. Then in some sudden expectant hush,—that strange inevitable silence which sooner or later falls upon the noisiest of such gatherings—somebody would begin the beautiful old ditty of *A la Clure Fontaine*; long before the end of the first verse all the men would be singing or beating time, and when it came to the refrain,

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'ouplierai,

the women's voices would soar above the men's in a sudden gush of sound, fresh and clear as the fountain of the song. Then perhaps *Lochaber No More* would be sung by the many Scotchmen and Scotch half-breeds in the gathering, and after that saddest and most haunting of all melodies a fiddle

would be pulled out of its moose-skin bag and the stirring strains of the *Red River Jig* would bring everybody to their feet. Next to a plaintive ditty the hunters of the plains loved a rollicking dance; and, having once begun, they would not stop till the sun was risen and the bonfires nothing but heaps of grey crumbling ashes.

On these occasions particular attention was paid to the moon. If her appearance was such that "a man could hang up his kettle on her horn," everybody believed there would be a month of fine weather. If not,—why, they would hope for the best.

At sunrise next morning the roll would be called, and immediately afterwards, at a meeting of the chief hunters, a leader and his staff, captains, guides, and a crier were appointed. The leader had authority over the whole party, and at the beginning and end of each day's march issued general orders through the members of his staff, who also acted as police; the captains with their men took turns at patrolling the camp and mounting guard; the guides conducted the hunters from one good camping-place to another; and the crier, who called the hunters together whenever the law of the hunt had been violated, not only proclaimed the sentence of the court but also executed it. It was the duty of the officers, one and all, to see that the camp was properly set out at night. The carts were drawn up in a close circle within which the tents were pitched in double and treble rows, the women and children sleeping in the innermost. If danger was apprehended, the oxen and horses were tethered inside the corral and the men lay with their guns loaded; otherwise the cattle were allowed to graze on the open prairie.

Long before the buffalo were sighted they could be heard by the

experienced hunter. Though at the time barely in his teens one of my informants vividly recollected how he entered the summer pasturage of the buffalo for the first time in his life. One windy morning, three weeks after they had left the Red River, his father asked him if he could hear the bulls; and when he said he could hear nothing but the wind, all the men laughed at him and his father was not very well pleased. By and by they came to a badger's hole and his father pulled him off the cart and told him to put his ear into it, and when he did so he distinctly heard a deep, far-off, rumbling sound. That happened early in the morning, but it was not until noon that a man, standing up in his stirrups, could discern what seemed to be a long streak of dun-coloured cloud resting on the high western rim of the horizon. At sunset this cloud resolved itself into two vast herds of buffalo, all moving at the same slow pace and grazing as they went. Everybody wanted to be at them, but the authorities would not hear of it; for a night alarm would sometimes cause the herds to stampede for fifty miles or more. But at ten o'clock next morning, the hunters were made to fall into line, and the crier was ordered to cry *the ho!* which was the signal for a general attack. The quaint expression "here's a ho!", which old-fashioned North-Western folk utter before gulping down the dram, or horn, of whiskey, is really a reminiscence of this ancient signal to begin the fun, and not, as some authorities say, a silly reference to the opening phrase of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah.

The hunters used to enter on the chase with their mouths full of bullets, loading and firing from horseback and leaving the owner-

ship of the slain to be settled afterwards. When loading they poured the powder from the palm of the hand and dropped a bullet from the mouth into the muzzle of the gun; and sometimes they would fire without putting the gun up to the shoulder and in such haste that the bullet had not always time to fall down the barrel. These guns cost fifteen to twenty shillings each, and were not exactly masterpieces of the gun-maker's art; explosions were, therefore, common enough, and the sight of a hunter who lacked a thumb or a few fingers as a consequence of his hurry was not infrequent.

And so, day by day, week after week, until it was time to turn back or the buffalo had fled beyond reach, this disciplined army of hunters harried the rear of the herds, slaying hundreds between sunrise and sunset and going back on their trail at nightfall to set the camp. The work of skinning and breaking up the slaughtered animals and making the choice parts into the famous pemmican, or shredding them to be dried in the sun, fell upon the women and children, whose labours were often prolonged far into the night.

The Hudson's Bay Company, in conclusion it should be said, always did their best to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of the wild animals upon whose welfare their own ultimately depended; and the buffalo-runners in their employ seldom killed the calves or hunted in the breeding-season. The practical extinction of the North American bison cannot, therefore, be justly attributed to the Company's policy of supplying their many northern ports with pemmican, the most nutritious and most portable of all prepared foods. The Yankee free-traders, who in 1870 had nearly a

score of factories in the Bow and Belly Rivers district, and employed a thousand Indians to hunt for them, are principally to be blamed for this result. The finer furs, which chiefly come from the far North, were out of the reach of these traders, and in order to make good profits they encouraged the Indians to hunt at all seasons, the skin of the buffalo calf which fetched a good price in the East being their favourite purchase. They generally paid the Indians in the vilest liquor, but if possible they paid them only with blows; their presence was thus a menace to the country's welfare, and one of the first pieces of work done by the newly-established North-West Mounted Police was to break up their establishments, which had become cities of refuge for all the worst villains in Montana and the Western States.

The fur-trade was never so important in the Western and Pacific States as it was in the Canadian States. One reason for this was the lack of the finer furs, which are not found so far south as a rule; and then again, after the discovery of gold in California in 1849 the quest for a gold or silver mine was the Western pioneer's only notion of a hunt. Still many of the old Wisconsin hunters were fur-traders, and much of the romance of their life was personified in Pierre Le Count, a French Canadian by birth, who lately died at Green Bay, Wisconsin, at the age of ninety-seven. This old man was probably the last of the red-shirted, buckskin-breeched, French Canadian voyageurs and trappers; but seventy odd years spent below the boundary-line had made of him a tolerably complete Yankee. One of his many friends,—for during the last ten years of his life he was regarded as a sort of state-monument and,

as such frequently visited by those interested in the antiquities of Wisconsin—sent me a sheaf of notes of his conversations, the substance of which, in so far as they concern the present subject, is here set down.

Like so many of the Western pioneers his was a green old age. It was not till the very last that he lost his health and spirits, neither was his memory dimmed, in which, as in a mirror, were reflected seventy years of life by field and flood. For some years Le Count worked for the Canadian companies, but finding that he could get a better price in the States and that there were no restrictions on the fur-trade there, he decided to transfer the scene of his operations to the territory now called Wisconsin. Fort Dearborn, where Chicago stands to-day, was then the centre of the American fur-trade. At the time when Le Count began to hunt and trap for his livelihood John Jacob Astor (the second of the name) was beginning his abortive attempt to corner the fur-trade not only of the States but also of Canada. In the first part of his task he succeeded, but in the second he failed signally; and the only memento of his scheming is the name, Astoria, of a small town in one of the Pacific States.

Le Count, when interrogated, was inclined to put his visit to New York, "to see Jake Astor" in his pride of place, as the most curious experience of his career. It appears that Astor's agent at Fort Dearborn was for ever attempting to cut prices down, and in so doing he made criticisms on Le Count's furs which hurt the old man (he was young enough then) in his weak point; that is to say, his pride as a first-rate hunter was touched. According to Astor's agent his beaver was too early (caught too soon in the autumn to have the finest natural gloss), his otter-skin was taken from a

drowned animal and had lain in the water too long, his minks were all *kits* and too small to be worth the full market-price. One year (whether in 1828 or 1829 he could not remember) happening to have money saved from the previous season's work, he made up his mind to visit Astor at New York and sell to him directly. Even if he got no more than the agent offered (so the simple-minded trapper argued) he would see not only a really big city but also a really great man. To the Western fur-traders of that day John Jacob Astor shared with Sir George Simpson the fame of being the greatest man in the world. Accordingly he travelled to Buffalo by boat, thence to Albany by four-horse stage, and from Albany by boat down the Hudson, taking with him his bundle of furs. Arrived at New York he found he did not know where Astor lived, but after many fruitless enquiries a "real nice man" took him to Astor's abode, which to Le Count's vast surprise was not a trading-place but a big smart-looking house.

What happened next is best told in the old man's own words, translated to some extent.

Not meaning to wilt after coming all that way to see Jake I climbed the steps and pulled the knocker. A man came to the door and I told him who I was and what I wanted and he said Mr. Astor was not at home. I said I was willing to wait till he came home and the man shut the door. So I sat down on the door-step and waited till near on sunset,—one, two, three hours. Then I pulled the knocker again, and the same man opened the door and seem kind of surprised to see me there still. I asked him again if Astor was at home, and he laughed like a crazy creature and said he didn't think Mr. Astor would ever come home for me. I stuck it out for another hour after he shut the door, and then the town-watch came along and I told him what I was waiting for. Then he explained some things which set me agin Astor for evermore, and I just packed up my furs and started

back for Fort Dearborn and sold my furs there, but not to Astor's man. I never dealt with Jake Astor again.

Next to this incident the most striking thing which befell the old trapper was a discovery he made in 1834. That year he was trapping along the head-waters of the Mississippi (near Lake Itaska, as it is now called,) and on the bank of a little creek he found something that puzzled him. On a little knoll, where the underbrush had been cleared away years before, was a soft maple tree, in the trunk of which was sticking the blade of a very long slender knife. The blade had been driven clean through a man's head and the skull was still pinned fast to the tree. There were a lot of bones on the ground that had been his body. Who killed that man, and why, there was no guessing. It was not done by an Indian, for the knife was a fine one, with a chased silver handle like a cross, and no Indian would have left his knife in a tree. It was driven in by some white man, and he hated the man he had killed so fiercely that he wanted him to stay there where he was fastened. And the man stayed there until the wolves, or other beasts, had gnawed his flesh off and the bones fell apart; but the

skull still stuck and rattled when the wind blew, being a trifle loose-set after all those years. Le Count sent the knife to the State of Wisconsin Historical Society in hopes that some of the members would be able to unearth its history; but they never solved the puzzle for him.

When old age drove him from active life Le Count built himself a cabin on the road leading west from Suamico about seventeen miles north of Green Bay. It stands in a dense grove of pines and hardwood timber, screened from the northerly gales by the pine-forest, while to the south the spires of the little city that was his birth-place (it was called *La Baye* then) show beyond the shining waters. In this cabin he died, as he had lived, alone. One afternoon a neighbour living a mile or so away went to the hut to see if the old man needed anything. The trapper was sitting in his big chair, his long-barrelled muzzle-loader across his knees, and his dog at his feet. Both were silent and motionless, but the dog was asleep and his master dead. Even so, peacefully and dreaming it may be of some hunting-exploit far away in space and time, died one of the last,—perhaps the last of all—of the French Canadian Voyageurs.

E. B. OSBORN.

A CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

SUNSETS we have all seen often and enjoyed, but of sunrises how few! One can scarcely believe that every day of our life has offered us such a chance of beauty and that we have mostly turned our backs on all, our backs and our shoulders and our heavy heads, as the poet has it. And it is not only beauty that we have lost, but that proud consciousness which early rising shares with scholarship, the possession of which enables us to look down on those less gifted than ourselves.

Among those who prefer beauty to bed I do not include mountaineers. It is part of their profession to get up early, and Alpine guides have much to tell of their reluctance to turn out of their warm quarters and to get into boots and gaiters, a reluctance only slightly modified by the fumes of early coffee. Yet not a few of these heroes would, if they spoke honestly, admit that the cream of many an expedition was just that one half hour of glory when the dead pallor of dawn gives way to a purple and crimson splendour which lights up the pure white world before the sun takes possession of the scene. So far as my few memories of such times go I do not think any of the hours which follow can compare with this; one might as well go back contentedly to one's bed, satisfied to have seen the best sight of all.

I do not myself claim to be better than my neighbours or to have seen more sunrises than they. But one dawn among a few will remain in my memory as a possession for ever, when after toiling half the night over snow,

and climbing painfully over blocks of lava lying on thin ice, we stood on the summit of Etna before the break of day. The huge open crater gaped at our feet and within it lay ridges of snow, while lower still fiery patches of embers glowed in the dark shadow, wherever it was not interrupted by dense clouds of rolling smoke. As the sun leaped up the strange shadow of the mountain, the phenomenon which all who go up Etna hope to see, started from our feet, spreading gradually its perfect deep blue cone over the broad sides of the mountain and flowing on over the island; a deep blue triangle with a more delicate outline at its side, a penumbra of fainter blue, making the whole like a pyramid seen in perspective. Beyond and around the landscape was flooded with sunshine, and Sicily, with its hills and plains of corn and wine and oil and its wrinkled sea-coast, lay like a map before us.

Here is another, a more recent experience of a dawn which owes nothing to beauty of scenery or colour, but is interesting only from its history and the riddle of its origin; a sombre prosaic dawn in the Midlands which are always too snug and comfortable to be heroic, most of all in November after the glory of the summer has departed. On last Martinmas Day, the 11th of November, while it was still dark I drove along the Warwickshire lanes into the great high road from London to Holyhead, to a little hillock, overlooking the towers of Coventry, where every year before the sun rises on this day a curious old ceremony takes place.

It was a heavy dark night and rain fell now and then. Only the parted lips of clouds in the east showed a few dull streaks of yellow light which scarcely increased even when the daylight came on. We drove in the awed silence of that last darkest hour before dawn between the great fir-trees planted long ago by John Duke of Montagu. A few labourers on their way to work greeted us curtly as they passed; a few silent wheels outstripped us. We passed a handful of cottages all silent and all dark, and presently became aware of a little growing crowd of still folk as we came near the ancient barrow now called Knightlow Hill, originally Cnuchtelowe, the Grave of the Knight.

On the top of this hillock are the remains of an old stone cross; just the base and a mere socket resting on the base. The cross probably once stood in a village somewhere near, but this is conjecture; there is no record of such a cross nor of the moving of a cross; mystery hangs over each and every detail of this curious rite.

The quiet little crowd increased and formed round the old cross on the top of the knight's grave. A few irreverent remarks about the inevitable "Krooger" were made: a little black and white kitten was seized and offered up as the first sacrifice; and then appeared the Duke of Buccleuch's agent with a paper in his hand from which, standing by the cross with his face to the east, he read the summons to the several representatives of certain villages in the neighbourhood to come forward and pay the wroth-money due to the lord of the manor, or in default thereof to be fined thirty shillings and a white bull with red nose and red ears. About twenty-five villages are summoned, some paying only a penny, others more, rising in the case of one only to two shillings

and threepence halfpenny. As each village and its contribution was named the representative came forward and dropped his coin into the basin formed by the socket of the cross. When this was over we loyally sang the National Anthem and the assembly betook itself to a neighbouring inn where the Duke, having received nine and threepence in wroth-money, provides his lieges with an excellent breakfast and offers rum and milk to any who choose to ask for it.

Not long ago one of the tributary villages, having a bull which answered the description of the forfeit, refused to pay the money and brought the bull instead. This was told me by an old woman who lived in the cottage near. The Duke of course returned the bull.

Formerly the ceremony was more impressive for, according to Dr. Thomas, "The party paying had to go thrice about the cross and say 'The wroth-money' and lay it in the hole of the said cross." Dr. Thomas published the second edition of Dugdale's *ANTIQUITIES OF WARWICKSHIRE* in 1730; but Dugdale himself says nothing of the custom in his first edition which came out in 1656. The Reverend Walter Wait (to whose *RUGBY PAST AND PRESENT* I owe almost all these historical facts) thinks there may have been a peculiar breed of cattle in these parts which were white with red or brown ears and noses.

But what was the payment made for? What is the meaning of this word *wroth* or *wrath*? No one now knows. A few years ago the Duke of Buccleuch, consulting some antiquaries as to the meaning of the word, was told it was a corruption of the Saxon *weorth* signifying either field or price. Dr. Thomas calls the money paid *rent*, but a penny is very little to pay for rent though no doubt, like

the classical dollar, a penny went much further in those days. The manor originally belonged to the crown and was granted by Charles the First with all its rights, including the wroth-money, to Sir Francis Leigh from whom it descended to the Duke of Montagu and so to the Duke of Buccleuch. Payment was refused by some of the villages in 1685, but the Court of King's Bench upheld the lord of the manor in his full rights according to the grant made by Charles. Some time ago, perhaps at the beginning of this century, the custom fell into disuse but it was revived again and has been continued ever since. Perhaps the Duke's breakfast fell into disuse first. On one occasion when Mr. Wait was present, he found that one man had walked ten miles to pay twopence halfpenny. Some others declared that they had kept the appointment duly for half a century.

But no one knew why the money was to be paid. My first idea, I must confess, was that it must be blood-money, expiation for some terrible murder. The grave of the warrior, the presence of the cross, the awful hour of dawn and most of all the strange word *wroth* with the incantation-like procession round the cross seemed to indicate some tragedy; but on consideration all these details lost their significance. The antiquaries consulted by the Duke, though they could throw little light on the word, suggested that in the lawless times to which the custom could be traced, and in which it was lost, there might be tolls paid to the lord of the manor for the passage of cattle and perhaps for protection from robbers and marauders. This seems a very likely suggestion considering the country which skirts the great Holyhead road in this part of Warwickshire. It rises into a rough kind of forest-land along which

the great fir-avenue passes, and at Knightlow Hill trends to the east. The Fossway runs obliquely across this tract of Dunsmore scattering Strettons and Strattons and Streets in its way to Lincoln and crossing the more important Watling Street (here called the Street Road) which indeed runs like a rippling ribbon over the eastern spurs of this same Dunsmore. The many quickset hedges and hedge-row elms which skirt the fields now disguise the spurs and dimples of this slightly elevated ground, but much stubby gorse appears here and there to attest the rough character of the natural soil. Over this Dunsmore it was that the famous dun cow ranged, and there she was finally slain by the valiant Guy of Warwick. The story marks the pastoral character of the ground. At first, the legend runs, this huge cow, who was four yards in height and six in length, supplied the neighbourhood with milk; but when a wicked witch milked her into a sieve she was so much outraged that she went mad and became the terror of the country-side. And this must be true, for are not the bones of the monster still to be seen hanging up in Warwick Castle and even on the porch of one of the Bristol churches? It is evident from this legend that Dunsmore had for a long time been a rough forest-country which afforded some pasturage for cattle.

It was at Dunchurch, the largest village of the district taking its name from the Downmoor (which is what I suppose the word means), that Sir Everard Digby and his friends awaited the success of the Gunpowder Plot, on the pretext of hunting over Dunsmore Heath (a triple form of the name). Their real object was to seize the person of the little Princess Elizabeth in case the two Princes were out of reach, the Princess, after-

wards Queen of Bohemia, being then at Coombe Abbey in the care of Lady Harrington. The country lay open from Dunchurch over Dunsmore Heath through Brandon woods to the beautiful grounds of Coombe, so that it would be easy to take possession of the Princess and declare her Queen in case anything happened to her brothers. The conspirators lodged in the old Lion Inn, which is still standing though an inn no longer, a long low black-timbered house with a projecting story; and here it was that Catesby, with the other conspirators who were waiting at Ashby St. Ledger, brought the news of the failure of the plot, when the whole band dispersed as fast as they could. When I pass that picturesque old house in Dunchurch I often wish that it could give us its story. What anxious hours those must have been, and what hurry and skurry round the old doorway when Catesby's messengers rode up with the sad news that the plot was discovered and King and Parliament were safe. I often wonder, too, what those gentlemen pretended to hunt; it must have been sad work while their hearts were heavy and their hopes fading. Did they hunt with mettled hound or managed hawk? Were there deer on Dunsmore Heath? One was shot, as we know, in Charlecote Park not long before. Perhaps the conspirators were cheered by venison, such as their soul loved, which may have eked out the scanty larder of the Lion Inn. Only badgers and hares and foxes are found now on Dunsmore. Warwickshire can never have wanted foxes.

That they should have hunted, that they should have felt themselves within easy reach of Coombe, shows that the country was open and unenclosed. It may well have furnished pasture for the country people round. I have spoken of the Fosseway, first a

British and then a Roman road which crosses Dunsmore. It is not easy to trace it in the south-east of the county, but the name of Stratford-on-Avon surely points out that there the road crossed the river. If that was so, there must always have been communication with the heights of Dunsmore. Now in Stratford-on-Avon, says Mr. Sidney Lee (in his book on that famous little town), "One of the chief thoroughfares has been known from time immemorial by the name of Rother Market (cattle was the staple commodity of the earliest Stratford Market) and it was doubtless there that the first market was held. Rother represents the Anglo-Saxon word *hreoother* (cattle from the Teutonic *hrinthos* whence the modern German *rind*). The ancient word long survived in Warwickshire and was familiar to Shakespeare who employed it in *TIMON OF ATHENS* (IV. iii. 12)." Timon declares in this passage that rich men only differ from beggars in so far as they are better fed:

It is the pasture lards the rother's
sides,
The want that makes him lean.

I do not know whether this is Mr. Lee's own discovery, but I find that for *rother* Collier reads *brother*; others give *beggar*, *weather*, *broader*, *breather*, which shows that they were puzzled. The Cambridge Edition, by Mr. W. G. Clarke and Mr. Aldis Wright, gives *rother*, but offers no explanation of the word, nor is it defined in the glossary of their Globe Edition. In the Eversley Edition, however, Mr. Herford interprets it by *ox*, but attempts no derivation. "It was a word with which Shakespeare was familiar, a word which long survived in Warwickshire": I cannot but think that Mr. Lee has

here supplied us with the missing key. The wroth-money was the cattle-money, whether paid for the privilege of pasturage or the protection of the herds. I think the word was not originally confined to Warwickshire; it is to be found in so many other counties. There are two Rother streams in Sussex, one by Petworth and one by Rye, and in the upper valley of the latter is Rotherfield. There is Rotherhithe opposite the London Docks, and Rotherham in Yorkshire. There is a Wrotham in Kent and another Wrotham in the north of Middlesex. There is Wordsworth's Rotha flowing through Rydal, and there are probably many more. Even Cape Wrath may have been whispering pastoral ditties about the

peaceful kine that cropped scanty but sweet grass upon its cliffs, while we have only thought of the storm-tossed waves that beat furiously at its foot. The world has grown dull and hard of hearing; there must be so many names of things and places which are lost to us that it is good to rescue one of them and bring it back to life, as Mr. Sidney Lee has done in this instance. It would be pleasant to find that our word *worth* stood in the same relation to cattle as that other word *pecuniary* stands to a flock of sheep,—a great consolation to us who live in the Midlands where nothing but milk and mutton is produced.

I. S.

THE MONTH OF MOURNING.

THE return of autumn brings the Black Month, the month of death, of those who do not come home, the season of the making of widows.

Out on the furrowed sea the wind swings in gusts and lifts the wave-tops into a mist of spray; on the beaches the tides eat into the sands with huge devouring rushes. Sometimes wreckage is flung ashore; sometimes, where the currents meet and run landwards, it is other than wreckage that is cast up, a wet shapelessness upon the beach, a horror dropping from the lip of the sea. There are great grey bays circled with cliffs of granite, and sand-hills cushioned with the dull green of salty grass; bays so wide and silent that one is lost in the largeness of their desolate curve, in the levels of sand and bent and water under the vast lowering sky. And overlooking the advancing tide there stand the watchers, infinitely small and insignificant, mere points of blackness amid the grey, waiting for that which the sea brings home. For the Black Month has its harvest, and these are its fruits.

Elsewhere, also, there are others who wait and watch. Wherever a grey cross lifts itself from a cliff beside the sea, wherever a stone face gazes sightlessly out upon the blind world below, and the water-birds, wheeling and circling, keep voice with the winds, at this season there are women who come and go, or linger through the long hours, kneeling on the stone steps in pitiful helplessness of waiting. There are flowers, perhaps, about the foot of the cross, the pale autumn bloom from

windy gardens, the purple scabious from the dunes, which is the Flower of Tears. For it is said that once a poor widow of the Brittany coast went out with her neighbours on the Eve of All Souls, to deck her husband's grave,—her husband, whom the sea had only given back to her to bury; and she wept, for the others brought with them flowers and wreaths and she had nothing but her love and her tears. And as she wept, wherever her tears fell there sprang up little mauve blossoms, small, pale, sad, the purple scabious, the Flower of Tears, which grows best, it is said, where the sea makes most widows. And there is the tinkle of chaplets passing between restless fingers; a prayer, ceaseless, monotonous, that mingles with the voice of the water and the singing of the winds, and the long dumb trouble of straining eyes. For it is the Black Month, the month of mourning, and out yonder the sea is scarred with crossing paths, and ploughed by home-coming boats, and secret with the dim vessels, the soundless feet, that in all the to-morrows shall not come home.

There is not much speech among the watchers; black-clothed and white-capped, like huge sea-birds alighted, they cluster about the foot of the cross, looking, not at each other, but westward into the mist of waters. There is nothing to be seen in each others' faces but what they know is in their own; there is no word to be said that can hold the outcry of their speechlessness. There is only the habitual, mechanical consolation of

the *Hail, Mary!* the endless murmur that scarcely rouses itself to prayer and yet is comfort. Sometimes the priest comes and stands by them a little while in the wise silence that understanding has taught him; it will be time for him to speak by and by, when the terror of suspense has sharpened into certainty. And sometimes there comes one who has known in her day the anguish of waiting, but now has none left for whom to wait, and who turns her dim vision on those about her with the cold regret of age and slackened blood. But always the straining, burning, furiously patient eyes peer westward through the mist of waters, and the restless fingers incessantly roll the tinkling chaplet, *Hail, Mary, full of grace!* for the sea is secret and the way of the winds unsure, and the Black Month has come round again, the season of the homeward boats and the making of widows, the Month of the Dead.

And this is the Day of the Dead. The clouds hang low in the sky; pale, tufted, immovable, the trees stand on the slope of the cliffs bent to meet the winds that do not blow. Now and then a leaf falls with a jarring rustle athwart the stillness, and settles lightly on the ground like a bird alighting. The sea heaves smoothly in its bed, lifting a large grey shoulder that is round and unrippled; the winds are silent in their quarters, and the upper air is empty. There are no birds to be heard anywhere. There is in all the poisoning stillness no sound but the tread of feet that come and go upon the path that climbs down from the inset village to the sea, that borders in its passing the little grey cemetery where so many have not come home to lie. There is no need of much room there; there is space, and to spare, outside. And presently there is a sound of singing that comes near, a grave, sweet

chanting that is small in the large environment of sky and sea and air; there is a huddle of black and white upon the stretching beach, the shining of tapers, of swinging censers, of up-lifted crucifix, and between the little burying-ground and the wide grey sea there is a kneeling crowd that prays for those that lie in each.

The night gathers early into an intolerable blackness; the wind stirs with a distant whispering, and the air is wet and thick without rain. There is no moon, no babble of water breaking on the shore, no star answering star from sky and sea; there is no sound of life in all the village, only a close unbroken blackness set interminably between earth and heaven. The people within the houses have shut themselves fearfully, and with prayers, into their great enclosed beds: the evening meal has been eaten in silence, the fires covered and the lights put out; but the platters are not set away nor the food cleared from the tables. All is left for those that will enter presently by the door which to-night stands open from dusk to dawn; when in the midst of darkness and at the unspeakable hour there comes the sound of feet, which are not feet, upon the causeway, and the touch of hands, which are not hands, upon the latch; when those that wake and pray and listen will hear about them the voices that chant the Song of the Dead. And this is what they sing.

The night comes up weeping from the East, and her cheeks are wet and dark; her shut eyes weep and her breath sobs between her lips; the blackness of the night is very black.

It is the night when the Dead walk, and there is no light anywhere.

The Dead have burst their tombs and have come out from them like breath from between the lips; they have come without sound, without shape, they are but a blackness within the blackness of the night.

A blackness within the blackness are the Dead; cover over the ashes on the hearth lest a flame burst forth from them; cover them over and let the houses be as dark as the encompassing night. Let no light wander, for the Dead are abroad; let no light stray, lest in it they should see themselves.

It is surely a very fearful thing that the Dead be let loose, dumb and shapeless, as an element within the elements; not even as a sigh in the whispering wind, not even as a tear in the weeping rain, but as a nothing at large in the midst of the world. What a strait gate is the flesh when it is shut upon the spirit, and what a large thing beyond all largeness, is the Desire of God!

For the Dead are without sound and without shape, and yet there is that which must be spoken, and who will say the words? They are voiceless and yet they bear a message,—who will deliver it?

Let us gird ourselves and go forth, we who are the frail and maimed, we, the poor and desolate; let us go out into the night to meet the Dead, that they may creep into us by our mouths and share the breath of our nostrils. Let us lend these our miserable bodies, that by them the Dead may speak.

For generations without number our fathers have done this thing and the night hath not swallowed them up; for generations without number the Dead have spoken by them and they have not been consumed. Hervé the Saint went out with them in the days that once were and sang the Song of the Souls; and Hervé the Saint was not consumed but is certainly blessed. Therefore be we not afraid.

The night is dark, surely the night is very dark, and our feet seek in trouble for their accustomed ways; where is the track of my footsteps that I may walk in it? And where are ye, my brothers, that I may hold your hands?

The wind is cold, verily the wind is cold as the hand that gives no alms; there is a weight as of ice gathering about my heart. And what is this that meets me that is blacker than the night, and colder than the north wind, and wetter than the sea? What is this that wraps me about with a smell as of the grave and a sickness like the coming of Death? What is this that breathes with my breath, and speaks with my voice, and makes of me a trumpet?

It is not we the poor and maimed, we

the aged and desolate, who go from door to door in the midst of the night, but the Dead; it is not we who cry unto you, but the Dead. For the Dead are come into us and we are the Dead. Oh ye within the houses, wake and pray, for the Dead are at your door!

The night is black, surely the night is very black, and the wind sings about the keyholes; the night is full of fingers that touch and feet that come and go, and of voices crying upon the thresholds. Blackness within blackness and the graves rent open! Oh ye within the houses, wake and pray, and hear the Song of the Souls!

For it is the night, and the hour of the night, when the Dead walk; and there is no light anywhere.

To-morrow the watchers will stand again upon the beach waiting for those that the sea brings home; and about the crosses the women will gather, peering westward into the mist of waters in the dumb anguish which is only less bitter than certainty. But there will be some who stay at home weeping, beside the empty chair that has been set back in the corner all the long summer; weeping, because in the blackness of the night, when the graves are rent open and the depths of the sea are laid bare, there was one who came home that would come no more, and the word of the dead was spoken.

For this is the Black Month, the season of widows, the month of mourning.

It is a time of mystery, a time of tears, both in High and Low Brittany. Everywhere one finds the belief that on the Eve of All Souls the dead are permitted for a moment to return and, shapeless, voiceless, to enter into the bodies of the beggars called the Children of God, and to pass in their form from house to house. In the beautiful canticle of St. Hervé it is told that as a child he went out to sing the Song of the Souls; and some of these songs still linger among the

people, where the custom is still existent. But even in the country about St. Malo, within touch of all the indifference, the unbelief, of modern life, in the midst of summer-visitors, tourists, casinos, this, as well as so many other ancient traditions, is only weakened and fallen into disuse; it is neither forgotten nor despised even where it is most rarely practised. And there is many a door, in the hamlets that border the river or the coast, or lie inland among the tobacco or buckwheat fields and the orchards, there is many a door that stands a-latch on All Souls' Eve, there is many a great round of bread that is left beside a pitcher of milk or cider upon the table. And if the Song of the Souls be sung no more in words, there is a voice in the wind that is only to be heard, so it is said, in the night and at the hour when the dead are abroad; and within the great enclosed oaken or cherry-wood beds there are still those that wake and pray.

On the outskirts of a farm not far from Dinard, for instance, there is a cottage set amid field and orchard, amid the scent of apples, and hedges of woodbine and bramble, and banks that are tufted in spring with primroses and purple with violets. Here, when All Souls comes round, it is the custom of the housewife to put out bread and cider upon the threshold, and since the death of the little daughter there has been added one of the cakes that the child loved best. They are gone in the morning, and the mother, unquestioning, is content; she goes about her work cheerfully, with a keen eye to her rights, and even, perhaps, to a little beyond them, and makes money out of the season and the summer visitors as her neighbours do. She is shrewd, a little cynical, heavy-handed with her husband and her sons; a typical peasant

of the Clos-Poulet, keen, humorous, intelligent, and angry. But in the cottage with its earthen floor and low black roof, with its constant smell of cider from the press without or the great barrels within, there stands beside the plaster Virgin a little box to hold the pence saved up for Tous-saint, to make gay "*not' petit mort* (our little dead one)," and to buy the cake that is set out on All Souls' Eve for the child that will never grow any older. It is only the outer picturesqueness that has been shuffled out of sight in High Brittany; the ancient traditions are still there, and the dead, when they pass by the thresholds, have not been forgotten. There is not much to be found concerning the observances of All Souls in the old records of the district; the references to them are rare and meagre. The night-watchman as he passed along the street, calling the hours, added a warning that this was the night of the dead—"wherefore, pray for the souls in pain!"—and at some places it was the custom to lay down straw in the church for the faithful who spent the night there, though surely the bare flag-stones would have encouraged a more certain wakefulness. It is even stated in one such declaration, with a detail that is suggestive, that "the four waggon-loads of straw for the watch of the dead shall be delivered clean, unused, and seemly." Perhaps it is questionable whether the custom was wholly a pious one, or if it did not arise in some degree from the same feeling which led to the practice, not yet forgotten in some isolated farms, of sitting together in the kitchen from dusk to dawn on All Souls' Eve, because they were afraid to be alone when the dead walk.

But whatever it was in the past, the Day of the Dead is still a day unlike all others, especially here on the western coast, where November

is indeed the month of tears, the season of widows, where every year, at this time, there are those that wear newly their caps unbound, and covered by the black veil of mourning. It is a day unlike all others, strange, particular, apart, heralded by the long autumnal waiting when the boats are due and are looked for by every tide; heralded by the early dusk, the falling leaves, the still clear weather that is as colourless as tears, the oncome and brooding of winter. It begins in joy and ends in mourning; it passes incontinently from All Saints to All Souls, and the vespers of the festival merge and finish in the vespers of the fast.

It begins in joy. There is a clash and peal of merry bells, a riotous medley of sound that echoes from point to point and travels from hamlet to hamlet, till the bay is filled with tangled music; the soft hoarse voice of Gros Malo, a little tremulous and plaintive in his age, the clear sweetness of the curfew-bell that the Corsairs brought home long ago from Rio Janeiro, the splendid imperious bass of St. Servan, the trebles of Dinard, the gay jangle of a dozen village churches meeting, mingling, and crossing in a wonderful aerial measure. And from early morning these churches have never been empty. They are full of the warm smell of incense, and the pungency of continual occupation. *Sabots* clatter in and out, children come and go with the air of being at home, and sudden hasty genuflexions; old women sit in patient flocks about the confessionals, chairs grate on stone floors, chaplets tinkle as they shift through the hand; there is a sibilance of whispering, and the high indifferent voices of boys serving masses in the side-chapels. In the choir is a radiance spread like mist about the shining of innumerable tapers; there are pyramids of flowers,

and sheaves of gilded corn, the glitter of gold upon silk, the wide stretch of scarlet carpet. And outside in the streets, there is that indescribable expansion which comes of holiday-keeping; a pleasant noise of friendly voices, of pattering feet, of a busy leisureliness that hurries to do nothing. Everyone is out and about, occupied and idle, in a curious tempered cheerfulness of mood that just stops short of gaiety. For though it is still All Saints and festival, the time is running on; and presently it will be All Souls, and the Day of the Dead.

For it ends in mourning. Already in the cemetery there is a small increasing bustle of women carrying baskets and pots, working about the graves, making the toilette of their dead. The grass must be cut, the earth raked smooth, fresh flowers planted or set in water, and the rusty black wreath of everyday replaced by one in shining beads and tinsel. And this is not done without a glance at the sky, for rain will spoil them and they are costly; one buys them for the funeral, not to be behind one's neighbours, but after that they are kept safe at home and only brought out on festivals for all the world to see. And perhaps upon the little wooden crosses the names have grown dim with the rough handling of the weather; it is only the eyes of remembrance that can read the date, and, it may be, the *Little Angel, pray for us*, that was once written beneath. And so there are paint-pots and brushes needed also, and unskilled hands that set themselves to an unaccustomed work; for it costs too much to have it done by one of the trade, who would ask no less than a halfpenny for every letter.

The burial-grounds of the Clos-Poulet have a character of their own; they are at once curiously full of light and air, and of a sense of

crowding. There are rarely trees in them; sometimes a scanty row of bordering poplars, pale, shadeless, quivering, runs along the outer wall; but for the rest, they are open to the sky, large, a little bare, and yet over-filled, gray with the colour of granite, black or white where a forest of slender crosses rises in a close-pressed throng. The graves lie touching each other, with scarce passage between them, huddled together, as if for a last comfort and warmth; cut off, as it were, into over-crowded tenements by the broad alleys that lead up to the centre cross. They are every one different, and yet alike; hot-house flowers and wreaths of beads, clam-shells and daisies, marble slabs and poor little wooden shafts that splinter and bleach and wrinkle in a premature decay. There are bare mounds of earth without even these, where fir-cones are planted as a border and in the middle a cross is laid down of stones or shells; and perhaps in a broken cup there are some red berries from the hedges. And there are patches of long rank grass, coarse, yellowed by sun and rain, uncared for, unconfined; graves that there are no hands to tend, the graves of strangers, of paupers, that have fallen down as they passed by and are buried here,—for a space, till they must make room for others. And there is no one to care for them. Granite, marble, iron, wood, rich and poor, all are pressed together in a final democracy that is yet not equal; remembered and forgotten, ordered and overgrown, garden and desert, a brotherhood as separate and as homogeneous as the crowd that rubs shoulders in the street.

Up and down the paths there is a small bustle of women in black, of children bearing wreaths, of neighbours pausing to gossip and compare notes, looking about them curiously.

At other times there are new gowns and new kerchiefs to stare at, both in and out of church; to-day one dresses one's dead, and it is not less interesting.

"Look, Adèle has put nothing but clam-shells round the grave of her baby. Well, she ought to be ashamed, with her fine lace caps!"

"And Madame Chose, then? It must be true that she is going to marry again; she has not even had the grass cut over her poor husband. Well, well, well, such folk as there are in the world!"

"It's Monsieur Pivert, good man, that doesn't forget the Day of the Dead. Have you seen the angels he's brought for his daughter?—twenty francs each, I'm told, and he got them cheap, for one is a bit cracked—but then, to be sure, when one has a *concession à perpétuité*."

For it is only the well-to-do who can indulge in a *concession à perpétuité*; otherwise one buys the ground for twenty years, for ten, for seven, as the case may be, and then—well, then one has to make room for others. Even in death, the poor cannot afford to lie long and undisturbed; yet one sleeps as soundly.

A little further on a woman pats her flowers into place with the same careful pride she had given to the curls of her little angel; another surveys the effect of her wreath, as anxiously maternal as if she were tidying the boy himself before sending him to Mass on Sunday. It is still their children they are tending. And yonder again, a little glass-fronted box fastened to a white cross is opened and the contents taken out and dusted,—the toys that lie there so pathetically idle all the long year through, a tiny doll, some gay trifles from the fairs, a chaplet, a wreath of crushed white muslin roses, a medal gained at school,—the treasures of a

little life, small, foolish, beloved, taken out and dusted and set back again in order, as if made ready for hands that are coming to play with them. And since it is a world of the living as well as of the dead, a world of many motives and pitifully small humanities, there is room even here to think of the neighbours and the appearances, and the conventions, and for a proper satisfaction in throwing others into the shade, even if we have gone hungry sometimes to save up for it.

"Come and see, Marie-Josèphe, how fine my Louison is, with white paper roses—she would have made her first communion this year, you know—and a wreath of beads that cost ten francs no longer ago than yesterday. There aren't many here can say as much—but there, I'd be ashamed not to do things properly."

And the little bustle grows louder in a last hurry; the cemetery fills with chattering groups that talk in hushed voices as if they were in church, with a gossip that is lugubriously cheerful, a life that is not wholly gay about a death that is not altogether sad; till of a sudden there comes a new commotion into the air, a deep sobbing and tolling of bells, long, vociferant, stately, without haste as without joy, solemnly clamant, the voice of mourning. For All Saints is over, and this is the Vigil of the Dead.

A stream of people pours in at the great gate with a clatter and rustle, and a murmur of low-toned talking; they turn to right or left with accustomed feet, and threading their way amid the labyrinth of graves, kneel down beside their dead. All over the burial-ground there are black-veiled figures kneeling, motionless, shapeless, barely lifelike, praying in silence with bent heads and covered faces, a throng without movement, as

monumental and impassionate as the ranks of slender crosses. There is scarcely a sound from the crowd, which grows constantly denser; only the clanging bells, the tread of feet, the distant chanting of the priests as the procession leaves the church. In the cemetery itself there is the curious stillness of a multitude repressed, hushed, praying, waiting; and according to the ancient tradition of the Clos-Poulet, the other multitude that lies below wakes from its sleep, and, each rising upon his elbow, the dead also listen, watch, and wait through the long hours of All Souls; listening for the voices of those who pray for them, watching the scales of justice go down as the prayers and tears rise higher on the side of mercy, waiting, lest this may be the happy day when the penalty of sin is paid, and the doors of purgatory open to let them pass rejoicing into paradise.

The sound of singing comes nearer, and the glitter of the silver crucifix shines under the arch of the great gate; the priests and the singing-men and the altar-boys pass on towards the cross that stands in the centre, as if protecting and guarding the graves that crowd about it; and the people, following, mass themselves in the alleys, about the graves, kneeling, bare-headed, some of them weeping; a multitude of the living and the dead. The priest is old and his voice is frail and thin; the altar-boys make their responses in shrill plaintive trebles that wail across the cemetery like a rising wind: *Lord, give unto them eternal rest.*

In the distance is the silver line of sea. The priest faces it; the crucifix looks out into it shining; the incense arising from the censers drifts towards the beach. Women kneeling in the alleys look seaward, for it is late and all the boats are not yet safely home; children who will be fishermen, and

fishermen's wives, look seaward,—into the future; old men, with vague remembering eyes, look seaward also,—into the past. For here on the Brittany coast, the sea is but the larger graveyard.

Presently the crucifix and the priests and the servers pass slowly up the middle walk on their way back to the church; and behind them the people follow in a long dark line, singing the wailing cadences of the litany. The bells toll, and the voices rise and fall interminably; in the church the altar stands pale and bare against the dark hangings of the choir, and in front the bier is dressed, sombre, stately, in the blackness, surrounded with tapers, empty, yet filled with the memory of a multitude of dead. And the organ bursts into the fierce thunders of the Judgment, a long deep roar that sends a shiver through the crowd, a sound so lugubrious and solemn that the church seems to deepen in its gloom; and the voices of the singing men break forth into the *Dies Iræ*, till the very air is sobbing and trembling to its cadence.

But in the cemetery there are still some who weep and pray, and underneath,—who knows?—the dead wake and watch and listen through the long hours of All Souls. And always in the distance the sea heaves restlessly, uneasily, as a sleeper tosses in his bed. *Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, oh Lord!*

One does not wish to exaggerate: there is no art so inartistic as that which contrives effects; but surely the Day of the Dead is beautiful and touching. Some eyes may see in it no more than a crowd of villagers or townfolk in their sombre Sunday clothes, a cemetery with ugly corners heaped with withered flowers and rot-

ting wood, with weeds greenening some of its alleys and overgrown graves jostling the most cared for; a profusion of bead and porcelain wreaths, gaudy often, stiff and meretricious always; with a primitive *naïveté* in its crosses of moulded iron or black-painted wood, or the weather-stained white and blue of the children's quarter. Even the fine granite here and there only increases the simplicity, the poverty, of the rest. And among the crowd there may be many who dress their dead only to emulate their neighbours, or weep merely because it is proper to weep on All Souls, as a matter of convention.

All this is true. And yet, perhaps, it is the very contrast and mixture of so many motives, so many emotions, so many large passions and small ignoble things that make up the whole; the very clashing and blending of so many impressions that stirs one's sympathy. Under the grey sky, by the greyer sea, one forgets all but the mass of people kneeling amid the graves, the hush and pause, the linking for a moment of a life so low and poor and narrow with the dignity of death; the prayer for rest and peace from the restless and unpeaceful, for light, from those who are blind. No doubt there is much that is poor and coarse, a great deal that is insincere, shallow, and conventional, but that is humanity; and it is only, after all, the surface of things that is unbeautiful. The *terreneuvas* is rough and brutal, but the women whose men have not come home do not weep the less; the peasant is coarse, commonplace, grasping, but his tears are none the sweeter to him. Underlying the conventions, the tawdry wreaths, the paper roses, there is a sincerity that is sometimes tragic.

THE CAMPAIGN OF DOUAI.

CHAPTER IV.

As the column wound its slow way up the road between the high poplars, Walter felt his spirits rise at the thought that at last he was actually taking part in a campaign which would make history. He was one of a British force committed to what was commonly regarded as a desperate enterprise. What chance could Great Britain have against one of the most powerful military nations of Europe, Great Britain, a country which relied on voluntary enlistment to fill the ranks of her army, and whose total armed strength was but a fraction of that which could be put into the field by France? Certainly Britain was fortunate in having a military power like Germany on her side; alone, however bravely and skilfully her soldiers might fight, it was inevitable that they would be overwhelmed by numbers.

As the column strode along, it was interesting to watch the stir and bustle in the fields on either side of the road. The troops of the Fourth Division were preparing for their bivouac, and truly it was no hardship to have to sleep under the stars on that warm August night. The sight of all these masses of men, waggons, and horses astonished Walter, who found it hard to believe that they had all been landed in some four or five hours. At one place where there was a short halt (some obstruction in front having delayed the advance of the column), Walter found himself standing close to the waggons of the ammunition-column of the

Fourth Division. These waggons were already drawn up in long rows; the horses were on their picket-lines busy at their evening feed, while the men lay in groups on the grass, watching the passing troops. Among a group of officers Walter recognised a young gunner whom he knew; the recognition was mutual, and his friend strode across to meet him. After the first greeting Walter began to enquire how such extraordinarily rapid progress had been made with the disembarkation.

"My dear boy," said his friend, "it was the simplest thing in the world. We never went into the river-mouth at all, but landed on the beach, just below where we are now. Being in very light-draught transports, we got in fairly close and swum the horses ashore. *We* came ashore in boats, and the waggons were hoisted out into lighters, a crowd of which had been towed across from Dover. Of course it was the greatest bit of luck that it was so calm; if there had been any sea on, it would have been impossible for troops to land where we did. Then, the wind being off shore helped us a lot. Why, we had four or five cavalry regiments ashore within an hour and a half of dropping anchor. Look there," he added, pointing out to sea, "there are all the ships going back to Dover."

Walter was just able to distinguish in the gathering dusk the dark mass of the great flotilla fading away towards the English Coast. "I am rather surprised," he said, "that we weren't more bothered by their torpedo flotilla from Boulogne."

"My dear boy, their torpedo-boats were all very well at the beginning of the war; but now, they're all knocked endways. Besides, you can bet your hat we had a good watch over their ports with our own destroyers. However, they might be awkward at night, so I suppose that's why our ships are clearing out. The ones in the river will have to take their chance; I expect they will rig up some sort of boom-defence. I bet they'll be jolly busy in the river to-night with the disembarkation. See, there are the electric lights going already. Thank heavens I'm not a transport-officer!"

Looking back towards the town which they had left, Walter could see the electric lamps glowing in white radiance from the masts of the ships, and the rattle of the chains of the derricks and the noise of the busy crowd below, reduced by the distance to a mere murmur, were still distinctly audible. As he gazed, the column resumed its march, and, bidding his friend good-night, Walter hastened to catch up his company.

Passing through the village of Lefaux, about a mile and a half out of Etaples, Walter noticed that fighting must have taken place there. A number of the cottages were still smouldering, and showing only charred ruins as the remains of what that morning had probably been comfortable homes. Other cottages also showed signs of having been under fire, chimney-pots having been dislodged, windows broken, and walls gapped in places. In this village the inhabitants still remained, mostly gazing in little groups with sullen fury on the passing soldiers; but it was noticeable that there were no able-bodied men among them; they had all been taken to serve in the armies mustering in defence of their native land. The little street was

full of Staff-officers of the Sixth Division, at least so Walter gathered from a few words he exchanged with one of them; but no one seemed to know anything about the fighting which must have taken place there during the day.

As the column swung down the hill into the village of Frencq, a larger place than Lefaux, loud and tumultuous cheering from the troops in the bivouac they had just passed caused great excitement and speculation among the men. Walter was amused to hear some of the random guesses at the causes of the outburst. The favourite theory seemed to be that a telegram must have arrived to tell them that a certain Royal Prince had come to take command in person. Before the sailing of the expedition the appointment of this personage to the chief command had been hotly debated in England. The bulk of military opinion, certainly among the rank and file, had been in favour of such an appointment, but political considerations had at last led to the abandonment of the idea. However, the men of the Twelfth Brigade were not to remain long in ignorance of the good news, for shouts of *left incline* were soon passed from the rear, and as soon as the way was cleared the General of the Sixth Division, Sir Charles Browne, followed by several Staff-officers, came cantering along in the twilight. As they came past, dusty and jaded-looking, the infantry soldiers crowding to the left of the road to get out of their way, one of the Staff, noticing that Walter was an officer, checked his horse momentarily and, leaning towards him, called out, "The news has just come that the German army fought a big battle at Mezières yesterday, and have won a great victory." The men crowding near failed to catch the meaning of the message and

Walter was overwhelmed with questions. "What did he say, sir?" "What is it, sir?" Walter passed on the good news: "The French have had a licking yesterday from the Germans." "Begor, and they'll get another from us to-morrow, boys!" and then the cheering began.

In Frencq there was great excitement as they marched through. Sir Charles Browne had entered the house assigned to him for his quarters, but many of the officers of the Staff were standing outside, and the news of the German victory seemed to have become pretty well known to judge from the cheering groups of soldiery at every door, and the generally well-pleased expression of all except the few unfortunate inhabitants who skulked in the shadows on the outskirts of the throng. Frencq also, but to a less degree, showed signs of having been under fire; and outside the town the first wounded of the war were visible in an ambulance standing a little way off the main road. It was now quite dark, but the lantern hanging from the ridge-pole of a small tent, clearly of French pattern, showed the surgeons bending over one or two swathed figures lying on some straw, while outside the tent three French soldiers, men of the *Chasseurs à Cheval*, were lying on the ground, their heads bandaged, and one of them with his leg bound in splints. Many curious glances were thrown at these poor fellows by the passing troops. They lay as in a stupor, their eyes wide open but seeing nothing, apparently oblivious to their surroundings. The grey-clad troops passing them in the dusk in endless procession might have had no existence for all the interest they appeared to arouse in these unhappy victims of war. To the Irishmen of Walter's battalion these poor wretches appeared to be

more objects of sympathy than anything else. "Be jabbers," muttered one rough-looking giant, shifting his rifle from one shoulder to the other as he spoke, "them poor chaps have had their dose anyways!" "They've got what you'll maybe be getting to-morrow, Pat," said the regimental wit, a remark which was received with but feeble laughter by the men near, who doubtless felt that there was a substratum of probability in the jest which somehow took away from their enjoyment.

Thus the column tramped on, the constant and scientific marching-training which the men had been put through during the last two months showing in the regularity of their stride and the ease with which they covered the ground. Before long they passed in silence through another village, the head of the column being sharply challenged by the alert sentinels, and turning away from the high road at last began to breast the ascent to the ground on which they were to pass the night. The sky had now cleared, and by the light of the moon the nature of the surrounding country could be seen with some distinctness. There were no fences to the road, and field after field seemed to stretch away on every side in gentle undulations, the skyline being here and there broken by little copses or by the chimneys of one of the numerous farmhouses. Everywhere troops appeared to be preparing for the night. Against innumerable fires were outlined the dark forms of the busy cooks, and now and then an agreeable whiff reminded the hungry soldiers that it was some hours since they had had anything to eat. Here long rows of guns and limbers, indistinct and ghostly under the rays of the moon showed where artillery was camped in another place lines of waggon

marked where train or baggage was placed for the night ; and everywhere were to be seen men wandering in search of the corps from which they had strayed. A slight mist rising from the earth gave a curious air of unreality to the scene, seeming to increase the size of the men and animals, while rendering the background hazy and indistinct in some places, in startling contrast to the whiteness of the moonlight and the blackness and sharpness of the shadows on the higher and clearer ground.

While the men were marching mechanically on, their attention absorbed in the novel scene around them, they were suddenly recalled to the realities of the moment by their Colonel calling them to attention. In another moment column was formed ; then the leading company, having reached the ground indicated by the Brigade-Major, was halted and the remainder of the battalion formed quarter-column on it and halted in their turn. The remaining battalions of the brigade had moved further to the front, and the rearmost could now be seen in the moonlight forming up in the deep shadow of some farm-buildings. Colonel Daunt stood his men at ease, and, calling the officers around him, indicated to them the buildings, beside which they were standing, as the quarters assigned to the battalion. "There are two barns we can use, gentlemen," he said ; "the right half battalion will occupy the nearest, the left half the other one. The officers will be quartered in the farmhouse itself. The company cooks will start their fires on this side of the wall ; no fire or smoking will be allowed in the neighbourhood of the barns. The adjutant will place a sentry at the entrances to the farmyards ; these sentries will be furnished by the quarter-guard, who will be

found separate quarters. The men must be cautioned against straying, and against smoking in the farmyard or barns. Any man disobeying these orders will be severely punished——" and so on, till the Colonel had prepared for every contingency likely to occur.

However, everything comes to an end in time, and Walter was by no means sorry when he was at last able to unbuckle his sword-belt and throw himself at full length on the brick floor of the large farm-kitchen, on the door of which some wag had found time to chalk in large letters *Hôtel Cecil*. There were only two chairs and a rough oaken settle in the room, which were of course appropriated by the Colonel and two of the senior officers, while the rest, like Walter, made themselves free of the floor. A good fire was soon set going on the hearth, plenty of wood being discovered in an outhouse, and as the flames flickered higher the room soon assumed quite a cheerful appearance. Over the fireplace was a cheap chromolithograph of the first Napoleon, on an impossible horse with the Pyramids in the background, and some religious pictures ornamented the other walls of the room. From the ceiling hung great ropes of onions, which in the dancing firelight cast fantastic shadows on the walls. The officers, worn out more by excitement than by actual fatigue, stretched their limbs on the floor, and began to think of food. The Colonel and other mounted officers were more concerned as to the fate of their horses, which they had not seen since the disembarkation. The adjutant, however, who just then came in, was able to set their minds at rest on that score, all the horses, who had trotted on after the baggage, having arrived in camp without any injury. "The rations have just been issued, sir," he went on ; "they are cooked

rations, so the men will have to eat them cold, and I have given orders for the rations to be cooked now for to-morrow, so that they can be issued before we start. I suppose there will be no objection, sir, to the cooks riding on the waggons? You see, they will be working most of the night. There is some grumbling about the water, sir. The Army Service Corps officer got here before us, and has put the patent filter attachment on to all the pumps, and the water runs through very slowly; it will be hours at this rate before all the men get a drink. I have had to put a sentry over the stream where the horses are being watered, to prevent them getting their bottles filled there."

Colonel Daunt was puzzled in this emergency; he stroked his moustache reflectively. "It is a pity about those infernal filters. I wish to heaven they had been left behind; they're getting too fond of coddling Tommy. After the orders that have been issued on the subject, I simply daren't let 'em drink from the stream, though a few years ago they would all have done it and been none the worse. See that they're all turned in, water or no water. Damn it, they didn't come all this way to drink water! I saw some big tubs outside; let the filters run into them, and in the morning there will be enough for all the water-bottles. Of course the cooks can go on the waggons. By the way, *veille* is to sound at four-thirty to-morrow; warn the cooks that there must be hot cocoa for the battalion by four forty-five. I suppose the cocoa has come all right?"

The hard-worked adjutant saluted, and retired to carry out the Colonel's orders through the medium of the captain and subaltern of the day who were already outside. The other officers sat in gloomy silence, staring at the fire and wondering when there

would be anything to eat, till the belated arrival of the mess-sergeant made things more comfortable. Sergeant Murphy was a man of resource, and had added to the cooked rations provided by Government a basket of excellent sandwiches and some bottled beer, which he had managed to get hold of when leaving the transport. One of the mess-waiters, in his service equipment like all the other men, helped the sergeant to lay out the food in an appetising manner as possible on the kitchen-table, a table-cloth (vaguely understood to have been *borrowed* by Sergeant Murphy from somewhere) giving quite an air of refinement to the meal. The hungry officers soon produced plates, knives, and forks from their haversacks, and in a very few minutes all were busy making a clearance of the victuals before them.

There was now a general curiosity as to where they were to sleep. They soon learned that, with the exception of four of the seniors who had found accommodation in an adjoining room, they would have to sleep where they were. "I don't want to disturb the inhabitants more than I can help," said the Colonel; "they're a bit upset as it is, and I promised to leave them undisturbed in the rest of the house. There is nobody but an old man and his wife, who told me that they had two sons serving in the French army, and also that all their working men had gone off to serve." The conversation now became general, till some one was bold enough to ask the Colonel what chance he thought the British had with the army which the French would be sure to bring against them to-morrow or next day. As this was a question on which all had some curiosity, there was a general silence for the reply.

"A couple of years ago," said Colonel Daunt, stretching out his

legs to the fire and puffing at his pipe, "I should have said that no army we could put in the field would have the slightest chance against any first-class European Power. I don't think the same to-day; and my reason is this, that every man we have here is physically a very far finer fellow than the average man who will be pitted against him. Three years ago we had only seventeen batteries to an army-corps, and those were only on paper, except perhaps for one or two corps; now we have twenty-four. Three years ago our soldiers only fired two hundred rounds annually in their course of musketry; the last two years they have fired over a thousand rounds a man, and, as you all know, this year we have fired precious near two thousand rounds a man. I call our fellows now really experts with their rifles. I remember the Boers in 1881, and I tell you that the average British Tommy is to-day a better shot, both at a moving and a standing target. Then we are enormously more mobile. If our manœuvres have taught us nothing else, they have taught us what we required in that respect, and, by Jove, we have made some use of our lesson. I believe that our inferior numbers will be an absolute advantage. Of course these things have cost money, tons of money, but the British tax-payer will thank his stars to-morrow or the next day that he found the money." With that the Colonel rose and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Good-night all; it's high time we were asleep." He stopped at the door. "One other thing: while all these Continental Powers have been putting their money into *the mass*, we've been putting ours into the *man*; and don't forget it's the man behind the gun every time."

Colonel Daunt's little speech had an excellent effect. The officers of

the Fusiliers, like most British officers, had been brought up to believe in the bugbear of Continental superiority, and it was a relief to hear such very good reasons for looking forward to their own success. However, it was clearly bed-time, and, unrolling their cloaks and blankets, they soon were all stretched out, their heads resting on their haversacks, their feet encased in easy canvas slippers, seeking that repose which was needed to prepare them for the unknown trials of the morrow.

CHAPTER V.

WALTER seemed, as he afterwards thought, to have been hardly asleep for five minutes when he was awaked by some one stirring close to him, and, opening his eyes, he lay for a few moments trying to rouse himself to a sense of where he was. The room was in darkness, save for the flickering light of the fire, on which fresh wood spluttered and crackled with a cheerful sound, and two men were softly stepping about the sleepers, gathering as they moved the swords, boots, and other odds and ends with which the floor was strewn. A whispering outside the door showed that they were not the only ones about, and it suddenly dawned on Walter's wakening senses that these men were servants who had come for their masters' boots and other things which might require cleaning. "Is Muldoon there?" he enquired in a sleepy voice. "He's outside the door, your Honour," was the reply; so Walter slowly got to his feet, becoming aware as he did so that a bed on a brick floor is apt to mean stiffness in the joints and muscles, and, gathering up his belongings, stepped softly out into the courtyard. Early as it was, and a glance at his watch showed him that it was

not quite four, a number of the men seemed to be already astir. Several of the officers' servants were busy polishing their masters' boots and brushing the white dust of the day before from their putties, while other groups were standing outside the farmyard watching the cooks, now busy with preparations for breakfast, and enjoying a morning pipe while they did so.

The faithful Muldoon saw Walter as he came out of the house, and quickly relieved him of the things he was carrying. "Sure, what did you want to be waking so soon for, sir? You'll be wanting a sleep bad enough before this day's out, I'm thinking. I'll clean all your things now, sir, and you'll find them all ready for you when you want them. Wash, is it, sir? There's no place but the stream beyant. Them Army Service Corps people, bad cess to them, have put filters on all the pumps, and a drop of water is as hard to get, or harder, than a drop of whiskey in the old country. Here's your towel, sir, and your soap."

Walter went off to the stream, about fifty yards from the farm, where he made his morning-toilet in the best way he could. A number of men, bent on the same errand, had been stopped by the sentry and were standing disconsolate with their towels in their hands. Walter took upon himself to pass these men down to the water, making a corporal who happened to be with them responsible for the party, and they were soon joyfully splashing about in the little stream.

On his way back Walter stopped to survey the scene before him. Though a grey glimmer in the east showed that dawn was at hand, the day had not yet broken, and the light from the cooking-fires served rather to accentuate the surrounding dark-

ness than to relieve it. Round these fires many men were moving, and a murmur, like that from a disturbed beehive, showed that the army was waking for another day. The light momentarily increased, and the combined effect of the dawn, the fires, and the morning mist, which was swirled hither and thither in fleecy wisps of vapour, as it was now driven asunder now banked in masses by the rising breeze, made as curious and picturesque a scene as that which the moonlight had shown a few hours earlier.

While he was standing thus, forgetful for the moment of the realities of his position, he was suddenly recalled to himself by a strange voice politely bidding him good-morning. Walter turned, and at first found some difficulty in suppressing a laugh at the quaint figure before him. The stranger was a very tall, lean individual, with a straggling beard and long moustaches, wearing smoked glass spectacles, and dressed in the most curious parody of a military uniform which Walter had ever seen. On his head was a very large pith helmet, similar to the *solar topee* worn in the tropics, with a blue veil twisted round it, while his dress was a Norfolk-jacket and riding-breeches of *khaki* serge, finished off with putties of the same material. A pair of field-glasses dangled at one hip, a large water-bottle at the other, and a stout leather belt round his waist carried two large pouches, which Walter afterwards found contained note-books and writing materials. Over one shoulder was slung a large and well filled haversack, over the other a leather case which obviously contained a small camera, and in one hand he carried a large green umbrella. Clearly Walter saw before him one of the correspondents permitted to accompany the army, a

supposition borne out by the ornamental metal badge worn as a brassard on his left arm. Walter returned his salutation, and the stranger went on to explain: "I must apologise, sir, for the intrusion, but I am Richard Cary Fitzgerald of *THE NEW YORK SENTINEL*, and I am looking for my old friend Colonel Daunt of the Royal Ulster Fusiliers. If you can give me any assistance in my search, I shall be under a heavy obligation to you." Walter remembered having heard his Colonel speak of a Mr. Fitzgerald as an American journalist whom he had met on several occasions, and accordingly vouchsafed the information that the Ulster Fusiliers were bivouacked close at hand, and that he himself was an officer in that corps.

Fitzgerald was delighted. "This is the best bit of luck I have had yet," he said. "I have been on the tramp for the last six hours trying to locate this battalion. Your Staff may be very efficient, sir,—I have no doubt it is,—but they have no use for American correspondents, and I could get no information out of them."

"I should think you will want some sleep," suggested Walter, "as you have been up all night, and I would advise you to try and get some now, as we shall probably be starting in another hour or so."

Fitzgerald was indignant at the idea. "Sleep, sir! No, sir, I have been asleep, I may say, since my last campaign, in Manila, three years ago. This world is getting too peaceable for men of my vocation. Sleep! I estimate that the two hours I had last night, or last evening I should say, will carry me on for another fourteen hours. We shall have some stirring work to-day, sir."

"Did you see the disembarkation?" asked Walter.

"Every circumstance of it," was the answer. "I cabled twenty words

through to London last night. Twenty words! Good heavens, what with your censors and the rush on the wires I wonder I got anything through. But it will expand, sir, it will expand. All America knows now that the British force has landed practically unopposed, though there you had more luck than anyone could have anticipated. Your chaps must have caught the French napping for once. They'll be back to-day though, and I suspicion, sir, that you'll have to hold on with your eyelids to what you've got or you'll find yourselves swimming in the Channel before forty-eight hours are over. So far you've done remarkably well. I have seen as much fighting as most men, both on sea and on shore, and I never saw smarter work than yesterday, no, nor anything approaching it. Say, your Staff must have been working this out ever since the war began. The whole arrangements are the most perfect and the most complete you could make them. Yesterday evening I went over two of the hospital-ships. Have you seen them, sir? No? Well, I sincerely hope that you won't, though for comfort and general perfection they are the best things of the kind that I have ever seen. I guess that you'll see a good deal of me during this campaign. I have received permission to attach myself to your battalion, being an old friend of the Colonel's, instead of being herded about with the other correspondents, who've all been placed under charge of Staff-officers, or else restricted from going to the front. Of course I shall have to take my stuff to the censor at the Army-Corps Headquarters every time I want to cable, and I have been informed that I must take the risk of being shot or hanged as a spy if the other chaps get hold of me. But I guess I was never born to be hanged. I've got

out of a few tight places in my life, and I calculate on getting much fresher stuff for my journal by playing my own hand."

It was now almost light, and the sights and sounds on all sides told that the preparations for a move were already well advanced. Ration-parties were crowding round the waggons to draw the supplies which would be distributed later on to the individual soldier: horses were being harnessed and men putting on their accoutrements; and as Walter, accompanied by the American, entered the farm where he had spent the night, the gradually increasing roar of traffic from the road below told him that the cavalry and horse-artillery were already moving out in force to clear the way for the slower bulk of the army. Colonel Daunt was well pleased to see Fitzgerald, with whom he had struck up a friendship many years before in the Soudan, and Walter was left free to attend to his own duties. His captain was hastily completing his toilet, and finding his things ready for him, as spotlessly clean as if Muldoon had been preparing for a full-dress parade at home, our hero quickly followed his example. The mess-sergeant and his two assistants were busy with the breakfast, and Walter was amused to find that Sergeant Murphy had, in some fashion known only to himself, already made friends with the old couple to whom the farm belonged, who had sold him a number of eggs and who were now, with many gesticulations and much pantomime, helping the ruthless invader, as represented by the mess-sergeant, in his work.

All this time no bugles had sounded, orders to that effect having been issued during the night, and the routine was being carried on in a silence very unusual.

So soon as Walter was dressed he set off to find his company, to see that rations had been issued to all his men, and that the breakfast of cocoa, bread, and tablets of prepared meat was ready. The rations were for use that day, and were already cooked, each ration, prepared on a new and scientific process, being packed into a small metal case which fitted into the mess-tin. Half of this consisted of a very palatable and sustaining porridge, which the men could eat cold as easily as hot, the remainder being the equivalent of a pound and a half of meat. In its raw state this ration occupied an exceedingly small space, and was issued in cubical metal cases, each case containing complete rations for ten men; the process of cooking naturally increased the bulk considerably, but made the food very much more wholesome and agreeable, though in case of necessity it could be eaten raw. The emergency-ration, to which allusion has already been made, was of the same nature, but was ready for use at any time, though strict orders had been issued that it was only to be used, as its name implied, on an emergency. The men were all in great spirits, and in the best possible condition.

Having reported to Carstairs that all was correct, Walter returned to the farm (which he already found himself calling the mess) and set to work with a vigorous appetite on the breakfast which Sergeant Murphy had prepared for them. He found Fitzgerald already accepted as a member of the mess, and hugely delighting a group of the younger officers by his conversation. Colonel Daunt, with his adjutant and an officer of the Brigade-Staff, could be seen through the half-open door, busy in the adjoining room over a map which all three officers were intently study-

ing. It was clear that Fitzgerald would have given a good deal to have assisted at this little conference, but he had too much tact to push himself forward uninvited, and doubtless reflected that the Colonel would ultimately give him as much information as he dared.

At last the conference was over; the Staff-officer took his departure, Colonel Daunt going to the door to see him off. As he swung himself on to his horse, Walter heard him say: "You quite understand, Colonel? You lead the column—the road by Enquin and Hucqueliers—the Highlanders follow you, then the guns—no bands to play. Good-bye, sir," and, saluting, he cantered off, while the Colonel, thoughtful and reserved, came back to the table and finished his breakfast in silence. Walter and most of his brother-officers strolled outside, and proceeded to solace themselves with tobacco and conjecture.

The sun was now over the horizon, and before long the adjutant came out to tell the officers that the Colonel wished them to warn their men to get ready for the march, and that, when this was done, he wished to say a few words to them as to the duty to devolve on the battalion during the day. A few moments sufficed for the first task; indeed, it was hardly necessary to caution the men to get ready, as all had been for some time anxiously awaiting the order to fall in, and the Colonel soon had all his officers before him. He was brief and to the point. The enemy, he told them, had been met with, but only in small force, by the cavalry; the outposts had been reconnoitred during the night by small patrols, but everywhere the enemy had retired before our mounted troops, and it was considered unlikely that he had any considerable force in the neighbourhood. In their

retirement his patrols had all fallen back in an easterly and south-easterly direction; it was fair, therefore, to assume that they had been sent out from a force lying in that direction, and that there was no force requiring consideration on our left flank, though an infantry brigade with some guns had been detailed in support of the large force of yeomanry watching that flank. "This brigade," the Colonel said, looking at his watch, "has already started. We are to move along the road leading through Enquin (a village which you will see on your maps) and Hucqueliers, and have been given the post of honour in the front. The Gordon Highlanders will follow us, and behind them will come the three field-batteries which have been attached to the advanced guard. In front of all is the light cavalry brigade with a horse-battery, and between them and ourselves will be the corps-cavalry and two batteries of horse-artillery; we ought not, therefore, to run any risk of surprise. With the corps-cavalry there are two battalions of mounted infantry and a balloon-detachment, though I am afraid that the latter will be of little use if the wind continues to rise. Number One Company) yours, Captain Carstairs) will lead the battalion. You will send on a section under a subaltern about three hundred yards ahead of you; the remainder of the battalion will follow about the same distance in your rear; the battalion scouts will watch your flanks. Now we will fall in, gentlemen."

The officers saluted and departed to their companies, and in a few minutes the battalion was standing ready for the march, the waggons packed, the led horses and machine-guns in their places in rear. The orders provided for the rendezvous of the brigade on the left side of

the road leading out of Hubersent ; accordingly the battalion was promptly placed in motion and, with Colonel Daunt at its head, quickly wound its way from column into column of route, and, disdaining the dusty highway already crowded with troops, struck boldly across country for the rendezvous. Walter's company, which was to lead during the day, was now in front, and he had therefore a good view of what was going on, unimpeded by the dust which rose freely from the sun-baked ground. The other battalions of the brigade were moving across the fields on a line parallel to that taken by the Ulster Fusiliers, and Walter watched with admiration the elastic step and fine military bearing of that splendid Highland regiment which was to march in support of the Fusiliers during the day. The Brigadier and his little Staff, four officers in all, rode ahead at a walking pace ; behind each column followed the ammunition-mules, the waggons, and the machine-guns bumping over the uneven ground, while some fifty yards or so in advance rode the mounted scouts, of whom half-a-dozen had recently been attached to each infantry battalion, men specially selected for their intelligence and aptitude for scouting duties, mounted on small and active horses. The artillery was waiting at the rendezvous, the men standing by their horses, the officers chatting in little groups, the sombre line of guns and waggons looking grim and business-like. The field-telegraph was already up along the road by which they were to march, and in the distance Walter could see the sappers, with their waggons, elevating the wire, already laid, on slender poles as they went along. As the Fusiliers reached the rendezvous the Brigade-Major, cantering over, signed for

them to lead on down the road, and at the same time told Colonel Daunt that, if he was ready, he might go on at once. Accordingly the mounted scouts cantered out, three to each flank, covering roughly speaking a distance of about four or five hundred yards on each side of the road, while Walter led on his section to act as the point of the advanced guard.

CHAPTER VI.

As our hero took his place in front of his little detachment, he felt that at last the hour of his first battle was at hand. It was to him, as indeed to all other officers with the invading army, almost incredible that they should have been permitted to advance so far without opposition. At that time he was as ignorant as were other regimental officers that the demonstrations which the British fleet had made along other parts of the French coast had succeeded in misleading the defence, a situation which was further complicated by the simultaneous invasion of France by two German armies. Puzzling as this absence of resistance was, however, it was most improbable that it would last for long, and as Walter led his men along that dusty highroad with their faces to the newly risen sun, he momentarily expected to hear sounds of firing in front of him, where moved the British cavalry covering the front of the invaders with a network of scouts. Looking back, as he topped the ascent leading to the little village of Rolet, Walter was grateful to the fate which had given him a position in front of the marching columns and so clear of the choking dust which already enveloped the troops marching in rear. The wind was blowing freshly from the east, which would obviously be of advantage to the British, should troops and stores re-

main to be disembarked, and also from the fact that it would convey to the rear the sounds of any collision with the enemy in front; on the other hand, it was against the use of the captive balloons, which had been freely employed on the day of the disembarkation, and hence careful scouting by the cavalry was all the more necessary. The little village of Rolet was already wide awake, the country people, to all appearance a thrifty and hardworking race, standing at their doors looking with lowering brows at the passing troops, some of them calling down maledictions on their heads in unintelligible patois, but for the most part gloomy and apprehensive, astonished at the influx of invaders and paralysed at the absence of any attempt to drive them back to the ships which had brought them. As at the other villages they had passed through, the absence of men of age to bear arms was remarkable; they, with the local *gendarmerie*, had no doubt all gone to take their places in the ranks.

The scenery through which the Fusiliers were now passing differed in no respect from that near Hubersent. The country was cultivated, farm-houses being dotted here and there over the landscape, the quaint high-gabled buildings with their tiled roofs looking far more picturesque than the farms with which Walter was acquainted in his own country; while here and there copses gave an air of variety to a scene which might otherwise have been too tame in its monotony. The surface was still gently undulating, a fact emphasised by the manner in which the highways, with their invariable fringe of poplars, wound their sinuous way up the slopes and across the valleys. Work in the fields was at a standstill, but in most cases the harvest had been gathered, as was shown by the bare

land and the fine ricks in so many of the farm-yards, ricks on which many a British Supply-Officer looked that day with satisfaction and thankfulness. In some places the corn was still uncut, in others it was still in stooks; in these cases the peasants were making no effort to continue the harvest, but had either retired within their houses or were standing in groups muttering curses on the invaders.

As Rolet was left behind, the road descended into a little valley and at the foot of the ascent leading up to the rising ground opposite, Walter overtook the waggons of the telegraph-corps, who were busy with their task of erecting and occasionally testing the wire laid by the advanced troops. A subaltern of engineers was riding beside the waggon, and, as Walter passed, he volunteered the information that there was some fighting going on in front at that moment.

"Why, have you seen anything of it?" asked Walter, curious to know the source of this intelligence.

"No, I've seen nothing, but I've got a tap on the wire," answered the young sapper, pointing to a man sitting on the waggons with a curious metal attachment strapped on to one side of his head. "It is a new dodge, you know. We can take in all the messages passing, and we've just heard that the enemy's cavalry have been met with, that there has been a skirmish or two, and that so far our chaps have had the best of it."

"Then we shall probably hear the guns soon," said Walter; "they are sure to have their horse-artillery somewhere handy."

"I hope so; the sooner the real thing begins the better. Good luck to you," and the young engineer turned again to his own duty.

Along the crest of the gentle ascent which they were now breasting ran a

stretch of woodland, and, though there was no doubt that it had been searched by the cavalry long before, yet Walter thought it as well to be on the safe side, and by a whistle and a wave of his arm conveyed an order to the mounted scouts to search it again. This was promptly done. A scout cantered off to each end of the little belt of wood, which might have been about three-quarters of a mile in length, while their comrades, about one hundred and fifty yards apart, reined up their horses some little distance from the near edge. A brief pause, and then the flanking scouts reappeared and signalled that all was clear, on which the rest of the party trotted forward and soon disappeared in the shadow of the trees, their active horses scrambling over the rough ground and forcing their way through the undergrowth. The wood was of no great depth, and in a very few minutes the scouts reappeared and made the signal *no enemy in sight*. While these precautions were being taken Walter had not checked the march of his section, as he well knew the importance of avoiding any halts which were not inevitable. Nothing is more wearisome to troops than constant halts, and in a long column a halt of a very few minutes at the head is apt to become a tedious wait for those in rear.

As the leading section of the Fusiliers left the shadow of the wood they found themselves at the top of the gentle slopes from which they could look into the valley of the little stream on which Enquin stands, and here, for the first time, Walter saw the cavalry which had been scouting in the front all the morning. A squadron was proceeding at a walking pace up the further side of the valley; on the crest of the hill, or rather slightly withdrawn from the crest on the near side of it, two batteries of

artillery stood unlimbered, and fleecy clouds of dust rising beyond the low hills on the other side of the stream indicated that large bodies of cavalry were in motion in that direction also. To the south of Enquin the slopes rising from the valley were crowned here and there by little clumps of woodland, and between these more dust-clouds, rising high and moving fast, indicated that there also mounted troops were manœuvring. As Walter watched for some signs that the enemy had been at last strong enough to make a stand, he saw the guns limber up with great speed and disappear at a trot over the horizon, while some companies of mounted infantry, who had been concealed from his view by one of the little clumps aforesaid, now came out into the open and disappeared after the guns. The squadron, which had been leisurely ascending the hill, also quickened its pace when the top had been reached, and soon nothing was left to indicate that troops were moving in front but the high dust-clouds rising all along the horizon.

As our hero and his men were marching along mechanically, their whole attention occupied with the proceedings of the cavalry in front, a sharp whistle from the rear suddenly recalled them to the fact that the main body had come to a halt. Walter promptly obeyed the signal, and gave the men permission to rest by the side of the road, a glance at his watch showing him that he had now been an hour on the march and consequently, by regulation, should halt for five minutes. Though it was not yet seven o'clock the sun had already begun to assert its power, and it was by no means unpleasant to rest quietly for a few moments. While lying on his side watching with his glasses the distant signs of the cavalry and occupied with speculations as to

what was going on on the other side of the valley, he was suddenly conscious that his American friend of the morning was standing beside him.

Fitzgerald was leaning on a bicycle, the dust on his clothing and his heated countenance showing that he had not been idle during the advance. "I guess, Mr. Desmond," he said, "you have rather the post of honour here. You will have a powerful chance of seeing anything that happens. I must go on directly and watch the work of your cavalry. Hello! I see they're trying to raise the balloon."

As he spoke a balloon rose over the high ground to the east, and as it rose the boom of guns came rolling across the valley, repeated and multiplied by the numerous echoes. The wind, however, was too much for it. It swayed dangerously to and fro, at one time almost touching the ground overpowered by a gust, at another rebounding into the air during a lull. While they were watching the struggle the signal to march was passed on from the rear, and the little party of the Fusiliers leading the column again took to the road, Walter as before marching in front.

Fitzgerald wheeled his bicycle alongside. "I guess," he explained, "that I'll push this thing to the top of the hill. This country's a bit too switch-backy for a wheel."

"Where have you been all the morning?" asked Walter.

"Me? Oh, I've been cruising around, and I think I've sized up the situation pretty well. When you marched off, I wheeled down to the coast and saw your ships still busy landing stores and gear of sorts. They've already got a locomotive at work on the Arras line; at least I saw the smoke of one moving along from Etaples, and it seemed to me that it must have had a heavy load

behind it. The puffs were very large and came slowly. Snakes! There goes the old balloon," and as he spoke the balloon came rapidly down, appearing to collapse on the ground from the quickness with which it disappeared. "I guess she had a few shot in her silk," he went on; "she went down so sudden. Say, your fellows have got mighty smart in the last year or two. I saw your General (the man who commands this corps, I mean), and he's got the dandiest arrangement I ever saw for knowing what's going on in front. When you started this morning there was the telegraph-van (that thing like a bathing-box, I mean,) at Hubersent. They've a lot of wheelmen orderlies (cyclists, you call 'em,) at the office, and as the news comes in these chaps wheel off like hell to the General, who is following this brigade. Besides the news from the front, they have a wire running out to the north, where Colonel Daunt told me you had a brigade as a covering-party. Oh, he knows what's going on right enough. Yesterday when the balloon was up, one of his Staff was in telephonic communication with the man in it all the time. There's one thing, however, I've not seen yet, and that's flag-signalling."

"There's no need for it," said Walter, "so long as the wire can tell us what we want; but there are signallers with the cavalry ahead. I've two with this lot, and all the scouts (those chaps you see riding out on the flanks) are trained signallers and have both their flags and a lamp with them. The cavalry have a helio too, but you can't always rely on being able to use that when you want it in this climate."

By this time they had crossed the little stream in the bottom of the valley, and as they rounded the bend of the road leading up to the top

of the hill, they came into view of a party which excited the liveliest interest among the British soldiers. It consisted of about forty French cavalry-men who had evidently been taken prisoners, and who, dismounted and under a guard of half-a-dozen hussars, were squatting along the side of the road under the shelter of the low wall bounding the village churchyard. In the churchyard itself were their horses, picketed and fastened together and watched by a sentry on foot, who walked up and down with an important manner, his carbine resting easily in the hollow of his arm. The prisoners did not seem particularly cast down by their misfortunes. Some of them had fallen asleep, others were quietly smoking, and Walter was amused at one man, who made a little smiling grimace and shrugged his shoulders, as he happened to catch his eye. The prisoners were all dragoons, and the British soldiers were much interested in their dress. The old-fashioned brass helmet, with its plume of coarse horsehair, the ill-fitting blue jacket, and the clumsy booted overalls, all gave rise to many criticisms among Walter's men, accustomed to the neatness and smartness of dress which characterises the British cavalry.

A little further up the hill, one of the houses of the village had been converted into a temporary hospital,

and surgeons, both French and British, were busy there. The windows were open, and as the Fusiliers passed moans, cries, and snatches of conversation in French and English came floating to their ears. Two wounded hussars, Englishmen this time, were sitting outside the door, one with his head all wrapped in bandages which only left one eye visible, the other having one arm bound up and strapped tightly to his side. The man with the bound-up head snatched up his busby as the Fusiliers came along, and waved it vigorously, his only visible eye twinkling with enjoyment; his spirits at any rate were not at all depressed by his injuries. The other was very pale, and smiled faintly when Walter asked him how far off the enemy were. "I don't know much about it sir," he answered; "I only saw them in the distance." Walter signed to his party to lead on, and stopped for a moment to interrogate the hussar. "I suppose it was a bullet hit you then?" "No, sir, I wasn't 'it by nothin'." My blarsted old mare crossed her legs while we was cantering down some roughish ground over yonder, and gave me a concussion and a broken collar-bone. Nice job! I could 'ave done that at 'ome without comin' all this way; and now I'll miss all the fun." The poor fellow swore under his breath, and Walter ran on after his command.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD HAND.

As seven o'clock chimed from the City clocks, the swinging doors opened to admit the day-nurses. In the small ward the tired night-nurse has already made six beds; but the big ward is the property of the day-nurses, and they begin work at the first bed by the fireplace.

It is winter and a dark morning. The gas is lighted, and by its gleam a convalescent patient is collecting the breakfast plates and mugs from the lockers and carrying them into the kitchen to be washed in due time by the ward-maid.

The probationer places a chair at the end of the bed. The quilt, top-sheet and blankets are removed, one blanket being left to cover the patient who is gently rolled from side to side while the under-sheets are drawn tightly and tucked in, until the little patient is left lying in unwrinkled peace and coolness.

The next bed contains a curious figure. Mrs. Toskins has a large white face; her high forehead is ornamented by curtains of faded sandy hair; her very small eyes are closed; she wears a complicated expression denoting genteel forbearance, better days, and the decayed gentlewoman; her mouth and long upper lip are pursed up into firm disapproving wrinkles, as though an unsavoury object were being held to her resigned nose. The large and bony hands issuing from the cuffs of her nightgown are crossed in an attitude of repose. On the locker by her bed stand a Bible, a prayer-book, a copy of Sankey's hymns, a scripture text-book, while from under

her pillow peeps a volume bearing the satisfactory title *DEATHBED TRIUMPHS*.

"Well, Mrs. Toskins," says the nurse skinning the bed, "how do you do this morning?"

"A wretched night," replies Mrs. Toskins; "but all the Lord sends is for the best."

"You ate some breakfast, I see."

"Oh, my dear, a mouthful of thin bread-and-butter."

"Why is there an egg-cup?" asks the nurse.

"To be sure, I just tasted an egg to please night-nurse."

There is silence while the bed-makers work their way down the ward. When they are at a safe distance Mrs. Toskins languidly opens her eyes, resting them with a disapproving expression on a basin of hot water standing on the locker by her side. "'Eving knows I ain't fit to wash myself, nor I don't need to neither. They're always worritin' with soap and water 'ere; it's 'ealthy, they says. I know I 'ad an aunt 'as never 'ad 'er 'ealth and wot died through takin' a foot-bath."

"Law!" exclaims the patient in the next bed.

"Yes, that I 'ad," says Mrs. Toskins importantly; "and," she continues in an undertone, "the nurses 'ere is imperent too. When that young one was washing my back, I says to 'er, 'The Lord must wash us,' I says. 'Oh!' says she, 'the Lord don't undertake backs.'"

Mrs. Toskins unwinds her towel and discloses a bit of sticky brown Windsor soap, which she rubs on a

piece of lint, continuing her plaint the while. "An' they don't believe as I've lost my appetite. All I know is that when my sister Mrs. Spanker's eldest come to see me last week, 'Oh my! Aunt, you do look peaked,' she says; 'ain't there nothink as you could feel to fancy?' 'Lavinia Ann,' I says, 'if you was to bring me melted diminds I couldn't touch 'em,'—and they cast up an egg to me!" Mrs. Toskins waves the wet lint in the air and looks resentfully at the distant nurses.

"Ah," says Mrs. Stubbins, "eggs is my fancy; I asked 'em to send me up a few when my girl come. 'Why, Mother,' she says, 'eggs is twopence each.' 'Go on,' I says; 'you'll get 'em from the Rectory.' 'Oh!' says she, 'we don't get nothink now this new Encumbrance is come.'"

Mrs. Toskin puts away her towel and brush; she sees the nurses approaching and replaces her devotional works in a prominent position. "The Lord shall supply our need," she murmurs, as a probationer approaches to remove the basin. "What did they give yer?" she resumes in a business-like tone as the basin disappears.

"Oh! flannen, and drippin', an that," says Mrs. Stubbins.

"Ah! drippin' 's a 'elp; I like a bit o' drippin' an' bread myself. I lay your girl ain't been to Mothers' Meetin's an' early service an' that while you've been abed."

"Oh, yes, she 'ave. I says to 'er pertikler afore I come; I says, 'Ere,' I says, 'you look out for the drippin'.'"

Mrs. Toskins smiles. "Depend upon it, Mrs. Stubbins," she says, "while you've been layin' abed your 'Arriet's been 'avin' a game. As the 'oly Bible says, train up a child and away they go."

Mrs. Stubbins made no answer.

Mrs. Toskins has been in longer than any one. She is the *protégée* of a lady in the town. When the doctor was asked to admit Mrs. Toskins he did not refuse; the fact of her being in made no difference to him, while the fact of her being out, and himself disobliging, made a considerable difference, inasmuch as her patron was a rich invalid and the mother of a large and ailing family. Mrs. Toskins therefore was admitted for a tumour which made work impossible to her, as well as depriving her of sleep and appetite. She had been in for some months, and as yet no one had been able to afford her any relief, for the reason that no one had been able to detect the enlargement. Morning after morning the house-surgeon had felt, and listened, and tapped; day after day did the visiting surgeons and physicians, surrounded by a band of students, accompanied by a sister and attended by a staff-nurse bearing a clean towel, a throat-spatula, and an ink-bottle, visit this obscure and interesting case, which alternately quoted Scripture, overwhelmed them with thanks, and begged them to operate. Nothing short of an operation would relieve her; of this she was convinced, and, as she observed, she ought to know, her brother-in-law having suffered from fits.

Mrs. Toskins, in addition to the pain which she suffered from the tumour, was subject to extraordinary and inexplicable rises of temperature. One evening the impudent young probationer, already alluded to, approached her swiftly and, taking the thermometer from under her arm, shook it down saying: "Let me hold it for you, Mrs. Toskins; I can see that your hand shakes, so that you cannot keep it steady, and friction will send the mercury up to fever-height. Of course you did not know."

Mrs. Toskins's small eyes shone

with a malignant gleam as she thanked the nurse.

By ten o'clock each morning the ward is in perfect order; the long table a mass of ferns and flowers, the brass syringes as bright as the long-suffering second probationer can make them, the nurses waiting in their clean aprons for the doctors. Nick, the black cat, sits by the fire dozing; the fish-diets will not be up till half-past twelve. The Matron disapproves of Nick: he is not anti-septic, and she has arranged for him to have a dose on the first opportunity; but Nick is the adored of twenty night-nurses and a ward-maid; consequently opportunity and Nick never occur at the same moment.

"Where's that cat?" says the dispenser on his occasional visits to the ward.

"'Oo, sir?" says the ward-maid, making a great clatter with the scrubbing-brush.

"That black cat of yours; give him to me."

"Oh! sir, I couldn't tell you where 'e is; 'e's 'ere and there is Nick."

And as yet the dispenser's labour has been in vain.

A scuffling of feet in the passage heralds the doctors. The staff-nurse rushes to the table and seizes some towels and ink-bottles which she distributes. The sister will go round with the physician whose week it is; if a second doctor comes during this time he must take the staff-nurse, and should a third arrive he must go humbly with the probationer.

The ward is very quiet now, the only sound being the monotonous chant of *ninety-nine, ninety-nine* from the chest-cases being listened to. The doctor pauses by an old woman who has just come back to the ward, having been isolated after operation. "Champagne," he murmurs, feeling her pulse. The house-

physician takes down the diet-card and writes.

"Will that suit you, Granny?" says the doctor.

"Oh! I dessay, sir," replies the old woman, "if I can 'ave it 'ot with a bit o' sugar."

Mrs. Toskins is reading *DEATHBED TRIUMPHS* which she took up as the doctors entered the ward; she is not, however, so engrossed that she cannot take note of what is going on.

"A good operation like that 'ud ease me," she whispers to her neighbour; "but you see, they won't do it; they favours some. Nurse told me they done 'er in a private room with all the students and a 'eap o' doctors lookin' on, and two nurses all to 'erself a day and night special. A rare fuss they make over that old woman! I dunno what the reason is, but some can 'ave their insides seen to and others can't; that's a sure thing."

"I never 'eard what she 'ad done," says Mrs. Stubbins soothingly; "may be as they didn't do much."

"Ah! they didn't go to all that trouble for nothink, depend upon it; they took a nice bit;" and Mrs. Toskins in an aggrieved manner turns the page to the next deathbed.

"Well," muses Mrs. Stubbins, "they're wonderful 'andy. When my 'usban's mother come out o' the Infirmary, after fallin' up the wash'us steps and smashin' of 'er nose some-thin' cru'l through 'avin' general debility,—'er nose was as flat as my 'and—my 'usban' was surprised; 'e didn't think they'd a took the pains with sich a ole woman."

"Now Mrs. Toskins," says a nurse approaching with a plate, "here is your fish; don't look so doleful."

"Oh, my dear, I was thinking of my operation."

"Don't think about that; it may never happen."

"Well, my dear, if the Lord wants

my inside 'E must 'ave it; 'E'll know 'ow to put it to a better use than ever I 'ave." Mrs. Toskins covered her face with a large handkerchief and sniffed with noisy resignation.

"Why, Mrs. Toskins, you will very likely be discharged next week; won't you be glad to be out and at work again?"

"They don't turn me out like that," said Mrs. Toskins as she watched the nurse's retreating figure, "nor I sha'n't do any work neither; I ain't fit, not now it's pleased the Lord to take my 'ealth."

"I 'eard Nurse speakin' of a 'ome the other day," says Mrs. Stubbins.

"No fear," says Mrs. Toskins, "no 'omes for me! I know 'em, I've been

in a tidy lot; the livin's poor and they're always spyin'."

"We have not operated," replied the house-surgeon, "for the reason that there is happily nothing on which to operate. We have kept you for six months, and we now consider that a more active life and regular work are indicated in your case."

The doors swung back to admit the porters and the carrying-chair, into which Mrs. Toskins was packed accompanied by the inside which she so reluctantly entertained.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Stubbins.

"The Lord 'ath purvided, an' the Lord will purvide," piously replied Mrs. Toskins.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

I.

THE ONLY WAY.

LIKE him, of whom the poet sings,
 Across the centuries afar
 We scan the waste of earthly things
 And know not clearly where we are ;
 Nor if the century we're in
 Be that which we're accustomed to,
 Or if the world's great age begin
 Anew.

On algebraic tokens weird,
 On decimals, I daily pore ;
 By these my mind is nowise cleared ;
 They leave me where I was before.
 By decimals correctly done
 Can Speculation e'er be taught
 To learn if Time begins at *one*
 Or *nought* ?

I read the Press : with fancy bold
 They picture on its mother's knee
 A child that can't be two years old
 Before it reach the age of three ;
 For though the babe in lusty youth
 May seem externally to thrive,
 He is not (as a simple truth)
 Alive.

He is not there ; he's simply *nil* ;
 His mortal race is not begun ;
 He's in the Ewigkeit, until
 He gain the mystic age of one.
 Yet why pursue this mental train
 By false analogy beguiled ?
 A century is not ('tis plain)
 A child.

Put thus the case : a twelvemonth needs
 Twelve months arranged in order due
 (Which e'en Chronology concedes
 Is not demonstrably untrue) ;
 Yet here we find an æon starts
 With (accidentally, no doubt)
 All A.D. One's component parts
 Left out !

I sit in doubt upon the fence ;
 'Tis plain our dates are out of joint ;
 Perchance a year has no contents,
 And A.D. One's a simple point.
 These themes the fire of discord fan ;
 These kindle fratricidal strife,
 And foster enmity 'twixt man
 And wife.

Naught can avail ; it profits not
 To question in these island climes
 What laws may govern Time, and what
 The correspondents of *THE TIMES*.
 Hail, then, to His august decree,
 Who, seated high on Potsdam's throne,
 Proclaims the Nineteenth Century
 Is gone !

Poor purblind mortals here below
 But think and guess ; to know is His ;
 And when He says a thing is so,
 We question not ; it simply *is*.
 Let Pedantry its truths infer
 From calculation dark and dim ;
 Let them be right,—I'd sooner err
 With Him.

A. G.

II.

To the Editor of "*Macmillan's Magazine*."

SIR,

Stupidity has its compensations. I have the stupidest head in the world for figures,—for many other things too, no doubt, but certainly for figures ; and this, I take it, must be the reason why this question of the twentieth century which is so mightily exercising wiser heads than mine seems to me so extremely simple. So far as I have seen, only one of the disputants has come near to the right answer, and that was Sir Edward Reed in a letter printed in *THE TIMES* of

January 1st, 1900. Surely, Sir, those who maintain that the twentieth century began on the first day of January, 1900, are right, and those who maintain that it will not begin till the first day of January, 1901, are also right ! The first are right from the point of view of common-sense ; the second are right from the point of view of what may be called our official chronology. This explanation will probably satisfy neither side ; but at least I will try to make my position clear,—though I am perfectly

prepared to find, or at least to be told, that I have made it clear to myself alone.

A man begins to live at the moment of his birth. Let us say that little Alfred (to borrow an illustration from *THE TIMES*) was born on January 1st, 1800. At the expiration of his first twelve months Alfred will obviously be a year old, and he will begin the second year of his life on January 1st, 1801. It is equally obvious that he will begin his hundredth year on January 1st, 1899, and complete it on December 31st, 1899, and that, if no untimely fate intervenes, he will pass into the second century of his (let us trust meritorious) existence on January 1st, 1900.

Nobody, I suppose (except, perhaps, Sir Herbert Stephen and the Editor of *THE TIMES*), will gainsay me so far. Let me now, with all reverence, substitute for my imaginary individual the Founder of the Christian religion. It will, I take it, be granted that in His human form He was a year old at the expiration of His first twelve months, and immediately afterwards began the second year of His existence. The exact moment of His birth is not and, we may assume, never will be precisely known, but it is agreed that from that moment dates the commencement of what we call the Christian Era. That era, then, completed its first year at the expiration of its first twelve months, and according to the law of arithmetic, as I learned it at my school, began its second year on the first day of January Anno Domini One.

So far, surely, common-sense has held its course unchecked; but now steps in what I have ventured to call official chronology. At some period in the first half of the sixth century after the birth of Christ one Dionysius

Exiguus (the Little), the most renowned theologian and astronomer of his day, proposed to substitute the Christian for the Greek and Roman Eras, which had respectively measured the course of time from the year of the first Olympiad and the year of the founding of Rome, or in other words and roughly speaking, from 776 B.C. and from 753 B.C. It is at this point that the trouble begins. This exiguous Dionysius,—it seems doubtful whether the epithet referred to his stature or to his humility, but I think it must have been to his stature—this little Dionysius, I say, also determined that the new era should begin with the first day of the year One; in other words that it should be exactly one year old at the moment of its birth. The first century of the Christian Era therefore numbered not one hundred, but one hundred and one years. We have been suffering from this most unpractical joke ever since.

The intentions of an individual who died upwards of thirteen hundred years ago must always be in some measure a matter of speculation; and one would naturally therefore be loth to discredit the learned Dionysius with such a preposterous plan. Indeed I had always supposed it to be the invention of some ingenious individual who had the wit to see that in no other way was his theory tenable. I find it, however, recorded on the authority of the Astronomer-Royal that it has been agreed in chronology to call the first year of the Christian Era A.D. 1; it also appears that there are in existence two letters of Dionysius which prove that arrangement to have been his deliberate intention.

To prefer what is bizarre, distracting, and uncomfortable to what is simple, straightforward, and in the natural order of things has always been regarded by a certain class of

minds as a mark of superior intelligence. It is such as these who think there is much to be said for the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, and are certain that Sir Philip Francis could not have written Junius's Letters because he is more likely to have written them than anybody else. Like the old lady in the satire these lofty souls will be at infinite pains to drink their tea by stragem and tell the time of day by algebra. They of course will continue to call Dionysius blessed, and to maintain his arrangement to be the only possible one by such wild and whirling arguments as the columns of *THE TIMES* exhibited for our edification during the close of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century. And of all these arguments surely, Sir, the most amazing is that which would parallel the counting of years with the counting of coins. A coin is a material substance which (they tell me) may be seen and handled. The year has no actual existence; it is an airy nothing by which civilised communities have agreed to mark the course of time. I must confess that my stupidity is unable to conceive any possible analogy between the two processes of reckoning.

Here, Sir, I would respectfully sub-

mit, the matter rests, once and for all. As there is, I believe, no law compelling people to adopt the official chronology, it will be open to those who prefer plain common-sense to even the most ingenious paradox to call the present the first year of the twentieth century; while astronomers, mathematicians, and other such official or quasi-official persons will, I suppose, adopt the Dionysian misreckoning. Indeed the question seems to me to stand on the same footing as that other question of the orthography of Indian names. No sensible man, who wished to make his meaning clear to the greatest number of persons, would care to write *Muhammadan* for Mahomedan, or *Bharatpur* for Bhurt-pore; but the Government of India has issued an edict in favour of these and other equally senseless monstrosities, and the India Office having presumably acquiesced, the official servants of these departments, when writing with official pens, must perforce obey.

Such, Sir, is the solution of this tremendous question to which my native stupidity has brought me.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
DIONYSIUS MINIMUS.

January 19th, 1900.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A SOLDIER.

It is impossible to look back upon the events of the last four months without being struck in the first instance by the enormous disparity between the force which it was thought would be equal to the task of reducing the Boer Republics to submission and that which at the eleventh hour we are putting into the field. When it was authoritatively announced that the field-force for South Africa would consist of a complete army-corps with a cavalry division, in addition to the 10,000 men already in Natal and the small force of infantry at the Cape, the general tendency among the vast majority of people whom one met was undoubtedly to regard the Government as going to rather unnecessary expense in order to make the successful termination of the campaign swift and certain. The few soldiers who professed anxiety as to the position of Sir George White's troops in Natal, the British forces there being dangerously dispersed and in unpleasant proximity to the enemy's frontier, their sole line of communications within easy striking distance of his mobile commandos, were jeered at as alarmists, as pro-Boers, and hardly dared express their fears except in the privacy of home or of their clubs.

The whole country, in fact, went mad about the soldiers. As the reservists flocked into the depôts with hardly an absentee, as ship after ship steamed away from the crowded jetties amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm, as the music-halls resounded nightly with the

strains of patriotic music and the yells of patriotic (if slightly elevated) citizens, the war-fever increased apace; and it was only fanned into still wilder fury when on Saturday, October 20th, the news of the British victory at Talana Hill was flashed over the wires. "At last!" was the general cry of exultation; "Majuba is indeed avenged." And when hard on the heels of this came the news of the fierce fighting at Elandslaagte, of the dash and gallantry of the Gordon Highlanders, of the steadfast courage of the Johannesburgers in the ranks of the Imperial Light Horse, of the victorious assault of the Boer position, the charges of the cavalry, and the headlong flight of the enemy, the people went completely mad.

But a change was already near. The first hint of danger, the first sign that the Boers were not altogether contemptible opponents, was conveyed in the telegram announcing that Colonel Möller with his hussars and mounted infantry, who after Talana Hill had disappeared into the mist in pursuit of the flying enemy, had been captured and was already on his way to Pretoria. Then came the news that General Yule, who had succeeded General Symonds in command of the forces at Dundee, had marched in the night from his camp, and, leaving his baggage and wounded behind him, had vanished into the wilderness. This made the people pause. It became apparent to all but those

who deem it inconsistent with their patriotism to allow themselves to think a British reverse possible, that General Yule had retired simply because his position was untenable and was in fact already dangerously compromised; and some of us began to wonder if this war was going to prove after all such a simple thing as it had first appeared.

The action of Rietfontein, hailed as another British victory, which was really fought in order to extricate General Yule from the clutches of the foe, and which happily had that result, closed for the time the list of British successes which had so flattered the excited anticipations of the mob. General Yule struggled safely into Ladysmith, his escape due in great measure to the guidance and help of Colonel Dartnell, a veteran in African warfare and commandant of the Natal Police, trailing after him a battered column of jaded and exhausted soldiers. He had escaped, but by a hair's breadth. All his wounded and baggage had perforce been abandoned; neither officers nor men had any kit or belongings except what they carried on their backs; but he was safe, as most of us thought at the time, for who imagined that the Boers would dare to attempt the reduction of Ladysmith itself? True, the place was not a place of arms; of fortifications there were none, beyond the stout hearts of the men who held it for their Queen, but the idea that the Boers would dare to encounter a compact force of some 9,000 British troops flushed as they were with victory, was too absurd to entertain for a moment. Sir George White and his advisers, however, though still possibly inclined to somewhat underrate their adversary, gauged the situation more accurately. Both at Talana Hill and at Elandslaagte some hint had

been given of the power of the Boer artillery by the shells which screamed over the heads of our gunners fighting at long ranges, and urgent requests for heavy guns were flashed over the wires, happily still standing, to Durban and the Cape. Fortunately for us British men-of-war were lying at both places, and more fortunately still on board one of them was Captain Percy Scott, the leading gunnery expert of the Royal Navy. His inventive genius quickly devised means for mounting long-ranging naval guns for shore service, and in the Powerful he found the necessary appliances for the work he required to be done.

While the naval artificers were working night and day to strengthen the armament of the British troops, the toils were being drawn tighter round Sir George White till he determined to strike out fiercely on the first opportunity, and compel the enemy to keep their distance in future. It was not long before such an opportunity presented itself. On a ridge some four miles north-east of the British position the Boers had mounted a formidable battery, shells from which came into our lines causing constant annoyance, and to which our field-batteries were naturally unable to make an effective reply. Between Ladysmith and this ridge the country was fairly open, though rugged and rock-crowned heights bounded the plain on either hand. Against these guns General White determined to advance, sending out on the previous night a small detachment of Irish Fusiliers and Gloucesters with a mountain-battery to guard his left flank from attack by the Free Staters, who were reported to be mustering thickly somewhere between Ladysmith and Van Reenen's Pass. Such was the general idea of his operations; their result, it is no exaggeration to

say, caused the greatest alarm in England.

It appears that as the main attack advanced the Boers withdrew from the ridge, the objective of the advance, and melted away into the wilderness before our troops. It was decided to continue our movement, which was done with but trifling opposition, till another four miles had been covered. Suddenly a fierce attack was commenced against the British right. General White and his Staff scented the danger and a retirement was ordered. The retreat commenced; the enemy, emboldened, pressed in ever increasing numbers on our right; every rock concealed a marksman, on every hill-top appeared a gun. Rifle-bullets and shells hummed and tore through our ranks. Fiercely our gunners strove to meet the onslaught; steadfastly our infantry vollied at the hill-sides where lurked the enemy. Battalion after battalion was hurried from the centre to reinforce the right; but the pressure was too great; our retirement became more and more hurried, less and less orderly. No more reinforcements could be spared from the centre, now reduced to one battalion, and matters looked critical indeed when the deep roar of heavy artillery intervening on our behalf told the General and his anxious Staff that the naval guns had arrived and were taking their part in the battle. It was indeed time. The effect on the enemy was almost instantaneous. As the heavy shells, charged with Lyddite, burst among the rocks which sheltered their riflemen and pitched with terrible effect in their batteries, they withdrew from the attack, allowing General White and his shaken army to regain the improvised defences of Ladysmith. This was bad enough, but worse was to come. To the General came panting a half-

scared Kaffir, the bearer of a hurried note from Colonel Carlton to the effect that his mules had been stampeded during the march by some of the enemy riding through his column in the dark, that he had lost his guns and ammunition, but that he had occupied some high ground near his position and was determined to hold out as long as he could. During the battle which was just over the sounds of firing to the west had informed Sir George that Colonel Carlton was hotly engaged. That firing had now ceased, and the inference was obvious. With his exhausted and beaten troops it was hopeless to endeavour to extricate the Fusiliers and Gloucesters. Nothing could be done but hope for the best, and even this gleam of hope was soon dispelled by the arrival of the bandmaster of the Fusiliers with a tale of surrender and a request for ambulances. After heroically maintaining an unequal contest for eight or nine hours, their ammunition gone, the little force had no option but to surrender. Thus about a thousand men were added to the swelling tale of British captives at Pretoria.

While fortune was thus adverse to our arms in Natal, on the other side of the theatre of war we were in but little better plight. On the western frontier of the hostile Republics, or, to speak more correctly, close to that frontier, we had occupied at the beginning of the war the little township of Mafeking and the more important mining centre of Kimberley. At the first named place that experienced soldier Colonel Baden-Powell, with an irregular force of his own raising some thousand strong, was invested by a considerable body of the Boers within two days of the expiration of their ultimatum. Two days later Kimberley was also surrounded. In the latter place were four companies of regular

infantry of the North Lancashire Regiment and about fifteen hundred Colonial levies, the whole under the command of Colonel Kekewich. It is needless to endeavour to follow in detail the course of events on the western frontier. The public interest was centred on Natal, and most of us felt that the defenders of Mafeking and Kimberley were fully equal to the task of keeping at bay an enemy who was always averse to risking his life in an assault upon entrenchments held by resolute men. Meanwhile we wondered when the invasion of Cape Colony was to begin. At the opening of the war it lay practically defenceless before an invader. A mere handful of troops held De Aar and one or two other important strategical points; the loyalty of the great majority of the Dutch inhabitants of the Colony was open to the gravest suspicion; yet for three weeks none of the enemy crossed the Orange River, and then it was only a small force which eventually occupied Colesberg. So far, though on the defensive and praying for the speedy arrival of the troops from England, we had escaped any serious disaster. On November 9th the first transport arrived at Cape Town, and on the same day the Boers made a determined attempt to overpower the defenders of Ladysmith, an attempt which was repulsed with loss.

Meanwhile at home we waited anxiously for news of the movements of Sir Redvers Buller, who had landed at Cape Town on October 31st, the day after the disastrous sortie from Ladysmith. The general anticipation was that he would attempt a diversion by advancing with the bulk of his forces across the Orange River on the Free State capital, a movement which it was confidently believed would draw the enemy from Ladysmith and Kimberley to take part in the defence of their

own country. That such was General Buller's original plan is even yet generally believed; but it soon became apparent that this design had been abandoned. A large force was hurried on to Natal, while Lord Methuen, Sir William Gatacre, and General French (who had made a daring escape from Ladysmith in the last train permitted to leave that place) were sent to De Aar, Queens-town, and Naauwpoort respectively, with orders to make preparations for a forward movement. Of these three officers probably General Gatacre enjoyed the largest measure of public confidence. Lord Methuen indeed had seen service in Egypt and on the Indian frontier, but he had exercised no command in the field, while General French, though his name as a cavalry-leader stood high, was a man little known to the public at large. General Gatacre, on the contrary, was believed to have done exceedingly good service both in the war with Chitral, in the Tirah campaign, and in the Soudan, though he had also won the reputation of working his men with somewhat extreme severity. Still he was regarded as a tried and able soldier, and it was confidently anticipated that he, like General Buller, would render an excellent account of himself when the fit moment came.

At home meanwhile the warlike spirit had in no way abated. Though we had met with no success worthy of the name, yet the British soldier had won fresh laurels, and had shown that he was animated by the same dauntless spirit which had in the past made our infantry the wonder and admiration of Europe. Everywhere outnumbered, everywhere fighting against heavy odds, he had displayed splendid gallantry throughout; and we felt that this proof that our soldiers were as fine fighting men as

their forefathers more than balanced the reverses which had so far attended our arms. Yet the days passed, and the patience of the people began to be sorely tried. The Boers, who had occupied Colenso early in the month, began to show themselves, first in small parties and then in increasing force, further south. On the 15th, an armoured train which had left Estcourt for Colenso to reconnoitre along the line was wrecked by the enemy, and the greater number of the troops occupying it taken prisoners. Within a week the enemy succeeded in cutting the wire between Estcourt (where the advanced troops of the force destined for the relief of Ladysmith were camped) and Maritzburg, and a day or two later threw shells into the British camp on the Mooi River. These signs of activity were disquieting, but public attention was for the moment distracted from Natal by the more exciting events on the western frontier.

Lord Methuen had concentrated a considerable British force at Orange River station, and it was freely stated by the correspondents permitted to accompany him that a movement for the relief of Kimberley was about to be initiated. On November 21st the movement began. On the 23rd the fortified position of Belmont was stormed by the Guards Brigade, who greatly distinguished themselves, though all the troops contributed to secure the victory. The attack was made at dawn, after a night-march, and appears to have succeeded admirably. It is worth noting that this was the first occasion on which these tactics were adopted during the war. Two days later came the news that Lord Methuen had again defeated the enemy at Enslin, though the effect of the victory was somewhat dis-
counted by the terrible casualty-

roll of the Naval Brigade, who carried the heights under a withering fire, both sailors and marines showing the most astonishing valour. It began to dawn upon the anxious watchers at home that a few more of such victories and the British army would be decimated; and we began then to hear for the first time murmurs at the tactics which could find no better solution for the problem of turning the enemy out of an entrenched position than a direct frontal attack, inevitably costly, on the strongest part of the enemy's entrenchments. However, the success of the manœuvre, if a sheer hurling of troops against the enemy's defences could be dignified by such a name, silenced for a time the majority of the critics. We were now approaching exciting times. In Natal after some slight skirmishes, in one of which (the action at Willow Grange) both sides claimed a victory, the road to Estcourt was at last cleared, and a general advance of the British troops towards Colenso began. In the clubs men were betting as to whether Ladysmith or Kimberley would be the first relieved, and though November 20th had come and gone and Sir George White was still closely invested, yet the general feeling was decidedly sanguine. The Government, however, in obedience to popular clamour for more troops, was busily preparing fresh reinforcements for the front. More reserves were called up, howitzer-batteries were placed under orders, and additional transports were chartered. Still there was no real anxiety as to the speedy success of our arms, and the relief of Kimberley at any rate was regarded as assured when on November 29th we heard of Lord Methuen having succeeded in forcing the passage of the Modder River after a very trying engagement which lasted a whole

day. On this occasion again he had employed his favourite tactics of a direct frontal attack against the position of the enemy, an attack which had once more cost us heavily, and which we all realised had been within an ace of failing. The voices of the critics began to be heard again, though Lord Methuen (in language which some thought unduly inflated) had especially remarked in his despatch that the position of the enemy with regard to the river made a turning movement impossible. However, he had gained the day; the river-barrier had been crossed, and it seemed that the speedy relief of Kimberley, which now professed itself able to hold out for six weeks without difficulty, seemed certain.

Trouble enough had dogged our steps during the war; surely, with Sir Redvers Buller accumulating a strong force for the relief of Ladysmith, Lord Methuen almost within touch of Kimberley, and Generals French and Gatacre busy with their preparations for an advance, the tide had turned at last, and the beginning of the end had come. The 10th of December is not so long past. We can all remember the accumulating horrors of that terrible week. First the news of the disaster to General Gatacre's force, which, after wandering about all night in the dark, stumbled in the dawn on the strongest part of the enemy's strong position, with the inevitable result of defeat and loss; then the repulse at Magersfontein due to precisely the same causes as the catastrophe at Stormberg; and, as if that was not enough, on Saturday December 15th all England was aghast on reading General Buller's despatch acknowledging his defeat on the Tugela.

Since then we have stood still, so far as the progress of the war is concerned, though the Government

lost no time in scrambling together every available man, gun, and horse, and hurrying them off in troops as reinforcements for our baffled leaders. The veteran Lord Roberts was hastily appointed to the supreme command with Lord Kitchener as his chief Staff-Officer; and the country, which had been momentarily staggered by the blow, is now gradually picking up heart and once more venturing to count on fresh British victories, which this time are to bring us some real and tangible advantages. When we say this we write at a moment when critical events are passing in Natal; when General Buller is almost certainly grappling with the foe who has held him at bay for so long, and all England, aware of the importance of the crisis, is holding her breath distracted with anxiety for news. How that struggle will end, will have ended ere these lines are published, we cannot pretend to forecast, nor would such an attempt have any interest for the intelligent reader. We need only say that Sir Redvers Buller is confronted by a problem more difficult and yet more urgent of solution than has fallen to the lot of any soldier of recent times. The enemy is as well armed and as numerous as are the British troops, and is led by men who are assuredly no novices in war; he fights in a country in every way favourable to him, and in every way unsuited to the regular soldiers of Britain; his front is protected by a wide and treacherous stream whose swift current may at any moment be swollen to an impassable torrent; and, perhaps as great as any of his other advantages, he fights conscious of having already defeated our soldiers in open battle. The odds are heavy.

It will be now perhaps more profitable if we turn our attention to the past events in the war as a

whole, and examine whether there is any cause discernible to account for the failure which has hitherto attended all our operations. The three great blows which have given us pause in this campaign were undoubtedly the actions of Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso. All our readers will have read and re-read every account from the seat of war which could throw any light on these disasters. That disloyalty, and worse than disloyalty, is rife everywhere, and that our guides, on more than one occasion have played us false, is certain; it would be grossly unfair to our leaders to ignore this fact, though at the same time we cannot forget how well one of them, Colonel Pilcher, succeeded by also refusing to ignore it. But when every allowance has been made for the difficult conditions under which the war has hitherto been waged, it must be owned that the serious checks our generals have experienced all tell the same tale—of insufficient reconnoitring. Other errors were no doubt also committed. The letter from its correspondent with General Gatacre's force in *THE TIMES* of January 18th records indeed a woful catalogue of blunders. The General not only started with apparently only the haziest knowledge of his enemy's real position, but he was also hampered by the exhausted condition of his men when the sudden searching fire showed that the enemy's position had at last been reached. The fact that his men were exhausted at that early stage shows bad management somewhere. Lord Methuen appears to have made precisely the same mistake; he seems to have taken no pains to ensure the nature and object of his movement being known to the officers and men under his command; he seems to have taken equally little trouble to ascertain the true position

of the Boers by the close personal reconnaissance of a member of his Staff. Such a task, though full of danger, would have been readily undertaken by any of his Staff-officers, but none of them seems to have been given the opportunity. Sir Redvers Buller's reverse also showed the want of thorough reconnaissance; by which we must not be understood to mean that officers of the Staff had not visited as much of the ground as was possible and prepared elaborate sketches of such of the enemy's positions as were visible, but that no scouting over the ground immediately preceded the advance of the firing-line. Had our firing-lines been preceded by scouts some six hundred yards ahead, neither the reverse of Stormberg, Magersfontein, nor Colenso could have been anything like so serious. At Magersfontein they would certainly have discovered the existence of the Boer's wire entanglements, which would have probably led to the retirement, in silence and undiscovered, of the ill-fated Highland Brigade; at Stormberg they would have stumbled on the Boer position and so given the alarm to the men in rear; and at Colenso they would beyond a doubt have discovered the fact that the enemy had riflemen on the south bank of the river, a fact which appears not to have been even suspected till they opened a withering fire. It may be argued that at Magersfontein the night was so dark that no scouts could possibly have kept their directions and touch with the troops they were covering. In that case no night-march should have been attempted.

The fact is that we have all of late gone rather crazy over the subject of night-marches coupled with an attack at dawn. It may be that we are naturally rather an impatient people, desirous of reaching our goal

by a short cut, though we have not noticed this as a national weakness apart from our conception of tactics; but most certainly we appear to have hitherto failed to realise that modern weapons inevitably prescribe slow and cautious movements. In future, unless where one force has hopelessly out-maneuvred its opponents, great battles will not be decided in one day or two, but may even last for a week. Each step forward must be protected by entrenchments so as to secure it for good, and continual efforts must be made to envelope one or both flanks of the enemy. In fact the warfare of the future will be a war of communications, in which the deciding factor will be the possession of mobility and the intelligent use of the spade, assuming, that is to say, that the combatants are equally matched as regards their weapons. The advantages which modern firearms confer on the defence as opposed to the attack make it inevitable that in future each army will endeavour to so place itself that its adversary must either attack it or fall back. This result will naturally be best secured by a threat to the road or railway by which the enemy receives his supplies. Modern armies are exceedingly sensitive to every interruption to their communications. The road must be kept clear, or the army must perish.

An attempt has been made to attack the Government on account of the reverses we have met with in the war, and to prove that these are due to insufficient preparations in time of peace. This is so obvious

that it appears absolute waste of time to argue the question. The Government did not make in time of peace the preparations which were required to ensure success in war. But on the other hand is there any conceivable government of this country which would have been suffered to make really adequate preparations for war on a large scale? The answer is perfectly clear. Had large sums been demanded last spring for military preparations, the Government certainly would not have got them, and in a time of peace no British government in living memory would have dared to ask for them. Wherefore let us not howl down the Government for omitting to do what every cabinet since the first cabinet of all would have equally omitted, but let us on the contrary endeavour to raise an educated public opinion on military matters in this country. Let us cease to be at the mercy of the expert. There is nothing so very recondite in military science after all, as our friends the Boers are teaching us. It is very much a matter of common-sense, added to a certain amount of study and as much practical experience as possible. Let us at the same time recall the old story, "Take care of Dowb." There has been a good deal too much of taking care of Dowb in this war, which may not be altogether without its connection with our ill success. Ill success, did we say? We hope that by the time these words appear the days of our ill success will have passed, never to return. Let us also hope that the lessons they have taught us will not be forgotten.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1900.

ANTHONY'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER IX.

"A MONSTROUS pretty place, eh?—don't you think so yourself, Walpole?"

Mr. Gilstrapp removed his cigar, and gazed round him appreciatively. At the other end of the garden Bud's figure could be seen, flitting before a flower-bed, plucking a blossom whose colouring struck her, and trying the effect of its petals against the bosom of her dress. From her waist depended a silver *chatelaine*, charmingly old-fashioned and yet charmingly congruous, despite her years and the big sun-bonnet vainly seeking to conceal the tresses that no hand-maid's skill could make sleek. Among its useless treasures was included a tiny hand-mirror, which she raised to assist in the determination of a suitable nose-gay. Mr. Gilstrapp, all his features aglow with kindly appraisal, gazed no further and let his cigar go out.

"Lovely, lovely!" he exclaimed. "With such daughters what more could you want?"

"Confound it, I mean the house, of course! The girls are with me anywhere."

Mr. Gilstrapp lit his cigar again. "Fine enough even to come up to your expectations, is it? That's all right then, Gex. I'm more easily satisfied, and to me it appears a Paradise."

"Yes, a Paradise; you've hit the right nail on the head. Easy of access, fashionable neighbourhood, and

a smack of the country thrown in—a gentleman's Paradise, egad!"

Mr. Gilstrapp left the Colonel to meditate fresh eulogies at leisure, and strolled over towards Bud. "Good-morning, merry maiden!" he hailed, when he was about two yards off. With the exception of Alice, he addressed everybody as if he were shouting good-tempered commands from a vast distance; for Alice there was always an accent of respect, or even what might have been interpreted as restraint, in his voice. "Making an enemy of the gardener, eh? Unless you are off like a red-shank before he sees you, your life out of doors won't be worth living. Where's your sister?"

"Good-morning, Mr. Tornado; have you come to worry me again? How does this look?"

It looked very well indeed, and very much to be envied too, as she held it daintily pressed against her breast, with her head poised on one side and the reflection from its variegated petals faintly outlined upon her saucy chin.

"Get along, Vanity! where is your sister?"

"In the store-room or kitchen, very properly giving her orders for the day," observed Colonel Gex as he came up. "A household of these dimensions requires considerable aptitude for domestic organisation, Walpole, which, to do her justice, she don't lack."

"And there is the entertaining,

Papa," said Bud. "You must own I do my share of that."

"You participate in it with a great deal of zest, certainly," conceded the Colonel; "also," he added with an assumption of austerity, "you waste more flowers in the decoration of one dinner-table than I could procure for a ten-pound note at Covent Garden."

"You are a pair of old croakers!" exclaimed Bud moving off with a ringing laugh and her arms full of flowers. "I won't have anything more to do with you."

"What a responsibility it is to be a father, Gilstrapp!"

"It is," assented Mr. Gilstrapp, though in a tone which suggested that his ideas as to the position might not coincide with his friend's.

"I have often thought," mused the Colonel, "that a man is much better single; at any rate he has a devilish deal more fun."

Mr. Gilstrapp shrugged his big shoulders and knitted his grizzled eyebrows. He was unmarried, and was already upon that short stage when man travels between the two posting-houses bounding his prime. He was the Colonel's contemporary; yet, in the uprightness and spring of his athletic figure, in the clear colour upon his healthy skin, more than all in the simplicity of his heart that had sifted life and remained uncontaminated, he might have been his son.

"I am glad you like it," observed Colonel Gex, reverting to his previous theme of the house and not referring to marriage, which, in his case, was neither novel nor remediable and therefore not interesting. "Really, I must admit I do myself. Look here—this way;" he pulled his companion by the arm and fixed him in a position for contemplation, as if he were an amateur portrait-painter. "Now, just cast your eyes over it from this position; picturesque, ain't

it? And in a correct locality, you know, Walpole."

It was a large old house in Kensington, built of red brick with creepers here and there, and quaint ironwork on guttering and gargoyle; modern enough to ensure immunity from the peculiar ideas our ancestors possessed upon the subjects of sanitation and domestic hygiene generally, ancient enough to have lost the sense of newness and the scent of putty. Such a house as the tide of civilisation sweeps away, to leave upon its site monstrous erections, high flats, wherein is there neither comfort nor privacy nor æsthetic charm, only a utilitarianism and a hunger for rents, gross and palpable. It stood in a garden of trim lawns of ancient turf, of clipped shrubs and flower-beds, and even reared its chimneys against four old elm trees that in the common order of events should have gone years ago to make the coffins of London's last suburb. But they still stood there; and under their shade, upon a morning when the air shimmered lightly beneath the sun, one might have imagined oneself leagues from the roar of London, and almost as far from any locality which in the parlance of the tenant could be dubbed devilish fashionable.

The stables were near at hand, but not visible from the garden, and to them and his cellar Colonel Gex devoted his talents. The inside of the house, finding the aforesaid cellar and stables exhaust his energies, he left to the imagination of Bud and the taste and wisdom of her elder sister. Between them they secured an effect at which none could cavil, and for its provision their father signed cheques without comment except to congratulate himself upon being saved all fatigue in the matter. How much of the result Bud could have claimed, and how much Alice, no one thought of

enquiring ; but who did claim all and danced with delight at her wisdom, and who stood by to check the items upon the bills and smile at the household fairy, most people who had intimate access to Colonel Gex's circle knew. It is doubtful, however, if they cared one way or another, so long as they received invitations and were permitted to make themselves companionable. For friends sprang up in all directions like,—well, like evanescent mushrooms under a shower of nourishing rain. Colonel Gex, after languishing for a considerable period as the victim of an extraordinary hiatus in the memories and visiting-lists of his friends, discovered from ocular testimony what an easy thing it is to trace a person when you want him, and how geniality and regard can be sealed up for years and at an appointed date burst forth with such surprising ardour that the only wonder is that the vessels secreting it did not blow themselves to atoms long before. Instead of subsisting mainly upon eleemosynary contributions bestowed grudgingly in inverse ratio to their magnitude, he was, even if he did not avail himself of his potentialities, in a position to bestow charity ; instead of prowling about back streets, he frequented the choicest haunts of society ; instead of shunning companionship, he gave full rein to the gregarious instinct, and discovered greater difficulty in fulfilling all his engagements than in obtaining them ; instead of doling out shillings with a groan he scattered cheques with a grin.

A great deal of his popularity, undoubtedly, was of the vicarious order. His daughters would have attracted attention anywhere or in any position ; but situated as they were in unlimited comfort, and possessing in their own proper and very agreeable persons the apparent reversion of his

property, it was not surprising that Colonel Gex should find more intimates than even his earlier days of prosperity had boasted. Had he troubled himself about the matter, he might have wondered that the girls' heads were not turned ; but, though he did not, there was no need for apprehension upon such a score. Each had her own and personal defence against the wiles of human kind, which enabled her to mingle untainted and unhardened in the mad throngs whose sole aim is distraction. Alice was safe in her honest common-sense and womanly prescience, as well as in gentle aloofness of demeanour, impossible to construe as pride, which most men and many women noted ; Bud in her wayward merriment and flightiness, which kept her thoughts fixed upon nothing long, but tossed them hither and thither, from one sweet to another, like a butterfly hovering over a rose-bush or a child shown a vast emporium of new and beautiful toys and permitted to make its choice.

Among the most assiduous travellers to Kensington was a certain Mr. Lancelot Memory ; and he was often accompanied westwards by an elderly and ponderous gentleman whose name, Francis Chagbody, had occupied for many years past a respectable position in the Law List. It was to welcome their presence at dinner that Bud had been rifling the garden, and from the proceeds of that harvest that Alice had deftly constructed nosegays in Dresden jars to decorate the table.

"Well, here we are," said Colonel Gex genially as he removed his eyeglass to a safe distance before beginning to carve. Unless this precaution were taken, it had a faculty for falling into the gravy which was little short of marvellous. "Six, a very good number, eh Chagbody !"

"I agree with you entirely, Colonel Gex," replied Mr. Chagbody with cumbrous politeness, though he had not the slightest idea why six should be a better number than sixteen or sixty or six hundred, or even, if one excluded anatomical difficulties, one sixth.

"I thought we were to have another couple?"

"No," said Colonel Gex, reaching for his eyeglass to stare blandly at Mr. Gilstrapp, who had called this question across the table; "dear me, no."

As a matter of strict verity, another couple, consisting of a distinguished lady and her extinguished husband, had been bidden; but at the last moment accident had prevented their appearance. Colonel Gex strongly resented allusions to these little misfortunes, as he considered they implied a reproach upon his hospitable fame. Accordingly he fixed his interlocutor with a lengthened regard which lasted until he perceived that Mr. Gilstrapp, who knew nothing about his delicacy of feeling, was wholly taken up with conversation elsewhere. At this surprising discovery, he dropped his eyeglass and fell to.

"Talking of six, it's a surprisin' thing what a significance there occasionally is in numbers," said Memory, who made a point of dropping his g's when he could remember to do so.

Alice, to whom he appeared to be addressing himself, said politely, "Yes?"

"Take my own case, for instance; and I am sure Miss Bud will correct me if I go wrong."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Bud. "What an idea, Mr. Memory! Fancy me correcting anyone; it should be the other way about."

Memory, being a courteous young man, perceived an opening for a com-

pliment here, but, as a well-trained young man, at the same time recognised the necessity for delicate manœuvring. While he was yet in the throes of elaboration Mr. Gilstrapp, with that insufferable friend-of-the-family air which, employed on certain occasions, has been known to drive young men to frenzy, burst in and brutally cut the ground from under Mr. Memory's feet.

"It should, Bud; and I will make it my business to tell the gardener on the first available opportunity that I only see on the table about half the flowers you pulled."

"Wrong again, Mr. Gilstrapp!" retorted Bud triumphantly tossing her head and dearly wanting to make a grimace at him, which Mr. Gilstrapp saw, and at which he rubbed his brown hands together in jolly appreciation of her restriction. "You mean they are thrown away; but they are not, for Alice is keeping them for to-morrow when we have a great many people coming and you are not wanted, even if you invite yourself as usual!"

"When Mr. Gilstrapp and my younger daughter commence a passage of arms, Chagbody, the rest of the conversation has no chance of making itself heard."

"And a very pleasant as well as cogent embargo, Colonel, I assure you," said Mr. Chagbody. "I, for one, am quite content to sit and listen to you, Miss Bud."

He leaned back solemnly, as he did in his office-chair, and looked prepared to advise upon a knotty point without further delay. The demeanour and attitude would have been sufficiently ridiculous, had it arisen out of light badinage in a younger man; but ponderousness seemed such a natural part of him, and watchfulness of himself so firmly acquired, that his peculiarities came in time to assume a

certain propriety. It was also noticeable how little Bud ever said escaped him, and how observant he was of all her movements; should he be speaking to others he was never completely detached; a certain mental agility, surprising in one of his parts, possessed him, and he could keep pace with her fancies still. He had broken off a colloquy with Alice now to turn his attention to her.

"Has Mr. Gilstrapp incurred your displeasure, Miss Bud?"

"Very deeply. He frivolously interrupted Mr. Memory, who was about to tell me something interesting."

"Really now, Miss Gex," protested Mr. Memory, "you're exaggeratin', indeed you are; it was merely a trifling coincidence which struck me as peculiar."

"We should like to hear it," said Alice, with a covert glance of reproof at her sister, who was engaged in feeding a supercilious Persian cat.

"Well, it is this," replied Memory. "I've been here three times this month, you are three in family, I should be three in family if my parents were alive, and it's about three miles from my place. Also," he added in a flash of inspiration which was perhaps attributable in some degree to pique, "I believe you keep three cats."

"Most remarkable," observed Colonel Gex in his character of host; "very strange indeed!"

"There is a theory of numbers which I do not pretend to—" began Mr. Chagbody.

"But I have only *one* cat," exclaimed Bud; "the others are mere stable things which I don't even speak to, but if this beauty deserts me for a moment I am inconsolable."

"If a period of desertion should become prolonged, or by other means the sad necessity for replacing him ever arrives, Miss Gex," hinted

Memory delicately, as if cats were immortal and to suggest any other possibility would be slightly improper, "may I be commissioned to procure a substitute?"

"Oh, how can you make me think of such a dreadful thing!" cried Bud. "I should never get over it; and I am sure I should *hate* a substitute—now, don't you?—of any kind."

Mr. Memory agreed with great fervour that he did; and having at last fixed the volatile young lady's attention on himself, discovered with much artfulness before the dinner was over other points of similarity in disposition which were quite startling, — or even marvellous if Bud had been disposed to award them sufficient consideration. Though she did not go so far as that, she managed to extract plenty of diversion from her share of the conversation; and Mr. Memory, for his part, waxed positively sparkling under her influence. He was a desirable and praiseworthy youth in many respects, being possessed of a fat competence, which merits both adjectives, and a sufficiency of morals to prejudice neither in the mouth of society,—though that, perhaps, is not setting a very high standard. With a reservation, he could be best described as the typical young Englishman of a certain class. That is, he was gently born through at least three generations, and had undergone the prescribed curriculum of public school and university. He had money, good health, a tendency to athletics and well-cut clothes, and brains which were not offensively developed; entertained an opinion of himself and his generation which an ingrained self-possession, and an acquired perception of the correct thing, prevented from over emphasis; and was, taking him all round, a well-conceived and well-executed specimen of his kind. He

had not much initiative, and no commercial ambition at all; but he did not need them: his forbears and nature had conspired to make his future pleasant; all he had to do was to enjoy it, and, if he were wise, abolish the reservation to which reference has been made and wherein lay his sole departure from the normal. This consisted in a certain intenseness,—a perception of profundity, but no perception whatever of his inability to probe it—a romantic cast generally. Now this was a mistake. Whatever else he can compass, the young Englishman is neither romantic gracefully nor profound convincingly. Profundity and romance do not suit the panoply wherewith he is equipped, and are altogether at variance with the atmosphere surrounding him. Still, in his little excursions after the esoteric, Lancelot Memory injured no one; for he did not unduly thrust it upon strangers, and if the perpetration of secret verses and the utterance of allusive speeches upon nebulous provocation might have jeopardised the prospects of many in his profession, it made no difference to him, whose connection with the law consisted mainly in attendance at the office when he had nothing more amusing to do, and pocketing two-thirds of the profits of the business which Mr. Chagbody worked.

When the ladies withdrew, he fell into a reflective mood without taking any further part in the conversation. He stroked his hair with a subjective pleasure in its smoothness. Many young men's hair resembles a toothbrush discontented with its lot in life and yearning for a parting. His, on the contrary, was a little less abrupt and was parted in the middle. He felt this to be beautiful as he touched it, that he was something apart from the common run, with a

destiny before him; and he was moved. Such soaring feelings are not rare among young men after a good dinner and a lengthened chat with one whose claims to distinction are borne upon her pretty face. The men fatigued him; he rose.

"Off to the drawing-room, Memory!" enquired Colonel Gex. "I don't expect you'll find 'em there; they have probably gone into the garden. We will follow you directly,—take a cigar with you?"

"Thanks, very much,—no."

"A gifted fellow, I should say," remarked the Colonel, in his character of host.

"So far as law is concerned, I cannot corroborate you," replied Mr. Chagbody, who practised literalness and precision in private life upon all occasions,—possibly to act as an antidote to his public career. "In other respects, upon which I am not so well qualified to judge, I understand he is well esteemed,—social qualities, and their contingent complements."

"Certainly; I have had occasion to remark it," rejoined Colonel Gex, still in his character of host. "That he is well-favoured, too, would undoubtedly be the verdict of our fair critics."

"He is a good fellow and a wise one," said Mr. Gilstrapp, "who knows what company's the best. I'm going to copy him."

He rose and walked out into the quiet garden, following the sound of voices until he was lost in obscurity beneath the trees. The Colonel and Mr. Chagbody came after. At the former's word a footman placed two wicker chairs at the edge of the turf, and they composed themselves gratefully into a long silence which Mr. Chagbody was the first to break.

"If I may be permitted to express an opinion without fear of seeming

patronising, I would observe that you have made pleasing use of your resources, Colonel Gex."

"Well, yes; I flatter myself that I am comfortable, and I try to make my guests feel the same."

"You do, sir, you do; if my testimony is of any value, rest assured that you do. Your daughters, also, allow me to add, are the most efficient auxiliaries anyone could desire."

"Perhaps I have been devilish fortunate in rallying so many of my numerous and pleasant acquaintance round me; but 'pon my soul and honour—"

"To particularise only one," said Mr. Chagbody, pursuing his train of thought with heavy persistence, "either you like; say Miss Bud, as she is the youngest. It would be a stony individual indeed who could be insensible to her attractions, and how much weight they add to an invitation from you."

Colonel Gex waved his hand magnificently, though the effect of the gesture was slightly marred by the darkness. "Pooh, Chagbody!" he replied; "I hope we need no such—such—er, adventitious aid as feminine attractions to render our home sought after."

"Yet they are not a negligible quantity as society is at present constituted," analysed Mr. Chagbody, moving himself ungracefully to draw nearer and lower his voice. "They affect, Colonel Gex, and mesmerise many; and those many have to be weeded to find the one. A widower with daughters has much on his mind, I opine."

"They cost an infernal lot in gowns and amusements, there's no doubt about that; as for any other consideration, they manage for themselves and bridle at guidance, as I should find if I was foolish enough to attempt it."

"I hope she will manage well; she seems such a child."

"Eh?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Chagbody with more animation than he usually exhibited; "I was thinking aloud."

"Ah, that's the effect of the night air," observed the Colonel. "You're getting to the time when you must keep an eye on yourself, Chagbody. Come in and have a brandy and soda."

They found that refreshment already displayed, with Mr. Gilstrapp dividing his regard between it and Alice who was also in the dining-room. Mr. Gilstrapp was in fine feather, so much so that the girl's voice joined now and then in his jovial appreciation of some joke he had propounded. The candle-shades threw a ruddy glow upon his tanned face and into his clear eyes, merry and sparkling as a boy's. Colonel Gex looked puny beside his figure, and Mr. Chagbody vulgar. He was so big and strong, yet so light in all he did; so frankly cheerful and anxious to see others so, that even had his wit been the poorest that mortal brain ever conceived, one could not feel wonder at the admiration and pleasure Alice showed in her quiet way, or surprise if she hid a keener feeling than either under her placid exterior.

"Is not Bud with you?" she asked of her father.

"No."

She moved toward the window.

"Oh, let her alone, my dear," protested Colonel Gex. "There's not a moment's peace when she is about. I want my cognac without an accompaniment of alarums and excursions."

"Very well, Papa," and she took a station by the window, where Mr. Gilstrapp came to her with his glass in his hand, and their shadows were thrown out upon the chequered lawn.

"There is that dear old Alice,"

said Bud from her chair under the trees, pulling the fleecy cloak she wore closer round her shoulders. "She is looking for me, I'll bet, as Papa says. Don't you think she is a dear, Mr. Memory?"

"One may think a great deal that one may not say, Miss Gex."

"And that's what I consider such a horrid nuisance. Why are people so artificial and—what is the word?—conventional?"

"Alas, why! But our whole existence is compounded of those two elements; like a lovely plant tied down to the earth by two dingy strings."

"Well, I have cut mine," said Bud; "and so I mean to say and think exactly what I like."

"A notable and original determination," murmured Memory in a sort of soft ecstasy. "How delightful to feel untrammelled! What a thrill of freedom must permeate one and make one, in imagination, soar! But it is only the bold, like yourself, Miss Gex, who venture upon such flights; we humbler mortals remain below and envy while we dare not emulate. But at least we can avail ourselves of your self-acquired liberty."

"In what way, Mr. Memory?" enquired Bud, very much surprised and charmed to find herself so notable.

"By imploring you to speak freely to us, as now-a-days is only done behind our backs; to throw aside the mask of mock politeness and speak from the heart. For instance, Miss Bud, what, under your new condition of freedom, do you think of me?"

"Ah, you won't catch me!" cried Bud. "That is what we used to call fishing for compliments." Mr. Memory made a mental note that the seductions of girlishness have their limits. "But I don't mind saying,"

she added mischievously, "that I have not thought of you at all in my new character yet, so I cannot divulge anything, you see."

"Since you will not be persuaded, in spite of your declaration, I will remove my gag, Miss Gex, and give my opinion of you,—if I may, that is."

"Certainly, Mr. Memory," said Bud demurely.

"It is summed up in a word: you are very clever."

"And you are not, Mr. Memory, if that is the result of your observations."

Memory sighed plaintively to denote that he did not feel justified in removing the gag further; and sighed again in real earnest as he thought a silvery smothered laugh reached his ears. Then that confounded cat manifested itself from out of nowhere and took her caresses with the exasperating calmness of a Sphinx. It was enough to make a less susceptible nature than Mr. Memory's writhe in anguish as he heard the kisses on the callous muzzle, and dimly made out a grey form wriggling to free itself from such an embrace. He could be pardoned, surely, for becoming momentarily snappish.

"I am afraid your idol is hardly reciprocal, Miss Gex."

"How can you say such a thing!" she exclaimed. "Why, he *adores* me; don't you, chicken?"

Chicken, his indignation becoming unbearable at this derogatory epithet, seized his advantage and retreated with all speed to some adjoining shrubs, in whose vicinity he could be heard at intervals among the local cats, adapting to circumstances the time-honoured principle that teaches us, when smitten where we cannot smite back, to extract the small change of revenge from our inferiors.

"There!" exclaimed Bud. "Now

you have frightened my poor darling away, Mr. Memory. He does not like cutting remarks."

"He is like a good many human beings in that, Miss Gex."

"That is all the more reason that sarcastic people like yourself should have pity, and curb their talent."

"I—I sarcastic!" groaned Memory. "You make me shudder! Heavens! to think that you rate me with literary critics, and foreign counts in melodrama, and persons of that persuasion. Could an intelligence, gifted with the thinnest shred of inspiration, descend to sarcasm while the benign stars float above us and the peace of night is around? Spare me, Miss Gex; resume your gag; be superficial, affected, anything but unjust."

"Very well; but—"

"Hi, Memory, Mem—o—ry!" boomed a voice across the garden. "Where are you, my lad? Chagbody is leaving, and wants you to protect him home!"

"Coming, Mr. Gilstrapp," responded Memory, offering his arm to Bud and not answering until he was near enough to administer a tacit reproof to Mr. Gilstrapp's vociferousness by employing a conversational voice.

A little later the front gate clanged behind the pair, and the wheels of Memory's private cab were heard rolling briskly away. A little later still Colonel Gex, who eschewed early hours, had departed for his club, and Alice's braided brown head rested upon the pillow; and to her, in a faint blue dressing-gown that, with the aureole of golden hair, made her look like a very frolicsome saint in an old Italian picture, came Bud. Alice was still awake.

"It is time you were dreaming, dear Bud," she said, watching her sister rather wistfully, as a young mother might watch a light-hearted child the guidance of whose erratic

course lay in her hands. "You were a naughty, talkative little girl at dinner, and may see examples of better manners in your dreams."

"It was only an informal dinner, Allie," pouted Bud, resting her dimpled elbows upon the window-sill and gazing out into the velvet night. "We know all those old fogies well, too; and I always behave myself nicely at a big banquet, now, don't I, old Crosspatch?"

"Mr. Gilstrapp is not an old fogey," responded Alice quite indignantly and raising herself to do so.

"Oh, *him*!"

"Neither is Mr. Memory; and it was not quite proper to sit together so long in the garden, Bud."

Bud sent a soft little chuckle, like a muffled bell, chiming toward the distant elms. "I think *he* is a ridiculous creature," she said.

CHAPTER X.

MR. WALPOLE GILSTRAPP, well into his third pipe and the foreign intelligence of *THE TIMES*, stretched at ease in his comfortable chambers upon a first-floor of Jermyn Street, within five minutes of his favourite club and almost vocal summons of many intimates, dowered enviably in other respects, should have been a happy man. Undoubtedly that was his inherent bent; but lately, although at a period when the most vagrant temperament begins to modify its divagations, he had been growing restless.

His attitude, however, was in some respects but a revival of early instincts. As a boy he had entered the navy, and discovered much to engross him in that profession for six months, when he was ordered upon a foreign station for about an equal number of years. The prospect struck him as being monotonous, and he

resigned. The army next attracted his attention. He bought a cornetcy in a cavalry regiment, struck up bosom friendships with a large number of jolly dogs,—or puppies, to be more accurate, as they were mostly as callow in years as himself,—spent a proportionate amount of money, and saw a little service. Had the latter condition been protracted, he might have been a general officer at this moment with stars upon his broad chest, for he both enjoyed and distinguished himself upon active service vastly. But the campaign came to an end, and what looked like an everlasting peace made a beginning. Cornet Gilstrapp, who argued, logically enough, that it is a soldier's business to fight, and when he is not fighting that he should be the disposer of his own affairs, took light-heartedly a slightly more extended furlough than the terms of his leave warranted. This exercise of discretion occasioned a trifling difference of opinion between himself and sundry hide-bound departmental personages given to asking personal questions. Cornet Gilstrapp considered that he was practising dialectics under unfair conditions, which is what the Briton abhors; so he sent in his papers, and cast about for another outlook for his energy. He had neither sympathy nor patience for mechanical pursuits, and the passion for adventure was still strong upon him. Naturally he turned to travel,—to a roving life such as his strong frame and good temper enabled him to endure without physical or mental discomfort. Going to and fro upon the earth, from continental capitals to savage fastnesses, he spent his maturity accordingly; never entering a region in which he did not find some redeeming feature, never leaving a new place without carrying away with him remembrances of new friendships, never returning to England

without reviving old ones. But eventually even his zest weakened; he returned, as he intended, for the last time to settle down for good. With this determination he had been content until lately. Now he felt impelled to resume his wanderings, and with an impulse which had been born so gradually that at first he had not noticed it, but which developed like a giant's offspring. It is only those revolving in a narrow orbit who indulge in cheap egotism; men who have thought much or seen much are usually more modest. Mr. Gilstrapp's experience of life had enriched him with vast stores of rough-hewn knowledge carved from actual things, but he was diffident. He could not have pronounced with certainty, or at any rate would not, why the old yearning for barbarous scenes was once more upon him. He partially guessed this morning, as he had done once or twice before; swore a hearty oath at himself for an old fool, as he also had done before; threw the paper from him with a jerk, and turned to a pile he had collected upon his writing-table.

It was an untidy pile, but with plenty of interest for him. Continental time-tables lay there, steamship-guides and tariff-lists, with pencil memoranda of his own on the margins referring to quarantine possibilities, clothing-kit, sporting rifles appropriate to certain districts, and the like. Maps were also included, with note-books and rough sketches and plans of his own; some of these were executed upon fragments of linen, reminiscent of inaccessible regions where shops do not exist to supply the explorer's deficiency. He turned them over with his rough eyebrows contracted, lingeringly and yet not wholly longingly, rather with the action of a man who has decided upon an unpalatable course because it is wisest, but is

determined to ameliorate it as far as possible. He conned a record of one week's big game,—a loose sheet of diary recounting the occasion when their water gave out, and their sensations,—another of the day he had been struck on the shoulder by a spear hurled from the bush, and his comrades' various remedies for poison, all divergent and all luckily unnecessary. The cabs rattled beneath his window, and he heard the newsboys bawling in Piccadilly. He frowned again thoughtfully, and began running his finger down a marked-out route when his man came to the door.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"Gad!" he exclaimed, "A lady,—now if I were twenty-five years younger! This won't do, Charles; at my age it would ruin my character."

Charles smiled with indulgent respect. "A lady, sir," he repeated, with the very slightest emphasis. "She asked me to say Miss Gex, sir."

"Confound you, you impudent rascal," roared Mr. Gilstrapp, flying with alarming suddenness into a great rage, "what the devil do you mean by standing there grinning? Request her to come in at once, unless you want me to pulverise every bone in your worthless body."

Charles was a well-trained valet, with a long experience of his master's boisterous spirits; but he was never so surprised in all his life as upon the present occasion,—so much was he overcome, in fact, that he only preserved his reputation from the disaster of disclosing his feelings by a precipitate retreat.

"Miss Gex, this is good of you,—like a ray of sunshine in my bachelor darkness. I do hope my idiot has not been keeping you waiting; sit down, sit down."

All the chairs had something on them, but he cleared one by the simple process of flinging its encum-

brances into a corner, and brought it forward.

"That is very careless of you, Mr. Gilstrapp; I shall not come again if it induces you to behave so thoughtlessly," said Alice with a touch of her sister's quizzical humour, as she sat down and raised her veil.

Mr. Gilstrapp burst into one of his hearty explosions of laughter that were so refreshing to hear. "Bless you, Miss Alice," he exclaimed, "*that* won't hurt 'em; all my traps are used to such treatment. Now, let me get you something; a cup of coffee or tea, or a glass of wine and a biscuit. Come! I don't often get the opportunity of returning you or your sister's kindnesses to me."

"Yes, you do, Mr. Gilstrapp, in a hundred ways, and avail yourself of them also; but I will not have anything, thank you. I cannot stay long. The carriage is waiting; and as I was out shopping in this direction, I thought—"

"There, now! Haven't I been told by ladies a thousand times that shopping is the most exhausting work in the world, and that nothing restores them like a cup of tea? Do let me persuade you."

Alice shook her head. "Really there is no necessity, Mr. Gilstrapp. Perhaps I am stronger than the average woman and bear fatigue more easily; I feel most vigorous, really; and in any case I would not have come did I think it would have put you to inconvenience."

"Well, that's a good joke! Put me to inconvenience—just stay until the crack of doom, Miss Alice, and see if I grumble!"

"I don't believe you grumble at anything; and it is for that reason I am going to worry you now. I feel safe with you, Mr. Gilstrapp."

"I hope you do, my dear," Mr. Gilstrapp permitted himself to say,

as he settled into an attitude of listening.

"Also because you are wise in many things that Papa will not trouble himself about," continued Alice. It was no novelty that she seemed to mean, and did mean what she said,—that was natural to her; but just now she had added a little deeper earnestness to her clear voice and fixity to her brown eyes, as if she wished him to treat her upon equal terms, and not as a girl to be condescended to for regard's sake. "And because," she went on after a short pause, "you are our very good and old friend; our—Papa's best friend. It is only a very insignificant affair at present; I dare say you will think me over-apprehensive about nothing, and if you do, I shall be quite content to let it rest; but I thought it wiser to ask the advice of someone whom I could consult without seeming unjust to Papa; and to whom should I go but to you?"

Mr. Gilstrapp nodded. He did not indulge in the false modesty which is the worst form of vanity; and he knew that, whatever any other man's power might be, his will to serve her in any way, and through her, her father, surmounted that of them all.

"It is this," said Alice: "I know Papa does not understand much about work of any kind, having never been brought up to it; and I think he sometimes makes terrible muddles over his affairs and causes the business men who come to see him, to go away with the impression that he is rather,—rather stupid. You know, Mr. Gilstrapp, I do not love money for money's sake; but I remember how deeply he felt his condition when we practically had none, and how it affected his health and his temper; so I do not wish him to become plunged into difficulties again from sheer inability to cope with detail

which require training to understand. Moreover, I think that he realises that the gentlemen who come about rents, and repairs, and dividends, and surveys, and many other things I forget the names of, discover his ignorance and laugh at him; and this makes him cross and determined to go his own way, and treat them as if they were attempting to cheat him. That creates fresh obstacles; and he becomes perplexed almost beyond endurance, as I see at times but dare not allude to. Of course, we have a great deal of money, more, it seems to me, than we really require; and Papa says that, owing to some legal fiction, at the end of two years he will have unrestricted command of more still. But what is money, Mr. Gilstrapp, even in unlimited profusion, if it aggravates Papa like a heavy burden on his back, and makes him think he is a laughing-stock—if it fills my little Bud's head with extravagant notions which are surely innocent enough, and can be gratified now, but would kill her with discontent if Papa's inexperience should bring about another catastrophe such as he suffered from when we were children?"

"Or if it makes a careworn little matron of you before your time?" said Mr. Gilstrapp, deeply intent. "You are right, Miss Alice; many with money find it as much a curse as those without consider it a blessing. But go on."

She had been drawing a pattern upon the carpet with the point of her parasol, but she looked up quickly as he spoke. "Do you think that is really true?"

"Yes; I do. It has been rather overdone perhaps by those tub-thumping chaps, but in the main I believe it to be true. It is intelligible enough that you —"

She made a slight gesture of renunciation. "No, no, Mr. Gils-

trapp. I have begun to think that wealth imposes restrictions which are,—which are dangerous because they are so easy to transgress.”

She had taken off her gloves, and began folding and unfolding them again, in an absent way which was foreign to her usual quiet directness. There was never man yet born who can read a woman's thoughts, and it is not the most subtle intellects which have made the best attempts. Mr. Gilstrapp faced about and became preoccupied with the opening of a cigar-box.

“As to your father,” he remarked in his bluff reassuring voice, slightly modulated as it always was in speaking to her, and without turning round, “don't worry about him. I think I know what you want; some capable fellow who will take the management of affairs off his shoulders—eh? and one who, at the same time, is not merely a hired machine, but can converse with him on equal terms and give explanations, and generally keep things straight?”

“That is it exactly!” Alice exclaimed joyfully. He neglected the cigar-box to confront her and rub his grizzled hair. “You are as sharp as Bud, Mr. Gilstrapp.”

“When my interest is aroused, Miss Alice; otherwise I am a regular old mule for obstinate stupidity. But there is no particular merit in this instance, for, curiously enough, Gex once mentioned the subject of keeping a secretary, and I highly approved of the idea. It dropped, sure enough; but that don't prove he's inimical, and neither will he be if we go about it cautiously. No hints of incapacity, you know, or that sort of thing, but saddle him without notice, and he'll submit easy enough. Trust me, I'll find a suitable man, and plant him in office before you can say Jack Robinson.”

“It is very good of you, Mr. Gilstrapp,” said Alice unaffectedly. “The importunate can always rely upon you—”

“Tut, tut!”

“To help them. That is not all,” added Alice, very busy once more with her sketches upon the carpet. “Would you mind saying nothing to Papa about my having been here, or suggesting this project? It sounds surreptitious, Mr. Gilstrapp, doesn't it? but I am sure that if he knew what I had done, the whole scheme would be ruined. He is rather sensitive upon some points, and would, I think, declare we were trying to supplant him or injure his self-respect. I cannot see how; but that is the view he would take, I am sure. Men are sometimes rather illogical, Mr. Gilstrapp, aren't they?”

“Lord bless me!” exclaimed Mr. Gilstrapp, all aglow with participation in this nefarious project to hoodwink a parent, “what are we poor wretches to do when women are hypocrites from their cradle? Count me as a fellow-conspirator though, Miss Alice; only one stipulation I make,—allow me to manage in my own way. Then you can deny connivance, and escape scatheless, when we are called to account for our misdeeds,”

“I think, whatever consequences there may be, we should at any rate bear them together,” said Alice, extending her hand. “We see you again this week? Good-bye until then; and thank you very, very much.”

Mr. Gilstrapp stood gazing where she had disappeared for some time after her carriage rolled away. Then he roused himself with a start, and proceeded to substitute one of his favourite blue coats with gilt buttons for the smoking-jacket he wore. He paused half-way through the opera-

tion to murmur "Little woman, always thinking of other people!" and to gaze thoughtfully at the opposite house-tops. His face had lost for a moment its wonted cheery expression, almost indeed a shade from its sanguine colour. He jerked his arms into his sleeves, and, as he did so, the collection of travelling memoranda caught his glance. He picked them up one by one, pondered, and seemed to make up his mind; for, with the rapidity and handiness of a man who has learned both the value of space

and how to wait upon himself, he tied them firmly together and locked them in the furthest drawer of his writing-table. It is strange how some minds connect anything they prize with the idea of diminutiveness; perhaps it is an unconscious acknowledgment of the fact that size can, at its best, but imply the emotion of awe. As he locked his papers away, the thoughts running through Mr. Gilstrapp's head were of a tall and graceful girl, but he murmured for the second time, "Little woman—*little* woman!"

(To be continued.)

THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT GRASPAN.

On the eve of the action of Belmont, the first of Lord Methuen's fights in his advance from the Orange River in November last, arrived the Naval Brigade, hurriedly formed from the crews of Her Majesty's ships, DORIS, MONARCH, and POWERFUL, at Simon's Bay.

The small road-side railway-station of Witteputts was the point of debarkation for the Brigade and there, on the afternoon of November 22nd, I saw it for the first time, all hands being busily engaged in detraining the heavy guns, ammunition, and stores. Of course the Bluejackets were in the highest spirits, such picnics (for so they talk of them) being always a matter of unbounded delight to those selected for service ashore. The Marines also, both Artillery and Light Infantry, a splendid body of men of great physique and admirably equipped, were evidently none the less gratified at the opportunity of once again showing the Guards and Line battalions of what they were capable.

Short as had been the time of preparation for the expedition, both Sailors and Marines were turned out in a style well-suited for the arduous campaign before them. The Marines in their *khaki* clothing and helmets, were practically indistinguishable in dress from the infantry of the Line, the only exception being that the Light Infantry wore the brown naval-service gaiter in lieu of *khaki* putties, the Artillery wearing blue putties.

On the other hand, the Sailors, albeit they had undergone a complete metamorphosis in their costume, were unquestionably sailors still. It is true

that they were no longer in jackets of blue, for *khaki* coats had replaced the frock or jumper while their nether parts were clad in soldiers' *khaki* breeches. But they were crowned with the unmistakable straw hat of the British Tar, which for the occasion had been artistically covered and trimmed by each individual with *khaki* cloth, "in the very latest fashion," as an enthusiastic *artiste* described the results of his needlework. With such a crown of glory to their fighting-kit, it may easily be imagined that no amount of regulation belts and pouches, haversacks, or water-bottles with their legion of entangling straps could disguise the fact that these *khaki*-clad warriors were anything else than Sailors, "playing at Soldiers" as they so aptly style it themselves.

The Naval Brigade, besides increasing our force by some three hundred and thirty sturdy fighting men, brought us a not less welcome addition in the shape of four quick-firing twelve-pounder naval guns of twelve cwt. These weapons are designed for sea-service only, and by reason of their great length and weight are not fitted with travelling carriages. Thanks, however, to the ingenuity of Captain Percy Scott, R.N., and the officers and men who worked under him, they had been mounted for the occasion on gun-carriages fearful and wonderful to behold, and at first sight involuntarily recalling the mounting of Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol at Dover Castle. The skill, ingenuity and resource of those princes of handicrafts-

men, the naval artificers, a class of men who are never at a loss on an emergency, were well proved on this occasion for, uncouth as were the new gun-carriages in appearance they admirably fulfilled their purpose of getting the guns to the right place at the right time, and hence thoroughly justified their existence. For these heavy guns we had provided long teams of mules, and a proportion of buck-waggon, also drawn by mules, for the conveyance of the naval ammunition and stores. Many were the jokes among the Sailors as they harnessed these unruly brutes, and, to an accompaniment of appalling yells and cracking of whips from the native drivers, got the cavalcade fairly under way at last. During that evening and night the Naval Brigade conveyed their guns and ammunition some eight miles across country, despite every sort of obstacle and hindrance, to our bivouac two miles from Belmont.

At about half-past two on the following morning, when riding through the masses of troops engaged in moving to their allotted stations prior to the advance to the attack, I found myself once again in the midst of the Sailors. It was very dark, but it was easy to recognise my surroundings by the fervour with which they were asking the way they were to go. I gathered that the main recipient of their affectionate expressions was some staff-officer who, they stated, ought to have been there to show them which way to move off. This matter was shortly arranged to their satisfaction, and soon after daylight their guns were in the position assigned to them, some two miles in advance, whence they assisted most materially, by the rapidity and accuracy of their fire, in shelling the Boers out of their strong positions east of Belmont.

During the return march after the fight it was no small matter to get the guns along, for the mules were thoroughly exhausted and had been without water for more hours than one cares to think. It was during this painful process that a Sailor excused the slow progress made by his gun with the apologetic remark: "You see, we aren't exactly horse-artillery; we're more what they call a battery of position." Nobody who saw the huge chariots bearing the weighty guns of immense length could possibly deny the accuracy of this statement. Unfortunately the mules, poor brutes, were naturally unable to participate in the desperate energy of the men of the Naval Brigade to "hammer the Boers," oblivious alike of thirst or fatigue.

Two days after this combat, we again located our enemy in some *koppies* about seven miles north of Belmont, commanding the line of railway to Kimberley. They were strongly posted and entrenched, and, in addition to several field-guns, had with them a heavy gun which ranged considerably further than our artillery. The guns of the Naval Brigade were brought up by rail, and soon came into action near Graspan Station, when a lively artillery-duel ensued. The Boer guns were uncommonly well served and sent many shells into our battery causing several casualties among the Sailors, who however, as might be expected, continued to serve their guns with the utmost coolness.

Meanwhile, Lord Methuen, having obtained full information of the extent of the Boer position, decided to manœuvre round their left flank and, divining that a certain salient *kopje* about a mile and a half to the east was the key to their position, he ordered the field-batteries to shell that point while the 9th Infantry Brigade and the portion of the Naval

Brigade not engaged with the guns, some three hundred strong, were directed to take ground to the right and attack it. It was while this operation was in course of execution that the 9th Lancers reported an entirely fresh force of Boers to be advancing from the north-east and threatening the rear of Lord Methuen's enveloping movement. To hold this formidable diversion of the enemy in check the Guards Brigade were ordered up from Graspan. Riding back across the interminable *veld* to convey some orders in furtherance of the above scheme, I suddenly became aware of a mass of *khaki*-clad men advancing towards me. How marvellously that colour assimilates with the sombre tints of the South African *veld* is shown by the extreme difficulty there is in detecting the advance of a body of men in extended order at a distance, when thus clad. It is notorious that the Boers are profoundly dissatisfied at what they consider the very unorthodox conduct of our military authorities in thus abandoning the traditional scarlet and still more conspicuous dark blue and green which in 1881 afforded such excellent targets for their rifles. A Boer prisoner on the *PENELOPE* at Simon's Bay waxed very eloquent on this latest example of England's perfidy (no doubt prompted by Mr. Rhodes and ordered by Mr. Chamberlain!) which he declared was most unfair.

This advancing mass of men was already in attack formation, that is, in successive lines extended to about six paces interval, and as they neared me, I saw that the portion in front of me was composed of Sailors. Slackening my pace, a good view of the Sister-Service as they advanced into action was afforded me. On they came, steadily but painfully slowly, as it struck me at first, but soon the reason for this solemn and stately

movement dawned upon me. The Sailor-men were in extended order and formed part of a long line which would, in the nature of things, shortly pass under the critical eye of the "little Soldier-men what stands so nice in line," as sings the naval bard. Hence, unquestionably, extra care and "watching of it" were of paramount importance.

I reined up, quickly realising that I should incur grave displeasure were I to attempt to break through the line at any pace.

As the line passed me I noted how each hard, clean-cut face was from time to time anxiously turned towards the directing flank so as to satisfy each individual that the interval and dressing were properly kept. Many a furtive wave of the hand or profound jerk of the head, conveying volumes to the shipmate next alongside, did I detect, presumably calling attention to the fact that he was not exactly "keeping station." The results of this energetic code of signals were however altogether admirable, for no better-kept line ever went forward to death or glory than that of our Sailors and Marines on this occasion. I noted with regret that the Naval officers were especially conspicuous by reason of their helmets, swords, and revolvers, while the Marine officers, although wearing the same head-dress as their men, were easily identified by their swords and, in some cases, by their blue putties, a terribly distinctive mark among a crowd of gaitered men. But it was no time or place to cavil at officers' dress, and with a wave of the hand in return to their gallant Commander Ethelston's cheery salutation, I sped on my way wishing them all in my heart God-speed, though with an instinctive feeling of anxiety for their safety in the impending ordeal.

When I returned across the same

ground later on, the attack had developed. On the left the Naval guns were still sharply engaging the Boer batteries near the railway, while far to the right front the incessant bursting of shells around the salient *kopje* marked for attack, combined with the continuous rattle of rifles and Maxims, showed that warm work was going on.

On nearing the scene of action it became apparent that the critical moment of the fight had arrived. Two field-batteries were posted, one to the east and one to the south of the main *kopje*, thus bringing a continuous storm of shrapnel bullets to bear on each side of it, and also enfilading the hidden ground in prolongation of them.

The *kopje* itself was like thousands of others to be met with in South Africa, and as it was of an especially typical conformation, a few words descriptive of it may interest those unacquainted with the topography of the region. It formed a sort of natural bastion placed at the salient angle of a line of hills running east from the railway north of Graspan and thence trending north towards Ensling siding and enclosing some broken and undulating ground. To its front, where the British troops were, the level *veld* extended for many square miles. This *veld* was of hard red sandy soil overgrown with low scrub and coarse herbs, and with much young grass in places now just beginning to sprout. The whole plain, as usual, was dotted with ant-hills of hard red clay (not bullet proof, by the way,) some two to three feet in height. About five hundred yards from the summit of the *kopje*, where our foes were snugly ensconced, the plain gradually rose and a few scattered stones were to be seen in places. Two hundred yards nearer the slope became sensibly steeper, and

the ground thickly covered with small rocks and boulders. Another hundred and fifty yards brought one to the point where the slope, hitherto practicable for men on horseback, suddenly became very steep and covered with a confused mass of rocks and rubbish fallen from the crags above. This was the commencement of the actual face of the *kopje*, the ascent of which had to be performed on foot and frequently could only be effected with the assistance of the hands. In places, where larger rocks were met with, the hillside was almost vertical for several feet. The summit, some hundred and twenty feet above the plain, was the usual mass of broken rocks affording innumerable sheltered spots where the occupants were safe from the storm of bullets of our shrapnel fire. Some four hundred yards along the crest of the hills running northward was a smaller *kopje* which afforded good flank protection to the big one, while double that distance along the ridge running west another *kopje* rendered similar service from that direction.

Reverting now to the general attack on the big central *kopje*, the infantry advanced in a wide arc of which the two field-batteries marked the extremities approximately, in successive lines, the Naval Brigade being directed at what may be described as the salient angle of the hill, while the Yorkshire Light Infantry and a portion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment were on either flank and thus served to envelope it. The remainder of the 9th Infantry Brigade were to the left and also in support. Thus the actual storming of the *kopje* was the work of the Naval Brigade and the two corps aforesaid, and nearly all the casualties were incurred by them.

The advance was carried out in the approved method, portions of the

successive extended lines advancing by short rushes, and then lying down so as to obtain what shelter they could while they re-opened fire.

It was soon apparent that the Naval Brigade were losing their extended formation and getting what is commonly styled bunched. As the whole force slowly and surely closed on the central objective, it was obvious that some crowding would inevitably occur, but it is on such occasions that practice and experience on the part of the men teaches them the best way to continue an advance with as little loss as possible. And now it was that our gallant Sailors and Marines naturally lacked the necessary practice. Indeed, it is to my mind doubtful whether anything would have checked them in their bull-dog determination to close at all costs with the deadly line of fire issuing from the rocky summit to their front.

As the men rose for each rush, several would be seen to drop to the unerring aim of the Boer rifles. These casualties began at about six hundred yards, the Boers having elected to reserve their fire on this occasion, but at that distance were inconsiderable. At five hundred yards they became more serious and thenceforward rapidly increased, the most deadly zone, as usual, being between four hundred and one hundred yards. Within the last range few men were hit, the ground being, as is commonly the case, in military parlance, dead from the summit of the *kopje*, and the defenders, as usual, having elected to depart when the process of shooting down Englishmen with reasonable safety to themselves was becoming one of some risk.

In the breathing-space between the rushes of the assailants, one conspicuous figure was to be seen standing erect and marking the station taken

up by the Naval Brigade. This was their commanding officer, Captain Prothero, R.N., a man of great stature and immense physique, who elected thus to stand leaning on his walking-stick while his men, lying prone, gathered breath for another rush. How many scores of Mauser bullets were directed against him it would be hard to say. Eventually the inevitable occurred and he was seen to drop, happily only wounded and out of action for a time.

Now the combined line of Sailors, Marines, and Soldiers surged forward again, the magazine-rifle fire of the Boers redoubled in intensity, and the ground seemed literally alive with the bullets which happily had not found billets in the assailants' bodies, a sharp flanking fire both from the *koppies* to the west and to the north lending additional deadliness to it.

Four companies of the Yorkshire Light Infantry with two of the Lancashires now attacked the small *kopje* to the north, and the frontal attack went home. As it did so, and before the Boers' fire ceased, the Sailors and Marines closed in until they were practically advancing in rank-entire. An eye-witness, who was hard by, aptly described their apparent formation at the time when the torrent of rifle-bullets was at its maximum strength, when he said they advanced as if they were arm-in-arm.

When one remembers that even at four hundred yards good shots such as are the Boers would rarely miss men in line, since the trajectory of modern rifles is so flat as to make any error in elevation a remote contingency, the marvel is that any of the Naval Brigade survived the hail of bullets they faced up to within something less than a hundred yards of the *kopje*. Of the nine officers who led the Brigade with such intrepidity, seven were down, four, alas, shot dead.

Commander Ethelston and a young midshipman, too young to be thus laid low on the threshold of his career, were among the latter as well as the major and captain of the Marines. Unquestionably the conspicuous dress of the officers made them an easy target for the enemy; but all who saw that advance are agreed that no amount of assimilation in dress could have rendered the officers of the Naval Brigade less conspicuous. It was their general bearing and reckless gallantry that caused to be concentrated on them the unerring fire of those ten per cent. of selected marksmen whom Boer notions of civilised warfare had especially detailed for shooting down all officers. Some days after the fight, a Soldier-officer, who has seen much active service and who himself stormed the hill with conspicuous gallantry, said, in my hearing, to a Sailor-officer: "Your fellows are too brave; it is utterly useless for you to go on as you do, for you will only all get killed in this sort of warfare. I saw your officers walking about in front of their men, even when the latter were taking cover, just as if they were carrying on on board-ship."

The Boers, as usual, having enjoyed the luxury of shooting down our men at a safe distance did not wait to make any closer acquaintance with them. On our gallant fellows reaching the summit, breathless and panting to be at them with the bayonet, no defenders were to be seen, much to the indignation of our men and of the Sailors especially.

A short check now occurred. The small *kopje* to the north was still held by a party of the enemy under the command of a gigantic Boer rendered especially conspicuous by a new yellow straw hat. The fire from the west *kopje* also checked further advance down the reverse slope of the hill.

Soon however the Yorkshire Light Infantry and Lancashires on the right charged in, while far on the left the Northumberland Fusiliers swarmed up the height; and once again the Boers vanished. The fire from the *kopje* thus captured enfiladed the whole Boer position, and the remainder fell back. As our men crowned the line of heights on either flank a few mounted men, who had bravely remained as a rear-guard, were seen rapidly disappearing across the broken ground and valleys to the north.

Riding across the stony declivity below the fatal *kopje*, one came across abundant proof of the severe ordeal our men had gone through. The Yorkshires had suffered considerably, three officers and fifty men having fallen; but it was where the Naval Brigade had advanced that the slaughter was so painfully apparent. In a comparatively small piece of ground lay six officers and close upon one hundred of the Sailors and Marines. The heavy losses of the Marines in comparison with those of the Sailors (the proportion being over four times as great) are to a considerable extent accounted for by the fact that the Marines appear to have come in for a deadly flanking-fire from a small *kopje*, which the Sailors in some measure escaped owing to the configuration of the ground. The Marine Artillery, who lost no fewer than twenty-six out of their total strength of fifty-seven, doubtless afforded a better target by reason of their greater stature, and also to their wearing blue putties. A further possible explanation, which I merely record as it struck me at the time, may be that our Sailors, when lying down among the scattered rocks with their *khaki*-covered straw hats covering most of their faces, were a much less conspicuous mark to fire at than the Marines, who were bigger men

and wore helmets. It is difficult to bring oneself to acquiesce in the expediency of thus expending such priceless material as our highly trained and highly specialised Sailors and Marines in these attacks, which, with all deference to the Sister-Service, could be carried through with infinitely less loss of life by any well-trained infantry, although certainly not more thoroughly and successfully. It is the abnormally heavy price paid by this employment of the Naval Brigade that makes one doubt the correctness of such a proceeding. And yet, the military commander who finds himself with a Naval Brigade in his command is placed on the horns of a dilemma. In the instance before us, the Naval Brigade, save and excepting those who formed the gun's crews, had not seen "much of the fun" (to use their own expressive phrase) two days previously, and in consequence were proportionately dissatisfied. Technically supposed to act as escort to the guns,—a position which, save in unusual circumstances is a passive and uninteresting one—they one and all yearned for an opportunity to show the Soldiers what they could do in the field. The peculiar views of the Sailors on this point is well shown by a Bluejacket's retort to a Soldier's kindly-meant hint that it would be better if the Sailors would open out a bit so as not to offer such easy targets to the foe. Quoth the Bluejacket, "Oh, well, you see, after all we don't get such a show as this every day." They had

one and all, from captain to seaman and from major to private of Marines come out to take part in the show; and a leading part they certainly took.

I shall never forget the faces of some of those who had fallen in the final rush. They lay about in every attitude, many with their rifles, with bayonets fixed, tightly clutched in their hands and in some cases still held at the charge. There were the same hard-featured, clean-cut faces which but a short time before I had watched laboriously skirmishing across the *veld*, now pale in death, but with the same set expression of being in terrible earnest to see the business through. Mercifully, with modern small-bore rifles death seems to come with little pain, and of course with infinitely less disfigurement than in the days of Sniders and Martini-Henrys. Most of the dead I chanced to see bore remarkably placid faces.

As the victorious British force stormed over the hill and the artillery crowned the heights to shell the main body of the flying Boers now some three thousand yards distant, a staff-officer near me said to the commanding-officer of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, "How splendidly your men went up that hill!" The colonel, while acknowledging the well-merited compliment, added: "But did you watch the Naval Brigade? By Heaven, I never saw anything so magnificent in my life!" There was no man there that day who will not echo these words.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

(Some Recollections by a Friend.)

STANDING within the shadow of a great mountain it is not easy to form a proper idea of its size, or of its position among surrounding elevations; and in the same way time is required to give us the right mental perspective of Dr. Martineau's position among the great thinkers of his age. The task of deciding this may fairly be left to the critical historian of the future. Personal impressions, however, fall under a different category and are not only admissible, but possibly even welcome at this time. Along with the many intimate personal studies which Dr. Martineau's death has already evoked, the following slight sketch claims but a humble position; yet it may perhaps serve to illustrate afresh certain characteristics with which all students of his writings are more or less familiar.

There was a beautiful completeness about Dr. Martineau's life. Upon not a few of our great men, that "privy thief called Death" has stolen with a tragic suddenness which intensified the inevitable sense of loss; but in the case of the venerable philosopher who has lately passed away, no such thoughts can arise. Beyond that regret which all of us feel naturally on the removal of a gracious personality, there is the sense that a life of active work had been carried to its furthest consummation. The brilliant, intellectual promise of his youth had ripened slowly into a mature fruition; but old age is a narcotic which gradually dulls even the most acute intellect, and

one should not regret the release of a master-mind from the crumbling tabernacle, even though its intellectual faculties up to the very last continued practically unimpaired. Some men cling to life with a curious tenacity; it was not so with Dr. Martineau. He thus expressed himself to the present writer in a letter written after his birthday in 1896: "I gratefully accept my longevity which impairs for me none of the deeper interests of life, but rather invests them with a tenderer sanctity and a more imperative sense of duty. Yet I never could join in the old Hebrew prayer for 'length of days,' and the annual birthday wish of my friends is rather theirs than mine." When he wrote thus Dr. Martineau was ninety-one, and felt that the work of his life had been accomplished. About the same time he remarked in the course of conversation that he was ready, even anxious for the call to "higher spheres of activity,"—the phrase is characteristic of the strenuous, indefatigable worker that he was. Tender and sympathetic in his consideration of others, there was something Spartan in his own plan of life, something ascetic about his self-discipline. His life was an exemplification of Adelaide Procter's words:

Dreams grow holy put in action;
Work grows fair through starry
dreaming.

Modesty is not an indispensable hand-
maid to genius, as students of litera-

ture need scarcely be reminded ; but modesty was most emphatically an accompaniment to Dr. Martineau's genius. The following letter is eminently characteristic in this respect :

Messrs. Longmans recently applied to me for permission to issue just such a compilation of extracts from my books as you suggest. I declined it, from long and indeed constant experience of utter disappointment with all "anthologies" of this kind, formed by lifting out of their context thoughts which in their place come home with force to the reader. When the impression strikes him, he naturally refers it to the passage under his eye at the moment, and is not aware how dependent it is upon the preparation with which he is brought up to it by the preceding course of thought and tone of feeling. Cut this away, the very same sentiment, flung upon him as a sudden fragment, will have no penetrating power to stir him from within, but only stick upon his memory, perhaps by some sharp points of expression. I do not deny that there are writers of great depth and wisdom who, themselves thinking in epigram, admit without injury of being thus taken piecemeal; Carlyle, sometimes; Emerson, often. But these intuitional and poetic natures are exceptional. And level writers, dependent not on inspired glimpses, but on continuous and coherently linked thought, are wronged when they are pulled to pieces, and made to play the prophet instead of the pleader. As my main work of life has been didactic, conformed to the methods and requirements of Logic, Ethics, and Philosophy, my literary habit has been moulded to the *pedestris oratio*, and does not rise into the detached flights required by the compiler of oracles.

With Dr. Martineau's views as to extracts and anthologies many will be inclined to agree. The thing has certainly been overdone, and one recalls the remark of Charles Lamb in this connection : "Specimens are becoming fashionable," he writes. "They used to be called Beauties. So many have seen Beauties of Shakespeare that never saw Beauties

in Shakespeare." When however Dr. Martineau refers in such disparaging terms to his own literary methods, issue may at once be joined. A writer whose reputation for stately eloquence of diction is well nigh classical has little of the *pedestris oratio* about his literary methods. While agreeing generally with Dr. Martineau's remarks, the present writer disagrees with the particular application, and believes he is not alone in his opinion that a collection of thoughts from Dr. Martineau's writing would be of considerable value. His devotional books, in particular, are veritable mines of felicitous, poetic phrasing.

Although Dr. Martineau was essentially of a serious type of mind, it must not be thought he was in any way heavy or dull. On the contrary, he was a delightful conversationalist; easy and natural in his manner, with a fund, moreover, of dry humour which one scarcely would have gathered from his writings, or even from the earlier stages of personal converse. Chatting to the present writer one day about lecturers, he recounted with evident relish a story about some Scotch Professor who was particularly vain. On his appointment to a certain Chair of Learning, the Professor made a preliminary harangue, in a tone of elaborate humility somewhat common on such occasions. Pacing up and down in front of his class, as was his wont, he enlarged upon his profound consciousness of the unworthiness of the person who at present occupied the chair. Having arrived at this point, and waved his hand theatrically towards the professorial seat, he was disgusted to hear a roar of laughter from the assembled students. He soon discovered that, while he had been

talking, a cat had climbed up into his seat, probably with a view to luxurious slumber. Whether the cat appreciated being referred to as "a person unworthy to occupy the chair" is a matter on which rumour is silent; but the newly-elected Professor must have felt his dignity sorely outraged. Dr. Martineau enjoyed telling a good story, and knew how to tell it so that others might enjoy it, which some storytellers seem unable to do. Even in his writings, however, there are flashes of gentle irony and quiet sarcasm; courteous and dignified ever as a controversialist, there is a trenchant effectiveness about these passages of polished ridicule. In his preface to the third edition of *THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION* may be found a good example of this quality.

I am said [he writes] simply to "re-produce the exploded absurdities of the Tübingen school" and . . . to go to a few of the latest German writers, not to weigh and test their hypotheses, and explore all round their *data*, but simply to take their conclusions ready made, translate them into English, and spread them broadcast as a new gospel . . . My answer shall be a mere transcript from my memory. The critical contents of this volume result from the direct study, seldom intermitted through more than sixty years, of the Scriptures themselves and the cognate literature affecting the early Christian Church . . . All this, I am well aware, amounts to just nothing at all when compared with the resources of some of my learned critics; but however small it may be, I submit that it is not the reading of a partisan, but is fairly divided between the opposite sides of the chief questions on which I have touched.

Though Radical in his theological sympathies, there was a strong undercurrent of Conservatism in Dr. Martineau's temperament, which declared itself very plainly whenever he

touched upon literary or political subjects. His opinion of many popular guides to standard literature was unfavourable. It was not that he distrusted the competency of the critic but, as he would tell the present writer with an emphatic ring in his voice, "Their method is altogether wrong." As enthusiastic admirers of the author under review they were too prone, he considered, to suppress the weak points, the less favourable side, of their idol. This tendency led to the production of partial studies which created a false impression upon the mind of the average reader; in addressing a popular audience it was his opinion that you should state honestly all that can be said against as well as for the writer about whom you are speaking. He had no fancy either for those short compendious biographies so much in vogue now, thinking that people who read these would imagine that there was no need for them to study the subject any further. In this respect perhaps he hardly gave sufficient consideration to the want of opportunity and leisure under which many who are anxious to inform themselves inevitably suffer, and which, surely, affords a legitimate excuse for the existence of the popular series. Dr. Martineau looked at literature, perhaps, rather too much from the point of view of the scholar, or even of the literary recluse. Few people would deny that the spread of cheap literature is fraught with certain dangers as well as advantages; but in the hurry of modern life the average reader has not the opportunities offered to the scholar, and if he cannot get the best, he must take the second-best: and this is surely preferable to remaining altogether in ignorance.

A year or so ago the present writer was conversing with Dr. Martineau

on the ethics of biography, *à propos* of Cardinal Manning's Life, over which, it will be remembered, a somewhat heated controversy was then going on. His opinion was that a man should destroy any papers or correspondence which he would not wish to be used by his biographer; otherwise, speaking generally, he thought that everything should be left absolutely to the discretion of the literary executor, who ought to make out as faithful a portrait as possible from the materials left in his hands. It may be inferred from what has been already said that he would not favour a merely laudatory memoir or any biography which suppressed material facts, material, that is to say, to the faithful delineation of the portrait.

Despite a certain scholarly aloofness Dr. Martineau was one of the fairest and most sympathetic of critics. Nor would he go out of his way even to pillory a book of which he disapproved. "I could never be moved," he declared at a time when he was editing *THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEW*, "to give an account of a book by pure antipathy any more than by monotonous assent. The whole interest of literary intercourse, like that of all quickening friendship, is conditional on crossing veins of likeness and unlikeness in thought and character, deepening the zest of sympathy by the need and the possibility of more. And true criticism seems to me the recorded struggle of the reader's mind into closer relations with an author, whose intermittent bursts, helpful as they are, still do not enable him clearly to see his way."

So much has been said in print already about the courteous and patient attention which Dr. Martineau bestowed upon his many correspondents, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon that subject here. Had he not been so methodical and diligent

in his habits of work, the extraordinary amount of personal trouble which he took would have been impossible. So willing was he to assist even entire strangers who came to him for advice on some point of literary or ethical interest, that he overtaxed himself frequently. His daughters did all they could during the last year or so to protect their father against, if one may so express it, the sympathetic and painstaking friend, Dr. Martineau; and he needed their help, for he would never spare himself. His letters are wonderful specimens of exquisitely clear calligraphy, and in regard to their literary phrasing, readers of these recollections may judge for themselves.

As a politician Dr. Martineau, as a rule, found himself more in sympathy with the Conservatives than with the Liberals, though he was never a partisan, and in his rare excursions into political literature showed a vigorous and independent spirit which would have offended the average politician of either Party. Although he always held that States were amenable to the same moral law that has authority over the life of individuals, yet he had no sympathy with many who declaim on mis-called ethical grounds against war. As he said in one of his political essays (written many years ago though the protest is by no means out of date to-day):

The ablest men drawn into that field [foreign affairs] seem to wander without a clue; they enunciate no principle, expound no policy; they mix up in one tissue calculations of cost and threnodies of humanity, quarters of corn and Mahomedan polygamy; they plead the necessity of a safe isolation on grounds of universal love; and expend their strength in excursive criticisms on the past which afford no guidance for the future. . . . Not Peace but Right is the proper aim of war; not the negative boon of order

without conflict, but the positive establishment of a just equilibrium of relations.

From the point of view of the philosophical and theological teacher, Dr. Martineau combines in his attitude a curious mixture of scepticism and mysticism, of Conservatism and Radicalism, of inexorable logic and illogical pietism, which, though eminently reasonable when properly appreciated, is none the less uncommon and frequently puzzles some of his students. Certainly it puzzled for a while the present writer, who took the opportunity of placing his difficulties before the great theologian himself; he received in reply an extremely interesting letter, in which the writer admirably indicated his theological position. The following quotation may serve to illustrate the character of the letter, which by the way was written in 1893.

You are quite entitled, in strictness of logical criticism, to lay any stress it may seem to deserve on my inconsistent moods of mind towards the contents of the Fourth Gospel. It is very true that, among elements in the narrative alike unaccredited by adequate external testimony, I do retain some and reject others on grounds of internal concordance or discordance with the essence of the personality of Jesus, as already gathered from the really historical materials furnished by the other Gospels. My faith even in these earlier records rests much more on the unique portraiture they present of a human life perfected in its relations with the Divine Father, than on the security of their witness borne to particular facts and words. Traditions floating about in shreds of oral report for thirty or forty years, before being precipitated into the *littera scripta* now in our hands, cannot but lose in the process much that they had and pick up yet more than they had not; and no subsequent care in sifting them,—such as Luke, for example, claims to have bestowed on them—can sever for us the pure history from its accretions. But tradition works up only

the material of the commonplace imagination; it cannot invent, it can only impair and spoil, the personality of a Christ; crediting it with ever more startling marvels of physical power, while lowering its ideal grandeur and spiritual perfection. In reading the synoptic reports of the life and work of Jesus, I cannot help recognising in certain passages of action or discourse the stamp of a Divine originality, of an insight which, in its utterance, constitutes Revelation; that *here* I am in contact with him I can never doubt; while in sharpest contrast with these are a few incidents and not a few utterances which no host of witnesses could induce me to ascribe to the author of the others. The internal evidence thus inevitably controls the external. It is then but a slight step further, if it is allowed to dispense with the external; and to carry its own weight when, in a later and less attested Gospel, sayings flow from the lips of Jesus which are wholly in character with those which have already brought us to his feet. If he did not utter them these are at all events the outcome of his spirit in its regenerating work upon the mind and imagination of the Church. On these grounds I think it quite permissible to let the Fourth Evangelist prolong for us into the second century the appeal of Jesus to his disciples, so far as it preserves its own tone; the more so as it is always possible that the writer may have fallen in with a vein of traditions not hitherto wrought into the "evangelical narrative." . . . Your remark on my self-variance in regard to the text "Come unto Me" is perfectly just. I used to read the text, as others still do, with merely the feeling how true it was that in Jesus rest was found for the weary and heavy laden; and how beautifully such a thing we *said of him*. And no otherwise do I think now. Not till afterwards did I realise that beautiful it would *not be for him to say it of himself*. One of the great sources of error in the accounts of him, is that what disciples have truly *felt about him* has been put back into his mouth, as spoken, *beforehand* of himself.

Whatever view we may take of Dr. Martineau's theology, whether we acquiesce in his spiritual theism, merely endorse his critical exegesis, or are in sympathy with both, none

can have come under the charm of his noble and lofty personality without accounting such moments among the most treasured in their life. The respect and admiration which you felt in his presence was quite different from the usual intellectual tribute paid to a great mind ; it was mingled with an affection and reverence for his supreme moral qualities which almost dissipated the awe one would naturally have felt otherwise in his presence. In those magnificent chapters at the beginning of his last great book, there is a beautiful passage which, when the present writer chanced on it the other day, he felt to be singularly appropriate to the gracious spirit who has left our midst.

Among the societies of men, it is ever the greater spirits that morally sustain the less ; and, as the scale of realised excellence ascends, the conscience of us all is ashamed to linger, and eventually rises too. We are lifted by the souls of mightier wing, and are set where otherwise our feet would not have climbed.

We cannot dispose of Dr. Martineau's religious teaching by labelling it *Unitarian*. Great souls belong to no denomination. They shame all petty sectarians to whom differences of opinion appear as signs of moral disaffection, and testify to the existence of those spiritual bonds of kinship which link together all earnest and truth-loving souls.

NEW ENGLAND IN WAR-TIME.

It is difficult to say whether the two Englands, the Old and the New, have or have not more points of resemblance than of contrast. They are very like, and also very unlike. Both are separated from the rest of the world by tangible barriers, and in a measure isolated. England is cut off by sundry seas and watery channels from the Continent of Europe and her adjacent islands, and divided from her only land-neighbour by romantic if not very lofty hills. New England is nearly severed from the rest of the American Continent (speaking without minute geographical exactness) by a range of picturesque mountains and two noble and broad-flowing rivers; while the Atlantic Ocean forms an effective barrier between her shores and the continents of this hemisphere. If the Old England is physically insular, the New England is peninsular; and it is possible that the limitations which are supposed to characterise the people of the one are not wholly unshared by those of the other.

To explain and define New England is not so unnecessary as it may seem, as several writers, and especially novelists, appear to confound it with the whole of the American Union, oblivious of the fact that it is merely its small easternmost corner, the six States originally settled by the English Puritans, who gave it its name, and the social, religious, and intellectual characteristics for which it has long been known.

This complete or partial isolation has led to conditions of much similarity in the two countries in regard to wars,

that is, to the wars of their respective empires, if one may so speak. Both, for many years, have been centres of comparative calm while the storms of battle have raged without. England, though her armies have been fighting almost continuously abroad, and in or upon the outskirts of her more distant possessions, has known no war in any large military sense for upwards of two hundred years. New England cannot claim quite so long an immunity, the battles of Bunker's Hill and Bennington and the encounter at Lexington having taken place within her borders; but even during the Revolution the main tides of conflict flowed elsewhere, in New York, New Jersey, and the more Southern States. To find the Puritan States under the stress of general warfare within their own limits one must go back to the seventeenth century, to the struggles with the native Indian tribes. Here one meets with fighting of the most sanguinary kind, horrors enough and to spare, and, as George Herbert says, "anguish of all sizes." There is no more painful reading than the accounts of the night-attacks by the stealthy and cruel savages on the unprepared English settlements, such as Deerfield, Hadley, and others, and the massacres of men, women, and children that followed. It is the stuff that nightmares are made of. The humane and civilised English of the seventeenth century,—speaking as we always must in the comparative degree, for there were abundant faults on their own side—found themselves plunged back into the conditions of the eighth and ninth,

when the Danes over-ran the land, burning town, hamlet, and monastery, and sparing none. The battles of the early settlers, in dark forests and treacherous swamps, with Pequods, Narragansets, and Wampanoags (names probably more picturesque than their owners) may not have been magnificent, but they were certainly war of the most effective kind, and usually meant little less than the extermination of the vanquished tribes. After the period of original conquest and occupation, however, the zone of Indian fighting moved westward, and, as I have said, the land saw little warfare on its own soil. The battles with the French, which cost this country the lives of Braddock and Wolfe and first brought Washington into prominence, were fought elsewhere; so too were those in the second conflict with England early in the present century, and, of course, those of the Mexican War some years later, as well as the recent Spanish War, with its legacy in the Philippines. It is needless to say that all the operations of the American Civil War were carried on at a distance from the New England States.

The two Englands, therefore, are alike in long exemption from internal wars, and in sending forth their citizens to wage them in other fields. In the younger community, the closest analogy to the conditions now existing here was furnished by the great Civil War of 1861-65. It was called variously a war of secession, a civil war, and a rebellion; but with respect to most of the Northern States it had much more the nature of a foreign war. The famous political line known as Mason's and Dixon's, which divided the slave-owning States from those in which the "peculiar institution" had long ceased to exist, was by no means unlike the boundary between two different nations. I have personally

a faint recollection of crossing the mystic parallel in early youth, and, although there was no frontier custom-house or marked change in the dress or speech of the people on entering the Southern dominions, of feeling myself on foreign ground. It is not, indeed, too much to say that, throughout the greater portion of the North, the call to arms by President Lincoln after the attack on Fort Sumter in 1861 was responded to in much the same spirit that would have been aroused by the invasion of a foreign foe.

The lack of military preparations throughout the North at the opening of the conflict is supposed to furnish one of the lessons of history, and the speed with which they were made, when it was seen to be inevitable, another. No large regular army, it is needless to say, with an organised body of reserves and militia to draw from, existed; the small standing army of the Union being at the time parcelled out into minute bodies of men serving as garrisons in various forts or stations widely separated from each other and usually remote from the seat of government. The vast Northern army of the war, which began with seventy-five thousand men enlisted for three months in 1861, was mainly a volunteer one, the draft not taking place until later in the struggle. But all this, again, is matter of history, and straying into wider fields than my title allows. In the New England States the call to war was responded to with an enthusiasm not surpassed in any other part of the country. It is curious that the States which disapproved most strongly of the war in this country in 1812-14, and withheld their support as much as possible, should have burst into a flame of patriotism at the threat of civil war. But doubtless the issues

at stake were felt to be of more importance, and the impending conflict promised to be within strictly sectional bounds. To say truth, from the land of the Puritans, or of their descendants, to the sunny South, it was then a particularly far cry, and the separating gulf was not one of distance only. The bar of social differences and repulsions which slavery and a large slave-owning class had erected, had grown more and more formidable as the years went on.

The fitness of the New Englander, whether bred in town or country, for the duties of a soldier was abundantly demonstrated in the proof. The man of the fields no doubt had a better physique to begin with, for my impression is that the New England townsman was then somewhat lacking in robustness, the tide of athletics not having fully set in; but the more varied conditions of urban life, and perhaps a better knowledge of hygienic laws, gave the town-enlisted soldier an advantage in the malarial and fever-stricken districts of the South. The countryman often fared hardly, and in many places it was no mere figure to say that the climate slew more than the enemy. As a rule, he was not a traveller. Men in the amphibious communities of the coast, it is true, sometimes made voyages, long or short, but the inland farmer and labourer were apt to be fixtures, except when they went West for good. It is supposed by some that persons of mature life who have never been beyond the boundaries of their parish are peculiar to these islands; I have, however, met with individuals in the remoter parts of the land of Longfellow who had rarely or never visited the town nearest them, and regarded the attractions of the more distant centres like Boston, New Haven, and

New York, as the French peasant in the poem did the fabled glories of Carcassonne, only with less desire to behold them. Others I have seen who literally had never been out of the township in which they were born. Living, therefore, all his life in a climate of noted healthfulness, if of severe extremes, it is not surprising that the rural New Englander often found the conditions of less tonic latitudes more deadly than the enemy's bullets. In this respect he was less fortunate than his British brother, whose much-maligned climate seems an excellent preparative for every other. Nevertheless, he not infrequently survived the agues of Virginia and the rigours of yellow fever in New Orleans, as well as the hail of lead, and returned home with a broadened horizon. One indispensable requisite for soldiering he possessed in common with most Americans; he had the hereditary instinct of marksmanship, the latent, if not always developed, capacity for shooting straight. The blood of the early Indian fighters still ran in his veins, though he was rarely cognisant of their exploits; and he had enjoyed a fair amount of practice upon the game of his native woods and fields, which, despite the laxity of the game-laws, was tolerably abundant. It was, however, almost wholly practice with the shot-gun, and upon wild geese and ducks, quails, partridges, squirrels, and the like; most of the larger game having been exterminated with the Indians. Dr. Holmes in a famous poem describes the "old Queen's arm" as forming a common chimney-ornament; but I doubt if, in the country districts, one man in fifty had ever used a rifle or a musket in his life, indeed, the historic weapon is spoken of as being in a damaged condition. If 'Zekiel, however, could not have given Huldah

an exhibition of his prowess with the longer-ranged arm, as his countrymen of the West and South might still have done,—their shooting must at least have equalled Robin Hood's; they used to drive nails into trees, and hit squirrels and rabbits in the eye, to save the skins, at incredibly long distances with their pea-rifles—the root of the matter was undoubtedly in him. With respect to military drill and discipline, a tradition of training and training-days lingered at that time in the country, and there was the proverbial sprinkling of colonels, majors, and captains; but it seemed to me that the holders of the titles had gained them at some remote period, when a different order of things had prevailed. In the larger centres I am aware that there were regular volunteer organisations of a good degree of efficiency.

Coming like Cincinnatus from the plough, or from the factory, the warehouse, and the commercial or professional office, and even from schools and colleges, these excellent citizen-soldiers were first hived in camps for instruction in the rudiments of war. Literally they were of all sorts and conditions. It is said that no other modern army ever had in its ranks so much talent and even genius as this first American volunteer force; and the New England contingent was doubtless not behind the others. One heard of sculptors, poets, and Latin scholars serving as privates. Possibly the French army in the Franco-Prussian War may have furnished a parallel; but probably the number thus accomplished was smaller than supposed. At the beginning, a large proportion of the officers, especially those of lower rank, were about of the same social standing as their men; but the traditions and actual experience of training, and the respect for authority

which has always characterised the New England race, despite certain apparent instances to the contrary, prevented insubordination. In the Middle and Western States I believe there was more difficulty, and some amusing stories were told. There was much conning of tactics and drill-manuals on the part of the newly-appointed officers, and he who had practical experience imparted to him who had not. Within and without the camps there were arduous and unwonted exercises; but good-humour prevailed, and several varieties of the American joke are said to date from those weeks of toil. Musketry-practice, not carried to too fine a point, came in due course; also, though sometimes elsewhere, the donning of uniforms, the oft-pictured cap (of French origin) and the dark-blue coat and light-blue trousers that have become historic. Then the different regiments moved southward by land or sea. Whichever the route, they were liable to rough usage before reaching the front. In one notable instance a land-going force, while still unarmed, was almost as severely handled by the mob in a disaffected town as at a later date by the enemy; and those who travelled by sea,—in fleets of miscellaneous craft, hastily chartered, and often mere river-boats suited only for inland waters—had a full share of danger, discomfort, and even disaster. Yet the experience was inspiring and memorable. The scenes of departure were enthusiastic; rather more noisy than those which speed our parting battalions, Africa-bound in much better vessels, but of the same tenor and temper. There were speeches, exhortations, prayers, music, laughter, and the inevitable tears; yet all was taken, I think, somewhat lightly, at least in the earlier departures. Before the final exodus a good many furloughs

had been granted, and many families had enjoyed, mostly for the first time in their lives, the spectacle of their men-folk in something other than civilian dress; uniforms being then a comparative rarity in the land, and even so important a personage as the railway-conductor frequently undistinguished in this way from his fellow-mortals. Now, I understand, it is different. A later stage of the conflict of course brought home the actualities of war; the news of meeting armies and the universal tale of losses by death, capture, or disease, and of disablement by wounds, with the return of men, injured or otherwise out of action.

About this time appeared a number of memoirs celebrating the virtues of certain young men of remarkable piety and promise who had been cut off early in the campaign. These works, usually somewhat thin volumes adorned with handsome portraits of the perished heroes (in uniform), drew so exalted a picture of their characters that one would have thought them more fitly enlisted in the Church militant than in the army of the flesh. Some of these youthful Bayards and Havelocks were of such tender age as to be merely drummer-boys; and in all cases one could not but deplore their untimely removal. The representatives of the arts who fell in the earlier battles also had their elegists, and altogether there was much sorrow in many households.

Attempts to analyse human motives are usually futile, especially the motives of collective bodies of men. That the New Englander did not leave his farm or his business to redress the wrongs of the negro, need hardly be said; any more than that the British soldier in the present campaign is chiefly actuated by a wish to prevent the ills which may befall native races in South Africa

if the rule of his country is overthrown. Probably few abolitionists were in the Northern army. Animosity towards his Southern brother was never a characteristic of the average man in New England, though aroused strongly enough when the national property and its custodians at Charleston were assailed. He desired to make money out of him if possible; but he had comparatively few social relations with him, his successive migrations, or emigrations, being towards the West. Again, military glory was not a factor, for the reason hinted at; he was immersed in business-enterprises with which "grim-visaged war" would have interfered. Nor can the fascination of wearing gilt buttons, as alleged by certain Southern historians, be admitted. Therefore, for these and other reasons, he must be credited with patriotism. He fought for his country, to preserve the Union, his Empire, as his opponent with equally strong purpose fought to bring about its dismemberment, and also, no doubt, for the institution of slavery, upon which to him the stability of his world seemed to rest. All this, however, may be said to apply to the whole North. But, happily for themselves, both sides have long since buried the hatchet, or, what is the same in effect, have joined together in using it upon a foreign adversary. The very phrases, *preservation of the Union*, *right of secession*, and so forth, are outworn and forgotten, though the issues were not wholly unlike those now at stake in the British Empire, a racial problem being involved in the later as in the earlier conflict.

The land of Lowell and Longfellow, of Emerson and of Holmes, Whittier, and Hawthorne, with its bright skies and clear-flowing rivers, its ranges of rock-ribbed hills and mountains,

austere of outline and usually clothed with the forests that still approach near to many of its larger towns, was changed in no single feature by the war. No new military works broke the familiar lines of the landscape. Its peaceful, elm-shadowed seats of learning were disturbed by no sieges, bombardments, and rude assaults; and no captain, or colonel, or knight in arms, was called on in Miltonic verse to respect the residence or the person of poet or professor. Throughout the land scholastic and academic life, as well as farming and business, pursued their wonted course, and several forms of intellectual activity especially flourished. The vogue of the lecture, for instance, was then at its height and perhaps its best, and other entertainments abounded. Returned soldiers, injured or invalided, and commonly in uniform, were much in evidence; and all kinds of charitable enterprises and organisations connected with the needs of the land and sea forces were at work. Patriotic demonstrations by no means ceased with the first levy of troops. All the chief national holidays were utilised, the Fourth of July lending itself conveniently, though perhaps not logically, to the purpose. That the day which celebrates the political separation of a daughter from a parent State should have been found to have lessons against any further division of the State thus separated, argues an elasticity of function. Possibly it may yet serve as a landmark of international re-union, should that fortunate fate be in store for English-speaking peoples.

One feature notably marked the spirit of the New England people throughout the four years of fighting,—an unshaken optimism as to the result. I doubt if, from the first, the most timorous person in the six States, if any timorous there were,

ever dreamed for a moment of a possible incursion and occupation by a Southern force. Temporary checks they may have expected. Of course, saddened and darkened homes, the eternal blight of war, were many; but losses for the most part were bravely borne. "Not painlessly," sang Whittier,

Not painlessly does God recast
And mould anew the nation.

There were, however, few material hardships; no women and children toiling in the fields perforce; no battle-wrecked towns; no burned homesteads and deserted farms or plantations; no blockaded ports; no makeshifts for clothing and articles of common use; no servile race unsettled by the hope of freedom; no starvation. Emerson could be as cheerful and philosophical as ever, Lowell as humorous and caustic, the Autocrat of many breakfast-tables as sprightly, Longfellow as serene. Hawthorne the dreamer, lately returned from Europe, and perplexed and disillusioned by the calamity which had befallen his land of untrammelled sunshine, had left it for another.

Of course political unanimity did not reign in the extreme Eastern States any more than elsewhere. History, and at least one novel, record the existence in the North of the politically disaffected person. The novel, using the prevailing vernacular, called him a *copperhead*. The vernacular, however, was wrong; for the reptile so named strikes secretly and silently, while the Southern sympathiser, as I knew him, was in most cases a rather outspoken and sometimes noisy person, who vented his opinions on all possible occasions. Probably there were others who did not. In any case, unlike his political counterpart in the South, he was in

small danger of bodily harm, at least in New England. As a rule, he contented himself with severe criticism of the methods of the government and the leading generals in carrying on the war. A parallel might be drawn in connection with current events here, but comparisons are invidious. Moreover, persons of the class, notwithstanding their disaffection, were not infrequently found as volunteers in the Northern army.

But if the inhabitants of the Puritan Peninsula went to war with avidity, so to speak, when it was seen to be unavoidable, they returned to civil pursuits with even more satisfaction. The quiet merging of the great citizen force into the mass of the people, as it is called, has been accounted not less surprising than their original enrolment. But men had grown weary of fighting. In no long time the whole momentous experience,—a campaign carried on by hundreds of thousands and spread over half a continent—had slipped into the past. Pictures of war in endless variety they had seen; men marching, voyaging, camping; toiling in trenches, bridging and fording rivers, threading forests and climbing mountains; and fighting everywhere,—in woods, in swamps, on mountain-tops, in ships, boats, forts, and farmhouses. It was a phantasmagoria of life and death; but they had seen enough, and for the most part were glad to banish the dream. In many cases it seemed to fade without their will. Indeed numbers of undoubted heroes suffered from a provoking inability to describe their most picturesque experiences, and caused the regret that graphic powers do not necessarily go with soldiership. Others of less authentic valour sometimes supplied the deficiency. Descriptions, however, were not wanting, as vivid and perhaps as convincing as the vaunted methods of the Realist, for

the war-correspondent had been busy from the first.

The veterans were not the only persons willing and even anxious to forget. Throughout the North, and especially in the cities and towns of New England and other Eastern States, many, after the final submission of the foe, turned as if with a sudden revulsion to other things. They had been patriots while the need lasted, or seemed to last: they had supported and toiled for the Union with the rest, perhaps had used the party watchwords and shibboleths; and they had been glad of victory. But victory won, decisively and completely, a distaste for all connected with the war seemed to fall upon them. It had been noble, virtuous, exemplary, the cause of union and freedom; but after all it had been a civil war, politically and in the eyes of the world. An English nation fallen out with itself—Marston Moor and Naseby over again after two hundred years—and on Republican soil! It was doubtless inevitable, this national re-moulding, a burden shifted upon their shoulders by the more callous, slave-trafficking centuries; but the ordeal once over, it were best forgot. They left patriotism, now somewhat staled, and the labours of reconstruction to the politician, and sought brighter fields. Some made money inordinately in the era of commercial activity and speculation that followed peace. Others, whom Roger Ascham might have called "better-feathered spirits," especially the younger ones, found nepenthe and refreshment in literature and art, and in the æsthetic revival of the latter half of the century. A great many re-discovered Europe and its possibilities as an extended pleasure-ground. Passionate, and other, pilgrimages were made to old-world shrines, and for a space Paris became a Mecca. Mr. Henry

James, in particular, discovered England and its upper classes, with their value in the way of affording international episodes. New England itself was discovered by Mr. Howells, who, coming from the West by way of Venice, found in Boston and its cultivated society, and in the homely people of the outlying country districts, an unworked vein of material for his carefully studied pictures. His refined Harvard heroes, as some will remember, were of a younger generation, addicted to "hopping back and forth over the Atlantic," and little interested in the war their elders had waged, except for its artistic and spectacular effects. In later life, they may have had experience of

their own in the recent naval and military enterprises of their country.

Perhaps, in comparing New with Old England in the momentous matter of war, I am forcing slight resemblances. The one, although the only English-founded colony bearing the name of the older State, is now merely the small corner of a nation, while the other is the centre and heart of an empire. Both, however, are to-day as they have always been, alike in the readiness of their citizens to go anywhere and do anything in the way of fighting, and both abound in more or less appropriate memorials to those who have fallen on far distant fields.

A. G. HYDE.

AN ANSWER FROM THE TOWN.

(See A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY, MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE, January, 1900.)

DEAR JENNY,

It's I ought to have written first, and I've meant to ever so often. Then sometimes I thought it would be better to wait a bit. Don't you go thinking I've forgot you, or ever could; or the meetings at the clinking wicket, or the walks, or, for that matter, what we talked about when we went walking, or that I would have you forget either. Dear, you're *not to forget*.

It was a nasty wrench, of course, leaving the country, and taking up new ways, when you'd a thought I was too old to learn 'em, and forgetting all I'd ever held by; but a chap must do the best for himself if he'd be doing his best for someone else as he cares for. If I had stayed at home (you know where I mean) as would have been least trouble and so most pleasant at the time, and we'd got married right off, you'd never have taught school (I can read well enough what that's done for you) and I should have stuck all my life at ploughman. I don't want to brag, but you girls may depend on it they ain't the worst of the lads who have the spirit to go away and try something new. You'd ought to like a chap the better for having a bit of pluck, and perhaps if I'd written as I meant to you wouldn't have minded so much. It wasn't I didn't like the country; he'd be a proper idiot who didn't like pretty better than ugly, and sweet scents than foul smells; but it cost too much to stop there. It 'ud a cost all my life, and a chap's got but one

life after all. Say, as you put it, the air and the sights are worth four shillings a week (and perhaps that's an outside value), fifteen shillings was the most I ever had there, and long enough before I got to that; and then there was the rent of mother's cottage to come out of it. Now I'm getting thirty-five, and no end of chances. Who knows but I'll have a mill of my own one day? Even after mother's death I never should have gone away if things had looked like bettering. But they didn't, and they don't. The landlords were got as poor as the farmers, and the farmers worse off than the labourers; there was no hope of a decent screw. Now I'm gone I ain't "coming back to the land," as you call it; not if I know it.

As to the village, and the trees and things I'd used to know,—do I forget them? Dear, I almost wish I could; they comes to me in my sleep sometimes, and when I wakes I'm glad it was only dreams. Somehow I seem to hate the sight of the plough—you're right as to my taking a pride once in my ploughing—as if it was one of them big carriages I've heard tell on which some god in India or somewheres drives over, and crushes the poor folk who are silly enough to worship it. We'd the big Agricultural Show here this summer, as, of course, you know. Well, I couldn't go a nigh. It made me mad to think of the country which would have liked to use me up same as it has your father. I see it sometimes,

and things seem going on same as ever; the same old mill grinding men's bones to make bread. But it ain't a going to grind mine.

I wonder won't nothing ever be done by these grand statesmen as I larns all about in our Reading-Room, and who has done so much to make Great Britain greater than ever, to make it possible for the poor workers in the fields at home to get a living wage. A war 'ud do it for a bit, no doubt, but things 'ud soon be as bad as ever again, and we don't want no war; and he's a poor statesman, according to my lights, who wants either. Perhaps it's only natural as the honestest and most hardworking folk in the country should be the poorest; but it don't seem right. I see and hear of a lot of people who have got rich without ever a ha'porth of honesty or hard work. Some on 'em have got almost rich enough to be able to go and live in the country, and much good may they do you when they get there.

But money isn't everything; you couldn't really fancy I ever thought so. When we've done work here (—and we do work, and no mistake; it's been no joke this hot weather, I can tell you—) we gets a bit of sport. It's not all work and no play, or at least very little, with us. There's cricket, and footballing, and folk to talk to. The Old Bell was all right in its way, but its way, nor old Foster's, wasn't very lively. You might sit there an hour and no one speak a word; when one did speak he'd better have held his tongue if he meant showing off his wisdom. People are alive here, and know what's going on. We've our Reading-Room, and we've got our ideas about politics and everything else. At home it was much if a voter could pronounce, much more spell the name of the chap who wanted to be Member. I'm sure

your old dad never has an idea what he's voting about, though he would never dream of not exercising the Franchise,—just like as if it was an old horse. Then as to keeping company! There's girls enough and to spare, and some of 'em nice enough for anything, and finer, since you will have it, than any of you were. Peonies, and such like, ain't in it. I never thought of you as a daisy; 'tis too common. More like the jessamine that grew so wild over our cottage-porch, sweet and simple enough for anything. And I don't seem to have got past jessamine, not very far.

One thing leads to another, and the old cottage-porch to mother. Yes, Jenny; I do look up sometimes towards the village and the spot where she lies buried (though it's not very often I can see it for the smoke, and the mist, and the distance,) and never without a twinge or something. It's as bad as thinking of the plough again, and it makes me fine and angry. She was a useful slave,—that's what they'd call her about here—as good as you make 'em, and there's wisdom, no doubt, in making the best of what can't be cured. But she'd very little pleasure in her life, and but for knowing as she'd done her best she wouldn't have had none. And to come into the world to toil and moil till you go out of it; well, it don't seem hardly good enough. I've often thought it was lucky she had her Bible, for she'd little enough else to comfort her, poor soul. And don't you be thinking I go against Bibles or Churches either. There's Churches and Chapels here of all sorts, and to suit all tastes; so it's a chap's own fault if he can't find something to suit his ideas, if he's got any.

And now, Jenny, it's time I gave over. I ain't no school-teacher, and you'd never believe how much time I've spent spelling over this letter;

not even if I told you, which I ain't a going to. The country is used up ; it's a sad pity, but since it's a fact there's no use blinking it, and if you want to make a living and not a starving you mast go to the towns. It isn't so long since they called the farmers the backbone of England. Now they've got to be like those animals (I forgets what they calls 'em) that ain't got no backbones to speak of. And, just as happened to a big chap here who lost his money a month

or two back, and came down in the world, nobody seems to trouble or care about 'em any more. I'm main sorry, for I held by 'em once, but it's no use crying over spilt milk. We'd have stopped, lots of us would, if we could have, but 'tweren't no use trying. Now, as you say, you girls'll have to go into the towns too. At least one of you will ; and the rest can do as they like about it.

Your loving
JIM.

ARUN RAJ.

It was the birthday of Arun Raj (the Sun of the State), the Rajah's only son and heir. He was four years old, more or less; his birthday was never kept on the same day, or indeed in the same month, two years following. The propitious days announced by the Brahmins had to be considered in fixing the date of his birthday, and also the convenience of his father the Rajah. This year it fell in the middle of January; the year before it had been in November. No one probably, except the Ranee his mother, remembered now in what season the first birthday of all had fallen, irrespective, for once, of the Brahmins' auspicious dates or His Highness the Rajah's pleasure.

He was to wear a voluminous turban to-day, like the men-folk, instead of the old and dirty, but comfortable, wadded nightcap that usually covered his little black head.

There was to be a *darbar* in the great hall in the afternoon, when all the Thakore gentlemen and the officials of the State would bring tribute, each according to his income. Their offerings could hardly be called gifts, as they were in no sense voluntary. The amount of every man's tribute was fixed, and there were no means by which the offering of them could be avoided.

It was a year of famine in India, and, though men did not actually starve, in some of the Northern States there was great scarcity. The Rajah too had returned to his State only a few weeks before and had received the offerings of welcome customary on such occasions. He

had also held a *darbar* on his own account since his return, at which more offerings had been required. It was whispered about in the *zenana*, and openly discussed in the city, that His Highness the Rajah intended to pay a visit to England in the coming summer; and gold, as every one knew, melted away like wax before the sun in that far-off mythical country of the English *sahibs*. For what other reason had the salaries been all cut down this year in all the offices of the State, in spite of the scarcity? And was there not a notice on the great iron gate of the palace that appointments would be given to any clerks who should be willing to do the work of two men for the pay of one? At the public gardens too, which His Highness the Rajah had made, there were great changes. In former years he had always paid the salaries there himself, and his money had supplied the trees and plants and seeds, and the bullocks for the drawing of water; this year he had made a contract with the gardener, who was to pay him a fixed sum and supply everything that was needed in the garden himself in future, with the right to make what profit he could by selling the flowers and fruits and vegetables that grew there.

Money was scarce this year in the little kingdom among the hills, but the Treasury was accommodating, and for the birthday-*darbar* advanced to every man the required tribute. By and by the Treasury would repay itself out of the salaries of the officials, and would send

soldiers into the villages of the Thakores, when the crops were ripe, to sell the crops of those who had not money to pay the debt otherwise.

In the evening His Highness the Rajah would give a great dinner to some five or six hundred of his followers.

Up in the *zenana* the Ranee Sahib was very silent, and very ill to please this morning. Her baby would go down into the great hall of the *darbar*, among the men, where no woman was ever admitted. He would be brought back to her in the evening, no doubt, and would sleep in his little swinging cot by her side all night; but none the less it was the thin end of the wedge that would by and by slowly but certainly separate her from all part and lot in the life of her only son. He would go more and more into the world outside; he would come ever less and less into the *zenana*; all his joys and pleasures and interests, that centred now about her, would lie in that unknown outer realm that she could never enter; until some day he would have a *zenana* of his own, and only come to her on a short visit of ceremony when duty and respect obliged him.

They dressed the little chief in his handsome gold-embroidered coat, and his mother folded the voluminous turban on his unwilling little head. One of her women carried him down the narrow private staircase to the Rajah's apartments, and handed him over to his own particular attendant Piroojee, who carried him down to the hall of the *darbar*.

The Ranee and her women passed into a gallery high up behind curtains at the upper end of the lofty hall, where they could look down through the chinks of the curtains upon the pageant below. The Ranee, huddled in her shabby old blanket, haggard

and uncombed and unwashed as she was on her bad days, leaned on the balustrade and looked down upon the splendid pillared hall and the great wide arch of the entrance.

Down each side of the hall were rows, many deep, of gentlemen Thakores, friends and relations and vassals of His Highness the Rajah, dressed in gorgeous raiment with swords at their sides that clashed on the marble floor when they sat down, and sent up a continuous faint, musical jangle into the gallery, as their wearers moved about in their places. Under the lofty entrance arch, beyond the pillars, a group of musicians made noisy music, and a dancing-girl sang in a droning monotonous voice, and danced, looking like a brilliant tinselled puppet from the distance of the balcony. At the end of the hall, just beneath the balcony, a broad and thick white-covered mattress was spread, which was the Rajah's throne. Here he sat with his little son beside him.

One by one all the men of that assemblage came up to the throne and put the money of their tribute into the young chief's tiny hand, until there was a great heap of gold and silver coins on the mattress beside him, and his little hand grew limp, and his little face pale and wearied under the overshadowing turban.

At last they brought him back, tired and crying, to his mother, who strained him in her arms with a passionate gesture as of one who has recovered a lost treasure, and carried him herself into the *zenana*.

That night there was to be feasting on the broad white terrace behind the palace that overlooked the great quadrangle of the stables, where stood the Rajah's two hundred horses in a row along the walls with their heels fastened to a peg in the ground,

as the Indian custom is. The lamps were all lighted on the terrace. There were lamps all along the balustrade, high lamps at each corner, and lamps all round the pillars of the verandah that opened upon the terrace. The canvas curtains and screens that surrounded and shut in the verandah above shone white in the lamp-light.

Many long rows of tables were set out on the floor of the terrace, under the dark blue roof of the sky, in the stirless night; tables half a foot high, covered down all their length with white cloths. On each side of the tables sat the long rows of the Rajah's guests, cross-legged, in their long white tunics and many-coloured turbans. A low continuous murmur of voices floated over them as they sat waiting for the feast. Then a long file of servants came swiftly out from under the verandah; upright, long-limbed, graceful youths in saffron-coloured turbans, and long, loose, saffron tunics reaching below the knee, open at the sides and bound about the waist with wide, many-folded sashes. Every one carried on his head a large, round, brass tray on which the food was set; a mound of rice in the centre, and round it a circle of little cup-shaped dishes made of leaves sewn together, filled with many kinds of curries of different meats and vegetables, chutneys and spices and sweets. The boys set these trays down in two rows upon the tables in front of the guests, a portion for three men in each tray. Then gravely, and with dignity the guests began to eat, each man putting out his hand and helping himself with his fingers; first a mouthful of rice from the heap in the centre, then a delicate morsel of curry or spices, then more rice, each stretching out his fingers with a gesture so dainty and so courteous it would not have misbecome a fair lady picking strawberries out of a basket held by her

cavalier. The noiseless, bare-footed servants flitted swiftly to and fro in their floating yellow draperies like bright birds of gay plumage. After the trays they brought glasses, filling each one at the choice of the guest, with the strong wines and liqueurs of the West, wine and brandy, whiskey and curaçoa. They have strong heads these Rajputs of the Great Desert of India, and they drink deep. Under the verandah the musicians played and the dancing-girls crooned to their "charm of woven paces and of waving hands." While above, behind the curtains, the Ranee watched them, her jealous eyes ever returning to the tiny figure at a little table apart beside the large form of the Rajah, a little, submissive figure, eating quietly, very unlike the spoiled darling of the *zenana* who had three nurses to feed him and was wont to make noisy excursions round the room between every few mouthfuls. Now and again the Ranee sent down a message to her young brother, who was staying at the palace, begging him to bring away the child from the feast, but when he told the Rajah of her message, His Highness went on calmly eating his dinner and made no answer. After the third time the kindly young brother went to the head-servant and desired him to send up one of the feast-trays to the Ranee's apartments. Then he went up himself and told his sister pleasantly that the Rajah had sent her a *tal*, so that she might share in his banquet.

"And I will stay up here, and eat it with you, my little sister," he said.

The Ranee's low table was brought and they sat down one on each side of it, and the *tal* was carried in and set between them. The Ranee ate very little at any time, but the boy's merry sallies diverted her.

"You are not eating, sister. See, here is the most delicious morsel you ever tasted in your life; open your

mouth ;" and he reached out his hand and put the tit-bit into her mouth.

The Ranee swallowed it and laughed. "I too have a beautiful piece for you," she said, and leaned over the table to put it in his mouth. They both laughed together like children, and thus, eating and laughing and feeding each other, the time slipped by, till the banquet on the terrace being finished the young heir was brought back to his mother's apartments.

As soon as the sun had risen next morning the little Raj Kumar ran out into the court of the *zenana*, where the half-dozen ragged motley retainers that formed his guard of honour were still sleeping under the verandahs, and demanded that his pony should be brought for him to ride down to the gardens to see the tigress that had been trapped the day before. The pony was hastily saddled and brought into the court. He was a beautiful and highly ornamental little beast, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, pure white, with a long white tail that swept the ground ; he had three red roses painted on his back, along the spine, between the saddle and his tail. The saddle was a thickly-padded cotton cushion, slightly raised at the front and back, and bordered with red and yellow loops and tassels. The bridle and harness were all of twisted, many-coloured silk, much adorned with red and yellow silken tassels. The little Rajah was lifted into the saddle, a gay little figure in a red velvet coat and gold-embroidered skull-cap ; and the procession paced gently away down to the gardens, one retainer holding the bridle, another the pony's tail, and two on each side holding the precious Sun of the State in his saddle.

The garden was about a mile from the palace, a beautiful shady place with groves of pomegranate and orange trees, with many pleasant paths and

luxuriant creepers, and a wealth of roses scattered over its sunny lawns. The reigning Rajah had made it and called it after his name, the Singh Niwaz. He had built a little white bungalow in the midst of the orange-groves, where he lived sometimes for a few days when he was wearied of the intrigues and cabals of the *zenana* and the palace. In one corner of the garden there was a little stone building, fronted with a grating of iron bars, that had been destined as a cage for wild animals ; but nothing wilder than the head-gardener's pigs had inhabited it until the day before, when a tigress had been captured and confined there. Thither rode the young prince on his white pony, on the morning after his birthday. There was a steep little rock-bordered path up to the cage, too steep and narrow for the pony ; the attendants lifted the child down from his saddle that he might walk up the path and get near to the cage, the gardener's two little ragged sons running gaily up the path in front of him. The three children stood and stared at the tigress, crouched behind the bars, she staring back at them with narrowing yellow eyes, full of a sombre fear and trouble.

"I shall let her out, and she will eat you, Gomar," the bigger boy cried to his brother.

"You must not let her out," said the young prince with dignity. "I do not wish it."

The other little boy looked ready to cry, and clung to his brother's hand. He had known his brother all his life, but the prince had never seen him till to-day.

Beemar laughed ; he was ten years old, and he had not lived up yonder at the palace where the children learned to obey every word of the young autocrat. "I shall open the door of the cage, if I like," he said.

"You and Gomar can run away if you are afraid."

The Sun of the State stamped his foot furiously. "It is my cage," he screamed; "the tigress is mine; you shall not let it out! Piroojee will beat you. Go away, you are a bad boy!" He looked round for his attendants to enforce His Highness's commands. They were sauntering up the path behind him, at some little distance.

With a whoop of defiance Beemar rushed to the cage, and seizing the lower bar, raised the sliding door a little, as he had seen his father do; he only meant to raise it a very little way and let it drop, but the tigress saw her opportunity, she thrust her nose under the door, threw it up with a jerk, and bounded out among them in a moment.

The young chief was right in her path, but before she could spring upon him, Piroojee had dashed in between them. She felled him with a blow of her heavy paw as she turned and bounded up the steep rocks by the side of the path, out of sight and away over the hills in a golden flash.

The boy who had opened the cage fled down the path dragging his brother with him to the other side of the garden where the head-gardener, his father, was working. "The tigress has got out of the cage," he cried, "and has killed the Raj Kumar."

The gardener laid down his tools, tightened his waist-cloth, and began to move towards the empty cage, but his son caught him by his cloth and held him. "I opened the cage," he whispered.

When the gardener heard that he took up the younger child in his arms, gave his hand to Beemar, and without waiting to return to his hut hurried out of the garden, and down the stony dried-up river-bed, out into the sandhills of the desert, and was seen in that country no more.

The attendants had no thought to spare for him at the moment, though later on search would be made for the boy who had dared to play with the precious life of the Sun of the State. They lifted Piroojee gently from where he lay face downwards on the path. One side of his head was battered in. "Is the Raj Kumar safe?" he whispered, as they raised him up.

"He was not touched; he is here;" and one took the child's hand and led him forward. His face was very pale and his eyes strained, but he came to the side of that bleeding ghastly figure, held by the brave instincts of his princely race. "Dear Piroojee," he said, and put his little hand into the cold fingers.

"He is safe, my little Star of the State," murmured Piroojee, with a vague smile on his lips for the life he had given so gladly for the young chief of his race.

All things are known in the *zenana*; but the story of those few moments in the Singh Niwaz has never been told to the Ranee; the bravest among her women has not dared to whisper it before her. The next day they told her that the young man Piroojee was dead of a fever. She smiled her contemptuous smile and said listlessly: "Let them get another attendant for the Raj Kumar."

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The gardener laid down his tools, tightened his waist-cloth, and began to move towards the empty cage, but his son caught him by his cloth and held him. "I opened the cage," he whispered.

When the gardener heard that he took up the younger child in his arms, gave his hand to Beemar, and without waiting to return to his hut hurried out of the garden, and down the stony dried-up river-bed, out into the sandhills of the desert, and was seen in that country no more.

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"He was not touched; he is here;" and one took the child's hand and led him forward. His face was very pale and his eyes strained, but he came to the side of that bleeding ghastly figure, held by the brave instincts of his princely race. "Dear Piroojee," he said, and put his little hand into the cold fingers.

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mouth ;" and he reached out his hand and put the tit-bit into her mouth.

The Ranees swallowed it and laughed. "I too have a beautiful piece for you," she said, and leaned over the table to put it in his mouth. They both laughed together like children, and thus, eating and laughing and feeding each other, the time slipped by, till the banquet on the terrace being finished the young heir was brought back to his mother's apartments.

As soon as the sun had risen next morning the little Raj Kumar ran out into the court of the *zenana*, where the half-dozen ragged motley retainers that formed his guard of honour were still sleeping under the verandahs, and demanded that his pony should be brought for him to ride down to the gardens to see the tigress that had been trapped the day before. The pony was hastily saddled and brought into the court. He was a beautiful and highly ornamental little beast, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, pure white, with a long white tail that swept the ground ; he had three red roses painted on his back, along the spine, between the saddle and his tail. The saddle was a thickly-padded cotton cushion, slightly raised at the front and back, and bordered with red and yellow loops and tassels. The bridle and harness were all of twisted, many-coloured silk, much adorned with red and yellow silken tassels. The little Rajah was lifted into the saddle, a gay little figure in a red velvet coat and gold-embroidered skull-cap ; and the procession paced gently away down to the gardens, one retainer holding the bridle, another the pony's tail, and two on each side holding the precious Sun of the State in his saddle.

The garden was about a mile from the palace, a beautiful shady place with groves of pomegranate and orange trees, with many pleasant paths and

luxuriant creepers, and a wealth of roses scattered over its sunny lawns. The reigning Rajah had made it and called it after his name, the Singh Niwaz. He had built a little white bungalow in the midst of the orange-groves, where he lived sometimes for a few days when he was wearied of the intrigues and cabals of the *zenana* and the palace. In one corner of the garden there was a little stone building, fronted with a grating of iron bars, that had been destined as a cage for wild animals ; but nothing wilder than the head-gardener's pigs had inhabited it until the day before, when a tigress had been captured and confined there. Thither rode the young prince on his white pony, on the morning after his birthday. There was a steep little rock-bordered path up to the cage, too steep and narrow for the pony ; the attendants lifted the child down from his saddle that he might walk up the path and get near to the cage, the gardener's two little ragged sons running gaily up the path in front of him. The three children stood and stared at the tigress, crouched behind the bars, she staring back at them with narrowing yellow eyes, full of a sombre fear and trouble.

"I shall let her out, and she will eat you, Gomar," the bigger boy cried to his brother.

"You must not let her out," said the young prince with dignity. "I do not wish it."

The other little boy looked ready to cry, and clung to his brother's hand. He had known his brother all his life, but the prince had never seen him till to-day.

Beemar laughed ; he was ten years old, and he had not lived up yonder at the palace where the children learned to obey every word of the young autocrat. "I shall open the door of the cage, if I like," he said.

"You and Gomar can run away if you are afraid."

The Sun of the State stamped his foot furiously. "It is my cage," he screamed; "the tigress is mine; you shall not let it out! Piroojee will beat you. Go away, you are a bad boy!" He looked round for his attendants to enforce His Highness's commands. They were sauntering up the path behind him, at some little distance.

With a whoop of defiance Beemar rushed to the cage, and seizing the lower bar, raised the sliding door a little, as he had seen his father do; he only meant to raise it a very little way and let it drop, but the tigress saw her opportunity, she thrust her nose under the door, threw it up with a jerk, and bounded out among them in a moment.

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THE SANITY OF WELLINGTON.

THE LIFE OF WELLINGTON; *the Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain*; by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell. In two volumes; London, 1899.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL tells us in the preface to his *Life of Wellington* how it occurred to him what a delightful task it would be, "To tell the story of such a life, to trace out the sources of such splendid success, and to make plain the effect upon the British Army and on public life of such a conspicuous example." The modesty of the author has led him, to describe his task by an adjective which calls attention to the pleasure it gave him, rather than to the toil. Had Sir Herbert chosen he might fairly have laid claim to the honour of having undertaken one of the heaviest pieces of work which any writer could assail. To execute a satisfactory sketch of the Duke's life, though by no means easy, is no heroic feat. The writer knows that he must leave out a great deal, and if he has some critical faculty he can easily distinguish between those parts which he must master thoroughly because he has to expound them clearly, and those which he need only know in a general way for his own guidance, because he must needs pass them over in silence. It is when the life has to be told at length that the difficulty assumes gigantic proportions.

In one of our oddities of self-depreciation we, or, to be strictly correct, some of us, had come of late years to think of the career of the Duke of Wellington as colourless, and of him as commonplace. English soldiers have been found to speak of him as little more than a kind of

resolute serjeant, who, if he did win the battle of Salamanca in a superior way, owed his victory to mere luck and the incredible blundering of Marmont. The judgment is ignominious to human nature. It is painful to think of the stupidity which must lie in our fellow-man, when it is possible for any one to speak in this fashion. There have been lives as full and as varied as Wellington's, perhaps as many as three or even four in the whole history of the world; but in modern times he has had no rival in the scope of his experience and his triumphs—not even in Frederick the Great or in Napoleon. He was a soldier, a civil administrator, a diplomatist, and the pilot of England through a revolution. He served in Holland, in Ireland, in India, in Denmark, in Spain, in France, and in Belgium. As Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Occupation after Waterloo he held France in his hand, and it depended on him, more than on any other man living, to decide whether a great cycle of wars was to be wound up by peace or broken by a mere truce. From the day when his task in Paris was concluded he returned to take his place, "the first by the throne," and to keep it through a series of revolutionary changes which, though bloodless, were not less sweeping than those which fill the years between 1639 and 1688. That they were bloodless was largely due to him; and to him as much at least as to any contemporary Englishman it was

due that we rescued all that could be saved of the ancient constitution. He was never a mere soldier. To him the soldier was one servant of the State with others, and war a means to an end. Whatever he put his hand to he not only did it with all his might, but he did it generally with full success, and never without some measure of victory. It is not creditable to the sober sense on which we pride ourselves that his noble figure has ever appeared to Englishmen to be small beside the melodramatic braggadocio of Napoleon. He cared little enough for the applause of mankind, and therefore did not go about to win it. Larpent has described how he startled all spectators by appearing at a great review after the Emperor's abdication, in the company of foreign generals who were blazing in gold lace and plated with decorations, in his plain blue frock-coat and round black hat. The Judge-Advocate-General thought this simplicity was deliberate, and that Wellington came unadorned because he knew he could not excel Suchet and the other marshals who were laced even to the seams of their coats. If the Duke thought that to be simple and genuine was the way to win the admiration of mankind he was in error; but he assuredly made no such mistake.

The vast sweep of the Duke's life-work would alone make Sir Herbert Maxwell's task one of immense difficulty; but Wellington also lived in a time of much writing, and was himself an indefatigable penman. All the real authorities for the life of Cæsar might be carried under one arm, while a well-girt man might walk away with all that is evidence for the life of William the Conqueror, and not be distressed. But we have thirty-four volumes of Wellington's own letters and despatches, and several

times thirty-four volumes of the memoirs and correspondence of others who are necessary witnesses. His part in the diplomacy of the Holy Alliance, which is but a subordinate passage in his life, cannot be judged without a sound knowledge of European politics. Even his fighting in the Peninsula cannot be estimated by itself; there is need for constant reference to the difficulties created for him by the Regency in Portugal and by the anarchy in Spain, which was passing through the throes of a revolution while, and largely because, foreign invading armies were on her soil. Sir Herbert has been compelled to omit much. He could not have told all without turning what was meant for a biography of Wellington into a history of contemporary Europe. But he has written by far the most complete biography yet published. He has avoided a mistake which it would have been easy for him to commit, and has not allowed the Duke's fighting to occupy too much place to the detriment of his work as administrator, statesman, and diplomatist. The wars are done with very early in the second volume, and we do not find Wellington's share in the government of England and of Europe dismissed as if it had been the insignificant appendage to his labours as a soldier. Sir Herbert has also the indispensable, and the by no means common, merit of understanding exactly what constitutes a biography; that it is the life of a man, of the working of his mind and character, of his action on others, and of the reaction of surrounding men and circumstances on him. He has very wisely drawn much on the unpublished correspondence of the Duke with the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury. Lady Salisbury, if one may judge from Sir Herbert's quotations, was an abler woman than her much

vaunted contemporary the Princess Lieven, and unlike that meddling Russian was not a busy woman, a class which Wellington, as well as His Majesty King Charles the Second, did naturally detest. Unlike the King he also avoided them; but when women were clever, and were not consumed with a passion for exercising influence, the Duke would be their very good friend, and would talk to them very freely. Some of the quotations from the Marchioness's papers are among the best of the Duke's sayings.

The reader who comes to this book under the influence of the strange belief that the Duke of Wellington was a commonplace man will be singularly dense if he does not form a different opinion before he lays it down. He will soon be convinced that Arthur Wellesley was one of the most capable Englishmen who ever lived, and then, on comparing our leader with his enemies, that he was distinguished by an extraordinary sanity of genius. Sanity, indeed, is the word which applies most exactly to Wellington, and describes best the sources of his strength. The sane man is he who endeavours above all to see the thing as it is, who measures exactly the conditions of the problem with which he has to deal, and who never strives obstinately for ends which are not attainable. There have been very brilliant men of fine qualities who have wasted themselves on the pursuit of mere delusions. Louis the Fourteenth, with his schemes of universal dominion, was one, and the less famous, but not less clever Marshal Belleisle of the last century, with his plan for parcelling Germany out into four small States to be dominated by France, was another. But the most signal example was Wellington's great opponent Napoleon. Men of that stamp invariably achieve

failure. Louis killed the old French Monarchy; Belleisle ended in the condition of an extinct volcano; Napoleon died at St. Helena. Belleisle is all but completely forgotten, but the other two continue to impress the world by virtue of the violence which is commonly mistaken for strength. The strong sane men of the order of Wellington do what they aim at because they never attempt the impossible. They may differ by all the wide interval which separates Wellington morally from Frederick the Great, but they have this in common that they chose for their object something which can be reached, and which when acquired can be retained.

The Duke of Wellington defined his own qualities with considerable precision in a phrase which another of his biographers, the Rev. George Gleig, often heard him use. He said that his special talent was rapid and correct calculation, and that if circumstances had not made him a soldier, he probably would have become distinguished as a financier. The rapid and correct calculator, even when he has only to overcome the comparatively easy task of summing up figures, must be a careful observer and have an honest intellect, which need not be extensive, but must be sound. When the factors to be calculated are so complex as are the actions, the motives, and the capacities of men, the intellect required is very great, and the honesty needed is of a far finer quality. "Doth any man doubt," asks Bacon in his *Essay on Truth*, "that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to them-

selves?" These obstacles to the enjoying of truth were never absent from Napoleon's mind, and in the end they were his ruin. On Wellington they never had any hold, and therefore he won because he was in harmony with the nature of things.

The Count de Marcellus, who was in this country as *chargé d'affaires* at the time when France was about to intervene in Spain for the purpose of releasing Ferdinand the Seventh from the hands of the Cortes, tells a story which illustrates very well the Duke's ingrained habit of looking strictly at facts. The English Ministers of the day, Canning and Liverpool, were very reluctant to allow the intervention, but were not sure that the country was disposed to go to war on such a quarrel. They would willingly have frightened the French Government if they could. Marcellus records that they invited him to a meeting at the Foreign Office, and endeavoured to impress him with the peril of his adventure. One of the methods they adopted was to point out to him that the majority in the French Chamber, in favour of intervention, was dangerously small. The Duke listened with no great attention to their arguments, and to the replies of the Frenchman. At last he laid his hand on the shoulder of Marcellus, and said: "I am not so strong on Parliamentary figures as my colleagues, but I know Spain better than they. Go on, without delays, without hesitation, and you will succeed. The best majority, take my word for it, is cannon and a good army." Upon this he took up his hat and walked out. Lord Liverpool thought it was the saying of a soldier and not of a statesman; but it was the Duke who was the statesman in that room. Liverpool and Canning, thorough Parliament men, both of them, looked to a majority as the true proof of strength for a government. Wellington knew

that it mattered little by how many votes the intervention was approved. When once the army was in motion the success of the enterprise would depend on its intrinsic strength and the amount of resistance it was likely to meet. His long familiarity with Spain taught him that the sympathies of the mass of the people were with the King, and not with the Cortes, which owed its predominance to a mutinous army of the worst quality. The French had only to act with vigour, and the power of the Cortes would go down as easily as a castle of cards. So it proved, and the statesmanship of the Duke was vindicated. He looked to the facts of the case. Canning and Liverpool, going by the rule that the strength of a constitutional government depends on its majority, judged like pedants. They were the victims of false valuations and imaginations as one would. The Duke's was the honest intellect, which saw the thing as it was.

Wellington's political career at home has often been called a failure, and there are those who, though ranking him very high among great Englishmen, have thought it mischievous. But we must distinguish. It is true that he did not succeed in doing what he wished, which was to keep the body politic as he had known it in his youth, unchanged. It is also true that he occasionally acted in a fashion calling for all the justification it can get from his honesty of purpose. His doctrine that the members of a party have only to follow their leaders, and that those leaders are fully entitled to carry on the King's Government by doing the exact reverse of what they had undertaken to do, was manifestly capable of dangerous application, and we have seen it scandalously applied. There was in the history of the course he followed with Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill enough, and maybe more than enough, to

bear out the joker who said that he managed the House of Lords by saying: "My Lords, attention! right about face! quick march!" But the joker is not bound to concern himself with more than the surface. To judge the Duke fairly we must remember that he was the last example among us of the King's servant. His theory of government was essentially the same as Strafford's. He did not think that power ought to come from the people. He was as convinced as Strafford that the people ought to be well governed, but that they were not the best judges of what constituted good government. His view was excellently well expressed by Joseph de Maistre in the *FOUR LETTERS ON RUSSIA*. The business of government ought to be in the hands of the well-born and well-trained. The common man is entitled to protection in the pursuit of his business, and to equal justice in the Law Courts, but not to have a voice in the choice of his rulers. The modern Liberal answers that the common man will not get either protection or justice if the well-born are to give him only what they consider is good for him, and in order that he may be protected against the selfishness of others he must be endowed with the power to rule. Wellington would never have accepted that theory. He would have repressed opposition by force, would have whipped the opposers back to obedience as readily as Strafford, and like him would have thought it a pity if the rod were not so used that it smarted. But he was the wiser man of the two. Strafford held that the King represented the supreme power of every State which in time of peril is entitled to act free from the restraint of law, *legibus solutus*, as he put it in the phrase he borrowed from the theorists. Because he believed the King ought to have that power,

the great Lord Deputy, being, vehement and able man as he was, something of a pedant, was prepared to act as if the facts of the case were in harmony with the doctrine. They were not; and Strafford's creed led him to the block, and helped to bring England to the Civil War.

The great Reform agitation passed off peacefully, and it is difficult for us to realise now that within the memory of a few men still living this country was on the very verge of a conflict as violent as the great strife which tore it asunder two hundred years earlier. We have to thank the Duke, not alone but chiefly, that we escaped from what would assuredly have been a disaster. Once more he was saved, and helped to save us, by the sanity of his intellect. Everybody has heard how he said to Croker that he had passed his life in guessing what men were doing on the other side of a hill, and how all the business of life consists in reasoning from what you know to what you do not know. To do that work correctly requires something other than cleverness. It calls for the absolute honesty of mind which allows no false hope, or flattering valuation, or imagination as one would, to colour reality. In 1810 his perfect estimate of the facts enabled him to resist the temptations to fight a battle in order to save Ciudad Rodrigo. They were very strong. Everything that could appeal to the sentiments and to the honour of a gentleman was calling on him to make an effort to save the town and its garrison. Even a very able man of resolute character might have yielded to the pressure of his army, which was eager to fight, and to the fear that he would lose the confidence of his Spanish and Portuguese allies. The Duke felt, as any man of spirit in his position would have felt, how pleasant it would have been to strike

one good stroke at Massena. But, unblinded by the emotions which were as keen in him as in any general who ever led an army, he stood steadily by the master-facts. The one solid centre of resistance to the French in Spain was the British army, and time must be given to let other forces group round it. Defeat would have been instantly fatal; a victory barren of results, and costly in life, would have been almost equally disastrous, and he could not hope to win decisively. So he fell back slowly and reluctantly to Torres Vedras.

In presence of the Reformers grown menacing and powerful, he acted as he had done on the frontier of Portugal twenty-two years before. He sacrificed the less for the greater. He resigned himself to surrendering the political order which he loved and believed to be the best, because the facts taught him that resistance meant civil war in which victory was doubtful and defeat was ruin. If this was to act like a soldier, and not as a statesman, it would have been better for some neighbours of ours in Western Europe had they been under military government. There have been times when it was a pity that governing persons had not been brought up to feel themselves liable to have to answer the grim question which Cromwell put to Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley: "Wearest thou so white a beard, and knowest thou not that to refuse surrendering an indefensible post by the martial law deserves hanging?" The Duke's fault as a statesman was that he so long refused to give up those parts of our polity which even so good a Tory as Sir Walter Scott had come to see could not be defended. But if he did for a time oppose a too thorough negative to those who were for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill, he could see when it had become a necessity to yield. And it

is bare justice to allow that he had a statesman-like motive for surrender. Many years after the Reform agitation was over Wellington had occasion to talk with Guizot about the affairs of Spain, and he said a thing of them which was profoundly true. It was that the Spaniards had destroyed all their old institutions, and had made no new ones. The case could not be better stated, and if Guizot did not feel that the judgment was good also for France it was not because this was not true. Now we must believe that the Duke was governed in those years by the hope to save his country from the fate of those nations which destroy their institutions, and have to set about the insuperable task of making others, which means that they have to do in a few years what by the nature of it is the work of generations. Anarchy with the Parish Constable are the best they can attain to for long years. Neither France nor Spain has achieved better so far. If we have escaped this shameful fate, the Duke of Wellington must have his large share of the credit for it. When he said that the question now to be settled was how the King's Government was to be carried on, he was putting the problem in a short intelligible form. We had to decide how to keep the control of government in the hands of the class trained to rule when the power had passed to that democracy which he regarded with profound dread, though he had no feelings which were not kind and just for its individual members. He was convinced that one way of saving as much as could be saved was never to carry resistance to the point when the innovators are forced to see that they cannot win at all unless they destroy all opposition by force, and when reform becomes conscious revolution. To that point France was brought by the privileged classes

which banded themselves against Turgot. It has never been reached by us, and mainly for this reason that we did produce the Duke of Wellington, and that he had the wisdom to yield, and could do it without incurring the charge of cowardice. At the time when he was most unpopular it came into nobody's mind to think that he could be afraid. Therefore, though he might for a time be hated, he was never despised. His countrymen could come to see that he had been influenced solely by what he believed to be right, and to be for the general good. So they could forget the difference of opinion as to the means, and be grateful to him for the motive.

No man, it has been written, can jump off his own shadow, and it may be that what is least admirable in the actions of the Duke arose in part, and more or less unconsciously, from his otherwise excellent habit of recognising and accepting the facts with which he had to deal. It cannot be denied that he was at times unjust to his subordinates when they were men of no great position or influence. A glaring example is his harsh treatment of Colonel Bevan of the 4th Regiment, whom he blamed for permitting the escape of the French garrison of Almeida in 1811. There is good reason to believe that the fault lay not with Bevan, but with his divisional commander Erskine, who was certainly mad at times, and was always incapable. But he had powerful influence which had foisted him on the army in the Peninsula. The Duke accepted him, as he always bowed to the inevitable, without mental reservation. Since, so he seems to have reasoned, Erskine had influence enough to secure the command of the Light Division, though notoriously incompetent, he was too considerable a man to be rebuked.

When discipline required that an example should be made, a whipping-boy must be found, and in this case it was Colonel Bevan. At Vittoria, in analogous circumstances, it was the gallant Norman Ramsay. Now this was not amiable nor was it magnanimous, but it was not destitute of a certain sense which may be compared with the gunfint, clear, hard, and without veins. Wellington never attempted to conceal the fact that the Government which he served was based on influence, and worked by it. He was of scrupulous honesty himself, but when corruption was necessary he could deal with corrupt men in the only way they were able to understand. In Ireland he directed jobbery and bribery without a protest, merely recognising them as indispensable. The King's Government must be carried on, and since no means but these would serve the turn they must be used. He had no hesitation in saying that since in our polity the superiority must be with those who had interest, which in the long run, and with here and there a personal exception, meant those who owned land, or were closely connected with others who did, it was but reasonable that they should fill all the places worth having. It would hardly have seemed to him to be sense to go on any other rule. If those who had the one saving grace of interest were also competent, so much the better; but if they were not, they must be endured, and he would draw on his own boundless reserve of capacity for work to make good their deficiency. So he accepted Erskine, and many others as bad as he, not without private protest, but with an infinite patience. In looking at the long series of Peninsular campaigns as a whole, we have to take it into account that what he did not do was not done at all. Hill, who

never fell short of the exact execution of an order, and never went beyond one, was an exception ; but, as a rule, Wellington could rarely venture to trust his divisional commanders out of his sight. I know of no better lesson for those who may be disposed to think that the triumphs of those years came from some inherent virtue in the British soldier, and not from the Chief, than to compare the operations on the west of Spain where he was, with those on the east where he was absent. With the single exception of Graham's gallant fight at Barrosa, they present an almost unrelieved story of vacillation and failure, with here and there a panic. The British soldiers, who were invincible with Wellington and magnificent with Graham, could break into rout and fly in panic as badly as any Spaniards with such men as Lord Blayney, whose contempt of military rules caused the failure at Malaga in 1810.

After Salamanca, and when his feet were too firmly fixed in the stirrups to be again shaken, the Duke carried out a quiet but sufficient reform in his army, doing, as his wont was, the least that was necessary to achieve his end. Even then he endured much, because he considered it inseparable from our system of government. During the Waterloo campaign he allowed himself to be pestered by what he could best describe as the worst Staff ever inflicted on a General. The great men at home would "take care of Dowb," and that being so, he also took care of this person of interest. To his wholly practical mind the achieving of the ultimate aim by the line of least resistance was the thing to be striven for. The perfection of the means to be used was desirable, but he could dispense with the better instruments, and make good all the deficiencies of his subordinates by his

own well nigh more than human efforts. Larpent quotes an example of the Duke's methods which is eminently characteristic. After Salamanca, the Spanish Cortes made Wellington Generalissimo of their armies. They came into his hands little, if at all, better than a mob. He did not think highly of their system; a less sagacious man would have been tempted to recast them on his own model. Wellington knew that this would compel him to begin their education again from the beginning. He took the far more effectual course of enforcing their own law. Very well, he said to them, that is your way; now see that you follow it properly. Within a few months he turned the soldiers, who rarely met the French without being routed, and that in the most scandalous circumstances, into the men with whom he could venture to fight the battle of San Marcial, and of whom he, who was not accustomed to lavish praise, could say that he had never seen troops behave better. The extraordinary quality of the work he did with the Spanish troops has never perhaps been sufficiently recognised. It was far harder to bring them to order than to drill the more docile Portuguese. The officers were the chief obstacles in his way, for though no other among them imitated the conceited violence of Ballesteros, they obeyed a foreigner grudgingly. Wellington endured them as he did his own incompetent subordinates, or the half mutinous intrigues of some of his divisional commanders in the earlier stages of the war. With the men he had no difficulty; they trusted *el gran Lor*, as they called him, from the first. It may be doubted whether the whole history of war supplies a more convincing example of the difference which a hero at the head of an army

makes in the individual soldier. The Spaniards who began the battle of Vittoria by storming the heights on the French left, and who repulsed superior numbers at San Marcial, were the men who had run like hares under Mendizabal and Carrera. The explanation of the difference is very simple. They had passed from the leadership of chiefs with whom they had come to expect nothing but defeat, to the command of one who was to be counted on to lead them to victory. The Spaniards, like the Englishmen, had come to have an absolute confidence that with Wellington nothing would be overlooked, nothing omitted, and that they would not, while facing the enemy in front of them, have to learn that the unexpected had happened to right or to left, and that the foe was behind them. The trusted general is a wall to the backs of his soldiers and a sure protection against the worst of all perils, which is surprise. With that security, with this reliance on the foresight which shields them from above, men will fight their best. They will take the risk of death or wounds. What no men of any race will bear up against for long is the certainty of defeat. It is idle to tell them that flight only makes the danger worse. The old soldier may have got to the point of realising that the least perilous place is in the ranks and fronting the enemy, but even he must have been bred in victory if he is to endure defeat unshaken. In the average of any army, of any race, the expectation of defeat begets fear, and fear does not reason. It is not that men expect to be always successful everywhere: they soon learn to know that this is impossible; but with the trusted leader they do not fear that failure on this spot or the other will entail ruin, and so they will rally, and try again. With the untrusted leader every

failure comes to seem to be without remedy, and therefore leads to rout. In disciplined armies it is seldom that the extreme of incapacity is met. In Spain, and among the Spanish generals, it was the rule, till Spaniards seemed to have lost all power of standing a French attack; yet in a few months Wellington made soldiers of them once more, and did it by using whatever good thing of their own they had in them, which was the perfection of sense, and what is never far away from real sense, and that is humanity.

If a comparison is to be made between the Duke and Napoleon,—though they had no more in common than have honesty and dishonesty, humanity and brutality—it must be when they are both considered as workmen. That the Emperor handled greater masses than the English general is so obviously true that it need not be insisted upon. But what did each respectively do with his means? Substantially they did this: Napoleon convinced mankind that he was its enemy, and must be suppressed in self-defence; Wellington made himself the most trusted man in Europe. In all history no soldier ever so persuaded the world of his absolute loyalty. The confidence imposed on him during the occupation of France after Waterloo is a unique thing which he did not owe to the power of his country. Russia and Austria would never have allowed him to command their troops and represent their interests at Paris merely because Great Britain was vastly richer than themselves, and had the only great fleet then existing in the world. They trusted him because he was Arthur Wellesley, and because he might be relied upon implicitly to do whatever was straightforward, honourable, and sane. It was a great and a rare triumph. By the side of it the domination of Napoleon is only a much

larger version of the influence possessed by the Highland cataran whose neighbours paid him blackmail. That is a power of a kind, and it endures till those who have paid to be spared feel strong enough to suppress the extortioner. Such a power as was possessed by the Duke is based on the conviction of all honest men that it is their interest to support it, and they have no motive to strive to destroy what they find is advantageous to maintain. It would be going a great deal too far to say that the affection felt for Wellington was universal. The French gave him no gratitude for the immense services he rendered them. It is characteristic of the French that their individual merits never produce the corresponding collective result. The volcano in the West, as Bismarck called it, can never be really happy except when it is dictating to its neighbours; and it could not forgive Wellington for being the representative, and in a very large measure the author, of its defeat, on the ground that he saved it from more severe punishment and did his loyal best to make the occupation as short and as light as it could be rendered.

There is not the least reason to suppose that the Duke felt aggrieved by the ingratitude of the French. He cared little for their feelings one way or the other, or indeed for the emotions of most men. It was not his habit to consider his own sentiments about the work he happened to be engaged upon. One of the best passages quoted by Sir Herbert Maxwell from the papers of Lady Salisbury is his answer to the inquiry whether he did not feel

that he had placed himself on a pinnacle of glory when Waterloo was over, and he had ridden back into Brussels. "No; I was entirely occupied with what was necessary to be done. . . . But it was not till ten or twelve days after the battle that I began to reflect on what I had done, and to feel it." We receive the most positive impression that this was the absolute truth, and that the work to be done had the whole of the Duke's attention while anything remained to do. Then he could look back on the completed achievement, and he would have been less than human if he had not felt proud. He was too sane to waste time on contemplation of himself till his task was finished. Moreover he was too sane to allow his just pride to be spoiled by any touch of vanity. We believe him when he assured the Marchioness that he did not think himself infinitely superior to other men simply because he was a very able general; there were, he said, innumerable men who could do something which he could not. This was hardly modesty in the common meaning of the word. It was pure and simple sanity, the absolute good sense of a man whose mind dealt naturally with facts, saw them clearly, and recognised them in a purely scientific spirit. A man of that stamp was sure sooner or later to beat Napoleon, since he was certain to put the nature of things on his side, while the Emperor was no less certain to band them against himself.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ENGLISH VILLAGES.

THE beauty of rural England has always been an article of faith with England's sons scattered all the world over. Long after her climate, her cities, her railroads, manufactures, trade and business characteristics generally have been thrown overboard by the settler in a new country, he still speaks with admiration and pride of the English lanes and hedges, the meadows and streams, the peaceful hamlets nestling among the trees, with the church-towers rising above their red roofs, the village-green with the pond and the donkey and the geese, the old orchards, the farmsteads with their stacks and oast-houses, the gay, old-fashioned flowers in the cottage-gardens, the village-well with its cranky windlass, the upland pastures scattered over with sheep, and the dark plough-lands with the steady procession of the share and the rooks busy with the new-turned earth. These and a hundred other memories are always present to the mind of an Englishman living in the arid Australian bush, or the hideous newness of a mushroom township, and help to keep alive the love of her sons for the old country still called *home* by colonial-born Englishmen who may never have set foot on her shores. Ask a cultured American what strikes him most about England. His answer will nearly always be the same: "England is a garden." The historic buildings of the towns interest him intensely, but the English countryside is a revelation to him from first to last. And when an Englishman has spent some months in a new country and comes back again to

his own, he can realise in some measure the impression it must make on anyone who is unfamiliar with it during the quick rush of the train from Liverpool to London, or through the hop-gardens of Kent from Dover.

Whiles carried over the iron road
We hurry by some fair abode;
The garden bright amidst the hay,
The yellow wain upon the way,
The dining men, the wind that sweeps
Light locks from off the sun-sweet
 heaps,
The gable grey, the hoary roof,
Here now, and now so far aloof.
How sorely then we long to stay
And midst its sweetness wear the day,
And 'neath its changing shadows sit,
And feel ourselves a part of it.

Now there are many countries possessed of as much natural beauty as England, but none whose natural beauties are so centred and summed up in the home-life of a nation. The Englishmen all the world over still thinks of England as the most beautiful country of all, because the Englishman is a great lover of home; and the American's description of England as a garden is the best possible description, because a garden is, as it were, a piece of nature tamed to domesticity, and the beauty of a typical English landscape is in a large measure a kind of domestic or homely beauty. A cultivated garden is a perfecting of the idea of the home which it enshrines; and in a broader manner the pastures and plough-lands, the orchards and corn-fields, the roads and lanes of the countryside take their meaning from the homes which lie scattered among them. The great

house in its park, the parsonage by the church, the farm-house with its barns and rick-yards, the cottage by the roadside, each in its degree represents the spirit of the country, where rich and poor have their homes side by side and find their work and their pleasure in the immediate surroundings of their homes.

The hall, the parsonage, the farm-house and the cottage,—the homes of country folk, roughly speaking, will be one of these. Which is the most important of them all in its effect on the beauty of England? Surely the cottage.

The big house stands away from its poorer neighbours; its entrance-gates are as a rule the only feature which counts in the beauty of a village. The parsonage may have been built forty years ago in the most suburban style of churchwarden Gothic; but if it is content to hide its obtrusiveness behind the trees of its garden it will not spoil the effect of a pretty village. The church matters more; but country churches built in self-conscious times are happily in a minority, and it may generally be counted on not, at any rate, to detract from the rural charm of an English landscape. As for the farm-houses, they are not as a rule to be found in the village proper, and if they are, the old, picturesque ones are more in number than the modern villa-like erections which in some instances have taken their place. It is only the cottages that always count. English villages could be found with the squire's house stuccoed out of all semblance of beauty, or with no squire's house at all, with a vicarage built in 1870 of white brick and blue slates, and farm-houses conceived after the ideals of a Brixton householder, where the most callous contempt for beauty and fitness on the part of those in high places has been powerless to

destroy the effect of the village proper, that is, the homes of the cottagers grouped round a village-green or on either side of a broad road.

But the converse of this does not hold. Given an old manor-house with its beauties only mellowed by the years that have passed since it was planned in its fair perfection, a church and a rectory answering one another like the religious and domestic life of a good man, homesteads standing in simple dignity amidst the garnered riches of the earth,—and half a dozen cottages run up by a speculative builder will spoil it all. Hodge's humble home with its little strip of garden ground has more importance in the beauty of England than my Lord's country seat with its pillars, porticoes, and conservatories, and the gravel-sweep before the chief entrance.

Is it too much to say that in the old days every cottage that was built in England was beautiful? It is not only the beauty of antiquity, the lichen-covered roof, the creeper-covered walls, and the mellow colouring time has thrown over them that charms; it is chiefly the fitness with which the builders of the old times did their work. There is little or no ornament, for ornament is out of place in the homes of those whose lives are far removed from luxury; and ornament cost money in those days, although it seems cheaper than honest simplicity now. The beauty of old cottages lies not in ornament, but in good proportions and good material. It is astonishing how unerring the eye of the builder of earlier times was in the matter of proportion; it is what pleases us most in his work. And as for the material he used, the fact of his work lasting in many cases some hundreds of years speaks enough for his honesty in that respect. Much might be said of the spirit in which the homes of rural England used to

be built in the days when every cottage added to the rest contributed to the beauty of the whole village, and stood among the trees and fields quite at home in its fair surroundings. But we must pass on to consider how the same work is being done to-day.

We live in an age of appreciation. We have learnt something of the rules which underlie art. We know that a great many things which used to be done when people did not know so much as we do were wholly admirable in spite of their ignorance, and we recognise that it is safer for us to work humbly on their lines than to try to strike out something original of our own. We are heartily ashamed of the vulgarities of fifty years ago. In our church-building and our domestic architecture we are determined to have what is good, and we honestly admire it when we have got it. When a new church or new buildings are erected we all have something to say as to whether the architect has been successful or not, and houses for the occupation of the wealthier classes are being built all over England with taste and understanding. What about the cottages?

For every church and school or big house there must be a hundred cottages built in the country every year, and it is no exaggeration to say that ninety-nine of them, so far from adding to the beauty of an English village, do something towards destroying the beauty that already exists. Go through any half-dozen villages in England, and say whether I am not right. The only exceptions are when a land-owner has the taste and the will to save or to add to the beauty of his property, for the occasions on which the local speculative builder, who is responsible for the great majority of these modern eyesores, has the taste and the will to

do something better are so few that they may be left out of account. It cannot be too much insisted on that wherever a new cottage or group of cottages is built in the country to-day it is as a rule so hideous, so out of sympathy with all its surroundings, as definitely to destroy the charm of the spot where it is built from whatever point of view it may be seen. And these brick boxes with slate lids, as they have been well called, are being built all over the country day after day, year after year. Is it not a monstrous thing that the beauty of rural England should be destroyed in this way, destroyed so quickly and so unfailingly, while we are boasting that the ugly, tasteless architecture of the immediate past is becoming more and more rare in buildings of greater pretensions?

Is there no remedy for this growing plague of ugliness, this galloping consumption of what is beautiful in our country?

First of all, who is responsible for it? The responsibility is quite clear. It is the speculative builder, large or small, who is dictating to us what an English village shall look like in a few years' time, when his work shall have spread so that it must be the first thing that strikes the beholder, and not only as it is now, an ugly blot on the good work that still remains. It is in his hands that nearly all this class of building is left. There are authorities set over him to see that his erections are not too insanitary or unsafe; but for all the rest he relies and is permitted to rely on his own native talent, and he can build what he likes so long as his building is not likely to do the one thing we could readily forgive him for, and tumble down. Very often the speculative builder has not even enough capital to build his row of hideous dwellings, but raises a mortgage on them when

they are half finished in order that they may be completed. Of course cheapness is practically his one aim. He may have his own ideas as to beauty in architecture, and, if he is in a position to spend a little more money than is absolutely necessary, he carries them out. The result is worse than if he had no such ideas. But even if he is prepared to spend a few pounds on the nameless vulgarities he calls ornament, so that he may dub the things he perpetrates *villas* instead of *cottages*, there is one item of expense he need never be put to; that is architect's fees. From his point of view one cottage differeth not from another cottage except in size. He is quite capable of preparing the working-plans for his abominations in his own office; and he generally does.

That is the root of the whole matter. The growing taste and understanding of modern architects are not brought to bear on the building of labourers' cottages because architects have no hand in designing them. They are designed by the men who build them, men who are incapable of perceiving that simplicity and even cheapness are not incompatible with beauty, and would be still incapable of using their knowledge if they did perceive it.

Unfortunately there is no law at present that provides for the transportation of the speculative builder, but it might be possible to push him out by slow degrees. There is a tendency in modern life to replace individual and private enterprise by large societies, and however objectionable this may be from some aspects, if an intelligent society, with high ideals and not too greedy for high dividends, could be formed to do the work that is done to-day by the speculative builder, it is difficult to see what objections could be raised

to it. Big landlords are generally averse to building cottages on their estates: they will tell you that cottage property does not pay; but there is no doubt that labourers' cottages are in great demand in most parts of the country, and they must be made to pay somehow or the speculative builder would not be so ready to snap up every half-acre of land that is for sale in a fairly populous parish and cover it with bricks and mortar. A company which was prepared to enter the field against him and build good, but not necessarily expensive, cottages with an eye to beauty where the small builder would only add to his weary tale of ugliness, ought to be able to make at least as good a profit on its expenditure as he is content to do on his. Even then it would take a long time to reduce his power for evil to any marked extent; but in the meantime cannot something be done to improve his manners and to put a stop to some extent to the enormous harm he is doing every day of his naughty life? I put forward the following suggestion.

Could not a Society be formed to supply the small country builder with working-drawings for his erections in place of those he evolves out of his own busy brain? The Society would give prizes for the designs for cottages, and publish working-drawings of those they accepted. The builders could have them for the asking, and if they were backward in asking the Society would make arrangements to press its gifts upon them. It need scarcely be said that a cottage which would cost no more to build than the cheapest of the builder's current iniquities, might be produced in beauty from one of the designs of our Society, and the result would be seen in a very short time throughout the country. I do not think there would be much difficulty with the

builders. The prestige of the Society, which would surely count among its members every architect of repute in England, would have great weight with them; and moreover they would get something for nothing, which would be a great inducement to them to do as they were invited.

It is certainly time that something should be done for the preservation of England from the disease of ugliness which is spreading every day, and done pretty quickly or we shall soon wake up to the discovery that the disease is past remedy. If people would recognise the fact that it is cottage-architecture that has more to do with the beauty of our English country than any other; if they would then look round them and observe what is being done now in

the way of this architecture, and being done extensively and continuously; if they would realise that since the great revival of taste in our own time here is something of great importance that has not revived, but is steadily growing worse and is not likely, under present conditions, ever to improve, I believe there would be a great outcry to prevent the wholesale destruction that is going on, even if resort had to be made to legislative interference. I can only hope that what I have written on the subject here may arouse the attention of at least a few, who perhaps have not thought much about it, to the grave inroads that are being made to-day in the beauty of our English villages.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

A CHILD OF HIS AGE.

MR. GEORGE WARRINGTON STEEVENS, who died last January in Ladysmith, to the great regret of his friends and of many who had never set eyes on him, had only just completed his thirtieth year, yet he was already one of the most outstanding and characteristic figures in that too large field of contemporary literature which goes by the name of journalism. First a scholar in the City of London School, then a scholar of Balliol, and finally elected to a classical fellowship at Pembroke, he won his way by his own brains to purely academic successes; and upon this foundation he built a success that was perfectly unacademic. Nothing in the world could be less scholarly (in the old acceptation of the term) than his best work. There was no trace of the old restraint, the traditional purity of language, the smooth-running periods; what you met in him was exaggerated emphasis, colloquialism pushed to excess, a style with all its angles accentuated rather than modified. Journalism claimed him at once; and in journalism his place was not among the faithful few who still manage to maintain some tradition of academic form in their writing; this highly trained university man found his vocation as the best special reporter of his day.

The thing is less of a paradox than it appears. Mr. Steevens was a scholar if there be any meaning in the word; and in a certain sense his work is scholarly. You may look far in it before you will find a slack or slovenly sentence; the thought is expressed clearly and definitely, though

the form of expression may offend a nice taste, and the best of what he wrote was based, so far as it went, upon knowledge. He had no specious airs of profundity; he did not air the solemn platitudes of the conventional leading-article; he may have sometimes jumped to conclusions, but when he did, he gave you his data. That was the natural outcome of his training, the thing that he was instructed to do. For the Oxford Classical School of to-day does not occupy itself with the niceties of scholarship; it demands and enforces a sound working knowledge of Greek and Latin as the condition without which it will not bestow its hall-mark; but the things which it chiefly inculcates are alert and independent thought, the critical study of testimony, and a faculty of prompt expression. To take the degree which Mr. Steevens took, a man must have mastered two languages and must have acquired a considerable familiarity with the poetry of two great literatures; he must have a certain knowledge of Greek and Roman history, and the methods of historical criticism; and he must have read as much metaphysics as shall enable him to walk easily among the subtleties of argument. Whether this be the ideal training for the average citizen or not may be argued, but there is no better school for a journalist. It stimulates intellectual curiosity, it fosters intellectual readiness; and when Mr. Steevens came away from the University, as he did directly after he had gained his fellowship, whether he knew much or little, he

was at least extremely well equipped to learn.

And as he had received an excellent classical education of the most entirely modern kind, so the first book that he wrote, indeed the only thing which he published other than special correspondence, utilised the classical literatures in the most modern way. Most men, when they interest themselves in a period of history or a historical personage, try to project themselves backwards, endeavouring, so far as possible, to translate their own feelings and ideas into, for instance, their Attic or Roman equivalents. Mr. Steevens went the other way to work. He had enough of the historic imagination to insist upon vivifying the shadowy figures that answer vaguely to great names; but his procedure was to make them speak the language of to-day. And so in his *MONOLOGUES OF THE DEAD* you have Vespasian, the enthroned ranker, dropping his h's and Nero talking in the dialect of the decadents. This was the dramatic method of Browning, (and a very effective one in its way) joined to the theory of modern realism, which demands that every human being must be represented with what it assumes to be his characteristic mode of expression. These people talked presumably each their own slang or their own bookishness in their day, and Mr. Steevens aimed to produce an equivalent in his own tongue, for example, by making Titus talk of a dancer as "that Greek leg-machine." That is to say, this essentially modern young man was determined to give the image that he had in his mind with the utmost degree of actuality; not the emperor as he figures in his busts, but as he might emerge from under the pencil of a caricaturist. The whole thing is somehow too clever to be natural, but presumably it conveys the impression that Mr. Steevens

had formed of Cæsar, Cicero, Augustus, and a score of other figures, impressions sometimes fantastically capricious, like that of Mæcenæ, but always unmistakable and vivid. What manner of human beings these are is perhaps not quite so clear. Emerson said to Carlyle of *THE FRENCH REVOLUTION*: "We have men in your story and not names merely: always men, though I may doubt sometimes whether I have the historic men." That is a doubt which can hardly fail to strike the readers of *MONOLOGUES OF THE DEAD*.

It cannot be denied, however, that he had the power to evoke definite images, and no gift could be more important to the historian. But the natural bent of his mind was not in this direction; not invention but observation was his true talent; not to convey to others a picture that formed itself by a conscious or unconscious effort inside his brain, but to render the impression which he himself received from without. What interested him was the modern world, the thoughts and the sights, the men and the work of men, to be seen and known to-day. He contented himself as a makeshift with studying the great personages of the past, clothing them in the environment of the present, and asking himself what figure they would have cut; but directly he got the chance to see history in the making, he left the study of the past and flung himself, pencil in hand, to the task of recording the pageant of the present as it moved.

His first chance as a correspondent came when *THE DAILY MAIL* sent him to report the Greco-Turkish war; but the work by which he made his most enduring mark is the account of Lord Kitchener's victorious advance to Khartoum, a book which is not exactly a history, but has in spite of its disjointed form an underlying

unity of idea. As journalism the series of despatches was in its own way admirable; as literature no one will deny that they deserve consideration. The interesting question is to consider how far journalism gained by learning from literary art, and how far literature compromised itself by adopting the methods of journalism. The answer in either case is not so easy to give.

Take the book as a book, and, so far as preparation goes, it does not suffer from the conditions under which it was written. Mr. Steevens was master of his subject. It is true that he was a civilian writing of military operations, but a civilian whose intelligence had been specially trained to master the principles of any new subject, and to arrange details in their proper relative importance. He makes no parade of technicalities, but there are many military writers who do not succeed so well in giving the essential facts of a campaign in their true grouping. His work is based on a sound historic grasp of the problem set to the Sirdar, which was to conquer not the Khalifa but the Soudan; and very properly therefore he sketches the history not so much of a war as of a great undertaking, in which the battles were only picturesque and decisive incidents. The first three chapters in the book, which review briefly the English occupation of Egypt, describe the Egyptian army, and eulogise the Soudan Military Railway, are models of relevant statement. But,—and here begins the other side of the account—a journalist is sent out to write, and when he has nothing else to write about he must write about his own movements. The chapters in which he records these, though doubtless highly pleasing to the readers of *THE DAILY MAIL*, have no proper place in the

book. It is only fair, however, to say that when Mr. Steevens writes of his own experiences it is not in order to represent his heroic mastery over circumstances; it is only to supply his paper with readable copy. No correspondent has ever been more modest; none has more placidly accepted the fact that he is a person under orders, and that the interest of his readers cannot be put into competition with the interests of the army. His death evoked from Lord Kitchener (no lover of the class) a strong testimony not only to his ability but to his sense of discipline.

But the question with which we are here concerned is not his merit as a war-correspondent; it is the literary quality of his work. As a whole we have said that the book is spoiled by the inclusion of irrelevant material. Setting that aside, what are we to say of the individual despatches? It is a question of style and method, a question of literary impressionism. The method pursued throughout is that of the novelist. Opinions are not wrought into the continuous text of the narrative; they are given dramatically in the words of the men who uttered them; even facts are put in the same way. If Mr. Steevens wants to convey an idea of the unhealthiness of the Soudan, he does not mention figures; he reproduces a piece of a British Sergeant-Instructor's talk.

"Five we were, and now there's only us two left. Dear, yes; and I slept in Tertius's bed the night before he took it; he was gone and buried forty-eight—no, thirty-six, it was—thirty-six hours later. Ah yes; he was a good fellow too. The way those niggers cried!"

Yes; it is a murderous devil, the Soudan, and we have watered it with more of our blood than it will ever yield to pay for. The man-eater is very grim, and he is not sated yet. Only this time he was to be conquered at last.

The transition is violent ; and perhaps in this instance one objects not to the inset of colloquialism but to the somewhat purple patch of metaphor at the end. Here, if you like, is the taint of journalism. Things cannot be said quietly ; they must be emphasised and over-emphasised. It is the art of the scene-painter, dabbling it on thick. But it is easy to quote a more characteristic and far better passage.

Halfa clangs from morning till night with rails lassoed and drawn up a sloping pair of their fellows by many convicts on to trucks ; it thuds with sleepers and boxes of bully-beef dumped on to the shore. As you come home from dinner you stumble over strange rails, and sudden engine-lamps flash in your face, and warning whistles scream in your ears. As you lie at night you hear the plug-plug of the goods-engine, nearer and nearer, till it sounds as if it must be walking in at your tent-door. From the shops of Halfa the untamed Soudan is being tamed at last. It is the new system, the modern system—mind and mechanics beating muscle and shovel-head spear.

One does not need to say who offers the model for this. Take away the imaginative element from Mr. Kipling's work (Mr. Kipling also began as a journalist, and has perhaps never quite got over his early training,) and this is exactly what you have left. A gentleman comes out from Oxford stuffed up to the lips with ancient history and philosophy, familiar with the best classical models ; but when he wants to record what he has seen, the manner which he adopts, partly by deliberate choice, partly no doubt by instinctive sympathy, is the manner of Mr. Kipling, bristling with slang and technicalities, ready to catch at any collocation of syllables that can suggest a sound and make a word of them, defying the dictionaries, careless of everything except the im-

pression. Mr. Steevens is not one of the new euphuists, whom indeed he has elsewhere parodied ; he does not use strange words, (whether from the dialect of slang or the dialect of poetry) for the sake of their strangeness ; he does not violate the usages without reason. Always his object is to get the physical impression clear and sharp ; and if the suggestive image is undignified, or if the word to be used has no precedent in good authors, dignity and precedent are left to take care of themselves. In his account of the battle of the Atbara you read of a regiment "volleying off the Blacks as your beard comes off under a keen razor." That is of course only a new version of an old metaphor ; if Mr. Steevens does not say "mowing down the Blacks" it is precisely because the metaphor is old. Now, one may admit that in the course of repeated usage a metaphor may become somewhat worn, that it ceases to fulfil its purpose as a metaphor and does not suggest one image by recalling another. But if Mr. Steevens did not choose to take the old metaphor, he was bound to select a new one which should not offend against ordinary taste ; and this choice of a deliberately vulgar image is part of his method. A far worse instance is afforded almost on the same page by his comparison of the dry slope beyond the Atbara, over which the dervishes fled and on which they were shot down, to a fly-paper spotted with the crawling insects. In the desire not to be conventional he falls into the besetting sin of modern art, and mistakes brutality for force, eccentricity for originality. He was too sincere and too good a workman to fall into this error so often and so grievously as many of his fellows, yet his writings afford too many instances of a thing said in a manner chosen

simply for its unfamiliarity or even for its uncouthness. He will write, for example, of a bullet *switch-backing* in and out of the front of a tunic, a neologism as wanton as it is futile. No one would wish to inculcate a slavish respect for tradition, but there is no call to slap Dr. Johnson in the face for the sake of doing so. This horror of convention shows a distrust in the artist's own talent, in many cases well grounded; but Mr. Steevens had no need to distinguish himself by eccentricity, and he ought to have recognised the fact that the true artist is one who, accepting the body of convention and traditions nevertheless contrives to stamp upon the whole the impress of his own personality. To write as Mr. Steevens sometimes did is like dressing oneself as a costermonger to avoid being taken for a churchwarden.

The account of the great fight at Omdurman and the subsequent entry and ceremonies at Khartoum furnish the pages by which this remarkable artist ought really to be judged; and it is certainly a wonderful piece of work. The battle is one of the strangest in history; for though the disproportion in the loss is not unparalleled, nor the greatness of the slaughter, there has never been a fight in which one side was so hopelessly overmatched. The spectacle of huge ranks of men coming on in perfect order across an open in the face of machine-guns, shrapnel and long-range volley-firing will scarcely be seen again; and as a spectacle it was recorded. Mr. Steevens gives excellently the plan of the battle; but the distinctive character of his account, its literary quality, proceeds from its insistence on the actual visual effect. At the time it was compared to a battle-piece of Napier's, but the comparison was ill chosen. Napier's

object was always to give the spirit of the fight; to show how force was brought to bear upon force, by design premeditated or improvised, and to show also the weighty influence of chance. Here and there an individual act of valour was recorded to give the foreground; but he had no concern with the shapes of death. How men fell, how they cried out in falling, how the field was spotted with corpses, was no affair of his; he was busy to represent the battle as it figured in the mind of a commander. Mr. Steevens on the other hand indicates, it is true, the movement of the troops, where they faced, where they moved, how the attack came; but his essential purpose is to suggest a series of pictures; the line of white flying linen coming on; the sudden relaxation of tense figures as a bullet struck them; a dead driver by a dead battery-mule, his whip still glued in his hand; and last of all the group of three left standing round the black flag.

Now under the black flag in a ring of bodies stood only three men, facing the three thousand of the Third Brigade. They folded their arms about the staff and gazed steadily forward. Two fell. The last dervish stood up and filled his chest; he shouted the name of his God and hurled his spear. Then he stood quite still, waiting. It took him full; he quivered, gave at the knees, and toppled with his head on his arms and his face towards the legions of his conquerors.

That is the last word, that individual impression, in the account of the battle. Napier tells you what a general might have seen from an eminence commanding the field. Mr. Steevens relates primarily what one man saw marching with a particular section of the force. The true parallel to his work is furnished not by the historian of the Penin-

sular War, but by another Napier. Charles Napier wrote for his friends the story of his experiences at the battle of Corunna, where he was taken prisoner away in the French lines. It was his object to set down what he saw and what he did: the movements of the army were obscure to him; but the sights and the sounds immediately about him were terribly definite. Only he recorded also,—and it is one of the most interesting records in literature—what he *felt* leading that advance, made useless by Moore's fall. The strange thing about these battle-pictures of Mr. Steevens is their absence of emotion. Yet that is inevitable. As a correspondent, he was bound to describe what he saw; what he himself felt was no concern of the public. But for literature it makes all the difference; and therefore these impressions of battle have a certain untruth, an unreality of impression. A man is not a walking camera impassively taking snap-shots, with a showman attached to supply the necessary explanation; yet that is more or less the effect that these chapters of his produce, considered as literature. If we are to have the impression of a battle, we want its impression on a human personality, not alone on the highly trained human eye, and there is no doubt that so fine an artist would have felt this need, and met it, had his aim been purely artistic. But as a journalist he was there, so to speak, impersonally, bound to be as nearly as possible the human camera; and his method only admitted of an imperfect application. It laboured under two disabilities: first, he was obliged to write down only what he saw and not the way in which it affected him, thus detracting from the totality of the impression; and secondly, he was bound to write of what he did

not see, where the impressionist principle could not have play. These two defects mark the difference between his work and the wonderful pages in which Charles Napier has accomplished the masterpiece in this kind; the only perfect impression of a battle known to this writer. And these disabilities arose from the fact that Mr. Steevens was working not as a novelist or other descriptive writer who can adhere simply to the scope of an individual impression, but was in the service of a newspaper. His very excellence was in a way fatal. His impressionism was so complete and so unsparing that when he is obliged to write of what he did not see,—for instance, of the part played by Broadwood's Egyptian cavalry—the divergence of method becomes apparent and destroys the unity of style. And the need for self-suppression gives an extraordinary coldness. Where the vision is vivid, there must be feeling, but it is not hinted. No man has described the sights of war better; few have been less able to impart its emotions.

It is tempting to compare him with a man whose death fell on the same day, the novelist Richard Blackmore; a man who was a scholar too, but a scholar of the old kind, old-fashioned in this as in everything else. There could not be a greater contrast than between his leisurely pages and the breathless jerky sentences in which the younger man recorded what he had to say. Trained in the same books and by the same languages the older man hugged with a growing fondness the lore which the younger shook off like a cast garment; the one sat at home and tended his fruit-trees; the other (although, it is said, possessed with the longing for a very similar repose) scoured the world to see new faces, hear new languages, and test every new invention. The

younger man in his short life saw many scenes of slaughter; the older never, it is probable, heard a shot fired in anger. And yet if you want the battle-spirit you shall find more of it in *THE MAID OF SKER*, when that admirable story relates the battle of the Nile, or in *ALICE LORRAINE* when Mr. Blackmore inspires himself from Napier's pages to tell how Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo were taken at the point of the bayonet, than breathes in any of these astoundingly clever records of our modern fights, set down by an eyewitness fresh from the fire.

It was not that Mr. Steevens lacked sympathy with the fighter. He was too much a child of the age for that, too proud of the unsubdued barbarian strain in his race. The coldness of which we have spoken was merely a direct result of his theory of art, and the conditions under which he practised it. What he might have done in other circumstances it is useless to conjecture; one can only assert that working under those conditions he could have done nothing better than he did and he might have lived to do many things worse. His tiresome book on India seems to suggest the inevitable end of the violent highly adorned style to which he had committed himself. On the other hand some unsigned work in *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*, now recognised as his, shows a very different treatment, a less obtrusive manner, and, one should add, a knowledge as well as an ability which honours his training. As a correspondent, not merely as a literary man, he set a fine example of clear-sighted independence. Sent to report on the Dreyfus trial, he formed an impression to

state which would gravely compromise his popularity at home, and he recorded it unsparingly. His acuteness was truly remarkable, as the writer of this notice had the chance to observe when Mr. Steevens was sent to report on the rumour of an Irish famine. Entirely strange to the country, and placed among people whose pious care it was, if possible, to deceive him, he judged with amazing accuracy and promptness both the reality and the exaggeration of the need.

But it is superfluous to add a panegyric to those already written by men who spoke with more knowledge. Our endeavour has been merely to examine the qualities of his very unusual literary gift and to indicate how they were influenced by the conditions under which he exercised it. Unlike the letters from India, the last of his battle-pieces, the account of the action at Elands Laagte and the bivouac with the wounded on the hill, proves that his powers had as yet lost nothing when a fit subject was found for them. It still does not catch the thrill of battle; it does not even touch the emotions which respond so instantly when Napier writes, "Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry"; yet at least in the latter part of the sorrowful but glorious story, the correspondent allows himself to suggest eloquently his own feeling when he writes of the slow-dragging hours of darkness, the cruel rain, the patient fortitude of the sufferers, the impartial humanity shown to friend and foe, and the swift capable ministrations of one doctor at work among a hundred wounded men.

THE CAMPAIGN OF DOUAL.

CHAPTER VII.

As they neared the top of the hill the noise of the artillery cannonade, which hitherto, in its dull and intermittent rumblings, had sounded like distant thunder, grew louder and louder. The firing clearly came from the higher ground, and Walter was very anxious to see what he could, but his orders being to keep to the road he contented himself with sending his mounted flankers scrambling up the slope, that he might be informed of any change in the situation which was likely to affect his command. Fitzgerald, however, was bound by no such restrictions and, pushing his bicycle before him, he quickly climbed the ascent and disappeared over the crest.

Walter's view was now very much restricted, owing to the winding of the road, which ran along the bottom of the valley as already described; calling in therefore one of the mounted scouts on his right, he sent him trotting along the road to insure his party against surprise from the front. He had scarcely given this man his orders when the sharp crackle of musketry broke out quite close to him (though no men could be seen firing), followed almost immediately by a shower of dust and masonry flying from a mill about three hundred yards to his front and on the far bank of the river. The mill had clearly been struck by a shell, though by whom fired there was nothing to show. A second shell exploded with a blinding flash almost in the same place, and in another instant the mill

burst into flames. Walter halted his little party, undecided for the moment what course to pursue. The battery firing was evidently hidden from his view by the winding of the road, and he judged that an attempt was being made to obtain a range from the fact that the shells were being fired with a percussion instead of with a time fuse, the usual fuse when guns are engaged with infantry. Walter had never seen a shell burst so near him before, and though no splinters fell within fifty yards of him he felt that a call was about to be made on his courage and resource. He quickly extended his party across the little valley, the men going to his right fording the stream and moving parallel to the road along which they had hitherto been marching. No more shells came, and the skirmish-line marched steadily on unmolested. The sound of firing now grew louder and appeared to come from both sides of the valley, but still nothing was to be seen. When the line was within some fifty yards of the turn in the course of the stream, from which Walter expected to see something of what was going on in front, the sharp note of a whistle drew his attention to his captain, whom he saw signalling violently to him to close his section. Walter repeated his signal, and in another moment the skirmish-line had resumed its original formation on the highway. The men were excited, and showed their disappointment at being called back from what they regarded as the commencement of a fight. The senior sergeant with the section, a soldier of experience who had fought both in China

and in Africa, took this opportunity of reminding Walter that he had forgotten to give the order to charge magazines before ordering the men to extend. "It's all right, sir," he added; "I passed the word as we moved out, and the men are all charged, sir. I saw as you 'ad forgotten it."

Walter felt humiliated. "I'm much obliged to you, Sergeant Spencer," was all he said, but his confidence in himself was sadly shaken for the moment. It was fortunate that the improved magazines had been substituted for the old pattern, and that in consequence it was possible to fill the magazine with one motion, otherwise his act of omission could hardly have escaped notice.

Carstairs now signalled for the advanced party to halt, and accordingly Walter and his men sat down by the side of the road to wait for the rest of the battalion. Each company as it came up halted, and in a few minutes the road was lined by soldiers strewn in groups along its edge, some chatting in excited whispers but most of them listening in silence to the din of the firing now so close to them. The Colonel rode up to the head of the column, accompanied by the adjutant and senior major, and all three dismounted and stood listening in silence.

"Have you an idea of what's going on, sir?" asked Carstairs.

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel, "our advance has been stopped for the moment. The enemy appear to have developed some strength in front, especially on our right front, and we are waiting till our guns come up. I think the General calculates on being able to shell them out, when the cavalry will go on again if possible. If not we shall have a go in." Then turning to Walter, who was listening in the background, he went

on: "Are your magazines charged, Mr. Desmond? Good, then we are all ready. Look, there go the guns," and Colonel Daunt pointed towards the little bridge spanning the stream some two hundred yards or so in rear of them, across which the leading subdivision of the three batteries was now moving at a trot. Range-takers and a couple of officers galloped on ahead up the sandy track and quickly disappeared behind some copses on the crest of the hill. As the batteries crossed the bridge in succession and came to the foot of the ascent, the pace was increased, and in clouds of dust, the drivers spurring and flourishing their whips, the horses plunging and straining furiously at their traces, the heavy guns rattled and clattered out of sight after the range-takers.

The Brigadier and his staff now crossed the bridge and cantered up the hill after the guns, while the officers lounging beside the road watched curiously for the next act in the drama. In a few minutes the waggons appeared again, halting in a long line, of which only the nearer end was visible to the spectators below, the horses' heads turned to the rear. The guns had evidently unlimbered and were about to come into action. Almost instantly the batteries opened fire, adding a nearer crash to the heavy booming which already echoed and re-echoed along the valley. The men of the halted battalions sprang to their feet, and watched with eagerness for any sign that the enemy had discovered the position of the artillery, but for some minutes they watched in vain. The men running to and fro with ammunition between the waggons and the guns were visible, though the guns themselves were out of sight; and the rapidity with which these men moved, combined with the incessant din of the cannonade, showed that the new

quick-firing artillery was acting up to its name, and that a veritable hail of fire was being poured on the unseen enemy. A bright flash, accompanied by a small cloud of white smoke which rapidly drifted away to leeward, appearing in the air slightly to the rear of the line of waggons, at last showed that the French artillery had found the true direction of the fire which must have been causing them considerable annoyance. This flash denoted the bursting of a shrapnel shell, and the track of its bullets could be plainly traced in the spurts of dust which flew in every direction on the brown hill-side and on the sandy road up which the guns had passed on their way into position. The first shrapnel was followed by many more, at first bursting too much in rear of the guns to cause any damage, but at last the enemy appeared to have got the range, a fact which was notified by the sudden stampede down the hill of the horses in one of the waggons. Of these four horses one was evidently killed, and was dragged along, an inert mass, by its panic-stricken comrades, who plunged madly down the slope, the waggon bounding behind them like a toy, till it overturned in the descent, throwing down the remaining wheel-horse with it, and prisoning by its weight the other terrified animals. Half a dozen men came racing down the hill after the runaways, while other men ran to the horses of the remaining waggons to guard in some measure against a repetition of the accident. But the enemy's shells came thick and fast; more horses were hit; men were to be seen from below dragging themselves, sorely stricken, to the shelter of the copses; while others lay motionless, dotted here and there on the ground. Still the fury of the cannonade was as great as ever, and the stream of men carrying ammuni-

tion to the guns darted backwards and forwards as energetically as before.

The infantry soldiers below, seeing this struggle raging so fiercely before their eyes, began to fret and murmur at their enforced inaction; but their time was coming. Even while they watched, the Brigadier's aide-de-camp was seen to emerge at a gallop from behind one of the woods; straight for them he rode, forcing his horse down the steep incline, half sliding, half stumbling, crash into the gravelly bed of the little stream, the water rising to his stirrup-irons, then a scramble and a flounder up the steep bank, and he arrived, breathless, excited, his face flushed, his voice hoarse. "Colonel Daunt, you are to take your battalion across the stream, to move up the valley under cover of the far slope, till your leading files are about where that chapel is, then up the slope, sir, and the General says you are to see what you can do against the enemy's artillery; they are bothering our gunners a good deal. You will probably come under fire, sir, as you rise the hill. The range from our guns to the enemy is three thousand five hundred yards." He put spurs to his horse to ride down the road towards the other battalions of the brigade, and, as he galloped off, he turned in his saddle to add, "The remainder of the brigade will support you, sir."

Colonel Daunt waved his hand in token that he understood, and signed to the men to fall in. No second order was needed. In less than a minute the column was reformed, the mounted officers' horses being led in rear by the grooms; the mounted scouts were ordered to remain in the valley, keeping touch as far as possible, and the movement commenced. The Colonel himself led the way. Leaving the road, the battalion, still

in fours, plunged down the steep bank into the stream, the men laughing and springing from shallow to shallow in their eagerness, and, gaining the other bank, pressed swiftly on, past the smouldering ruins of the mill, to where the chapel indicated by the aide-de-camp stood alone surrounded by its little burying-ground. Here a sandy cart-track led up the incline behind a small wood which clothed part of the hill-side, and then in front of another straggling plantation. Into this second wood the Colonel led the battalion which lined the edge next the enemy, the men lying down under cover in single rank about one pace apart. This movement was carried out in almost absolute silence, the orders being communicated to each company in turn by the signals of their captains. As the battalion lay now, its extreme right rested on the high ground, its left on the side of the slope, the whole concealed by the undergrowth and the shadow. The men lay still, raising themselves on their elbows and endeavouring to peer over the brambles and bracken at the distant enemy. Colonel Daunt and his second-in-command stood erect, keeping in the shadow of the trees, searching the country in front of them for any sign of the position of the guns they were ordered to attack. The sun was now well up in the heavens, it being after eight o'clock, and the numerous small clouds flying before the brisk east wind flitted across its face, throwing shadows which, as they passed swiftly over the surface of the land, had a strange resemblance to distant bodies of cavalry moving at speed. The country continued open and undulating in character, but the undulations appeared to reach a greater height in the distance, and it was along these distant crests that Colonel Daunt

searched with his glass for some sign of the hostile guns.

The friendly shadow of a passing cloud, by throwing into prominence the flashes of the enemy's guns, flickering continuously along a distant crest fringed with a row of poplars, soon showed whence the hostile fire was coming. Calling Captain Carstairs to him, the Colonel pointed out the enemy, and ordered him to extend his company sufficiently to cover the whole front of the battalion, and to lead straight on the foe. "And take care," he added, "not to mask the fire of our guns. Don't go too much to your right."

Number one company, being on the right and consequently in earshot of the Colonel, the men were already on their feet as Carstairs turned to them. A brief order from their captain, repeated in low tones by the section-commanders, and the company, springing with a muffled cheer over the brushwood in their path, bounded from the dark shadow of the wood into the bright sunlight and, throwing their rifles on their shoulders, strung themselves out into a long skirmish-line. The officers and section-commanders ran out in front, their captain carefully watching that the true direction was preserved, a task which was specially entrusted to a selected corporal who marched in rear of the centre man.

As Walter ran to his place in front of his men, he felt his heart throbbing violently; the order to move had come as a relief to him, and he wondered whether the nerves of his men were as keenly strung as were his own. Looking to right and left of him, his face towards the company, his back to the foe, walking backwards and correcting mechanically the distance and dressing of his men, he had an opportunity for studying their demeanour.

Most of these men were Irishmen, men of an excitable race; few of them had ever seen a shot fired in anger, yet there was little sign of uneasiness or nervousness among them. Their faces were set and eager, but their bearing was cool and soldierly, and they looked to their directing flank and corrected little errors in the evenness of the line, or in their distance from their comrades, with as much quickness as if in the drill-field at home.

The extension completed, Walter now turned his eyes anxiously to the right and left to see what he could of the situation elsewhere. On his right columns of dense smoke rising about a mile off showed that the village of Clenleu was in flames, and the heavy booming of artillery in that direction told that the invader was being sternly resisted all along the line. On his left, on the north side of the valley from which they had just come, a forward movement was being made. No troops were visible, but the dust-clouds betrayed their passage. The firing in that direction had stopped. Dust rose also from the valley, showing that men were being pushed forward there also. The bulk of the Fusiliers were moving under cover of the high ground, keeping just below the crest on the south side of the stream; the Colonel had remounted his horse, and was riding, map in hand, studying the configuration of the ground, and indicating to the battalion the path to pursue to avoid coming into view of the foe. Walter had seen many field-days on the Wiltshire downs which precisely resembled this action so far as it had gone: the country too was very similar; but recalling the artillery-conflict which he had just witnessed, though only from a distance, he realised that there was a difference indeed. As they advanced they could hear the shells passing over their heads; at

least they seemed to be doing so, with a rushing noise like that made by a great bird in its flight. The whole air seemed full of this queer swishing sound, dominating even the louder note of the cannon and the crack of the bursting shells. Yet no bullet fell near them. The thin extended line of grey-clad men, moving over the drab surface of the stubble-fields, had clearly so far escaped the observation of the enemy. Walter began to wonder how long it would do so. As they advanced the cannonade behind them became more and more violent; the British artillery had been reinforced, but the additional volume of fire seemed to have no effect on that of the French, which flickered away as steadily as ever under the distant poplars.

As the line advanced it constantly passed into dips and hollows which completely screened it from view; as the ground rose again, scouts would run forward and peer over the crest to ensure the advancing skirmishers against surprise. Between them and the enemy was a long wood, which Walter saw was marked on his map Bois Noel, and it became important to ascertain if this was held by the enemy. Luckily the northern end of it reached into the valley, and Colonel Daunt was therefore able to send on his mounted scouts, who, quickly and cautiously entering it at the lower end, soon signalled to the advancing line that it was clear. This was indeed a piece of good fortune. As they drew near to the wood the enemy's guns were hidden from their sight, but when they reached the far side of it they would be within a thousand yards or so of their objective, and it was probable that their attack would then commence in earnest. Time was important, so, on a signal from their captain, the company broke into a run, and quickly gained the

shelter of the friendly trees. The line was now halted while Colonel Daunt and Carstairs advanced cautiously to the far edge to reconnoitre. On their return in a couple of minutes, the section-commanders were called to the front and told to halt their men some fifteen paces from the further edge, and to commence a careful independent fire on the guns, which would be seen only about eleven hundred yards away. "Tell your men," said the Colonel, "that if they only fire half as well now as they have done at home they will drive the enemy from their guns in five minutes." The non-commissioned officers grinned and ran back to their sections, and in another moment the line plunged on in the shadows of the wood, brushing their way through the undergrowth, the dry sticks crackling under their tread. The section-leaders and officers moved cautiously in front, till the sunlight flickering through the rustling leaves warned them that the edge of the plantation was near. Signing to their men to halt, each officer then crept on, till, between the slender trunks of the trees, he could see the open country beyond smiling under the bright morning sun. There was no need now for field-glasses; there, about eleven hundred yards off, the hostile artillery was plainly in view. They were standing on a plateau, the ground in front of them rising slightly, but not sufficiently to screen them from the eager eyes scanning them from the shadow of the trees. The line ran slightly diagonally to the position of the Fusiliers, the furthest guns being better hidden by a rise of ground. The waggons and limbers were withdrawn, all but those on the extreme right being out of sight, but their position was shown by the stream of men running to and fro with ammunition. They were suffering considerably from the British artillery. Two

guns were disabled, one lying on its side, the other overturned; glasses showed the dead lying in clusters here and there, while the wounded were being continually helped or carried to the rear, whence fresh men came running forward to take their places. The batteries were enveloped in clouds of fine dust, blowing away as fast as it was raised by the stream of shrapnel bullets, but smoke there was none.

Quickly and cautiously the skirmishing line established themselves in position. Each man settled himself comfortably on the moss-covered ground, loaded his rifle, adjusted his sights, range-finders being used from each flank and the result passed along in a whisper, and waited the order to fire. This came quickly, and at once the stillness of the wood was broken by the sharp metallic crackle of the rifles. The officers, crouching behind their men, watched the effect of their fire carefully through their glasses; the men fired steadily, without excitement, occasionally slightly shifting their position, or raising themselves on their elbows to note the effect of their shots on the artillery. This effect was startling. In less than a minute from the order to open fire the whole line of guns had been swept as by a hail of lead, and the gunners, such as were not struck down at once, had fled to the friendly shelter of the dip beyond, whence their officers could be seen vainly trying to force them back to their duty. The batteries were in fact silenced before the French could ascertain whence this deadly fire came; the direction of the wind carried the sound of it, at no time very loud, away to the west, while the wood effectually concealed the persons of the riflemen. Other little belts of woodland ran along the valley, if that name could be given to such a slight depression, and the

enemy might equally well be in any one of these. Convinced at last that it was hopeless to attempt to fight their guns under so deadly a fire, a gallant effort was made to withdraw them. The teams and limbers came at a gallop over the brow, crashing across the high-road between the poplars, and, wheeling round, backed to the guns. The artillerymen sprang to their places, but again the merciless storm of lead swept the plateau, the renewed activity of the British artillery now adding to the terrific fire of the rifles. Through the clouds of dust caused by the struggling teams and the tempest of bullets, the French gunners could be seen for a moment in one last gallant effort; then those who remained alive broke and fled, and the plateau was left deserted save by the dead and wounded and the abandoned guns.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Fusiliers ceased firing; some of them stood up and gazed on the havoc they had made; others, more phlegmatic, occupied themselves in counting the cartridges they had expended, and in wiping out the barrels of their heated rifles. While they were thus standing idle, there was a sudden crash in the branches of the trees overhead, as if some one with a gigantic stick had dealt the tree-tops a violent blow, and simultaneously a shower of twigs and small branches fell around them. In a moment the men sank again to the ground, while the officers swept the front eagerly with their field-glasses in search of the new foe. A series of volleys on their left told them that their own infantry had discovered the enemy, who indeed now became visible at a range of some seven hundred yards, crowning the heights above the village of Hucqueliers. The

ground was bare of cover, but the men lay just on the crest, their blue coats and *kepis* conspicuous on the light soil, and the sun sparkling on their rifle-barrels and on the brass ornaments of their caps. The Fusiliers were discovered at last. The volleys came thick and fast, most of them fortunately too high, but a man in front of Walter suddenly rose to his feet, and fell again, falling awkwardly with his legs twisted under him. He never stirred again, but lay as he fell; a thin stream of blood began to trickle slowly from under the greatcoat strapped across his back, and Walter realised that he was dead. Another man, rising from his place, took a few paces to the rear, and began to retch violently. The whole air was full of the humming noise of the bullets, broken by the whip-like sounds of their hitting the trees or the men firing underneath them. Walter felt furiously angry with the man who was sick behind him. "Here, damn you," he shouted, but his voice was husky and the back of his throat felt curiously dry, "come back to your place!" The man obeyed in silence, smiling faintly, his face very white. Walter watched him, and was relieved to see him lie down and begin to fire again as steadily as ever.

Several men were hit by this time, but the superior skill of the British riflemen, combined with their advantage in position, soon told on the enemy, who were probably only endeavouring to delay the advance of the invaders for a brief interval, and the firing of the French ceased as suddenly as it had begun. At the same moment they disappeared from the ridge which they had been lining, and as they vanished from view, the company which had been firing from the wood rose also to their feet and moved forward till they were

outside the shelter which they had found such a useful screen. No orders to advance were given. Carstairs moved forward mechanically, Walter and the other officers unthinkingly did the same, the men following them, and the whole company halted in little groups, gazing in the direction in which the French troops had disappeared. While standing thus, Major Rivers, the second-in-command, galloped up the hill from the left, and told Carstairs to advance with his men on to the plateau. Other companies of the battalion, moving up from the low ground on the left, were already in motion in this direction, so Carstairs quickly gave the necessary orders and his company, resuming their loose formation, strode forwards towards the hill on which they had so lately been raining bullets. The men of the bearer-company, with a surgeon, who had been in the rear of the brigade during the march, were already moving the wounded to the rear of the wood, where a temporary dressing-station had been established. While the company was advancing Carstairs ordered his section-commanders to check over their men and report the absentees, and it was then discovered that seven men out their original strength of ninety-seven had been left behind in the wood; but how many of these had been killed, and how many wounded, it was at that time impossible to say.

While the companies of the firing-line were being thus pushed forward, the mounted scouts of the brigade had already cantered on to the ridge which the French had abandoned, and, leaving one of their number in charge of their well-trained horses, commenced a deliberate fire into the valley. As Walter glanced at them stretched at full length on the ground, with which the colour of their clothing harmonised to perfection, the horses

standing with drooping heads in a cluster, the man in charge watching the actions of his comrades, he was reminded very much of some pictures he had once seen of the old-time Boers fighting in the war of 1881. They clearly had a good target as their fire was fast and well sustained, and Walter felt a pity for the French exposed to the aim of those quick-sighted sharpshooters. At the same moment field-guns began to bark sharply from the north side of the valley in which lay the village of Hucqueliers; Walter could not see them owing to some intervening trees, but had little doubt that they were the horse-batteries of the advanced guard following up the retreating foe. Looking to his right, the ground over which they had marched to the wood was already covered with troops. So far as he could see, cavalry patrols, supported by larger bodies, were moving briskly forward. The sight was a very picturesque one. The little groups of horsemen, preceded in most cases by single troopers, the officers cantering here and there, and in the rear larger bodies seeming in the distance to be merely whirling masses of dust, the whole moving rapidly forward with much chink and jingle of bridle, bit, and spur, formed a scene which long remained impressed on Walter's memory.

The leading patrols had pushed over the plateau and disappeared from the sight of the infantry before the latter reached the deserted guns. As they passed through the silent batteries, the men glanced curiously at the wreck, which showed unmistakably the severity of the fire to which it had been exposed. Walter was surprised to find that all the guns were fitted with shields, so that the men actually working the weapons must have been fairly well protected from direct fire down to the knees;

but from the oblique direction in which the Fusiliers had been able to attack, these shields had been of little real service, and in any case the impossibility of bringing up ammunition must have silenced the batteries. On both guns and limbers there was hardly a square inch without the white star of the bullet; woodwork was splintered in every direction, and some of the dead, both men and horses, lying on all sides, but chiefly in rear of the guns, bore the most appalling wounds. In this wreck of humanity some were still alive, and many were the cries for help and for water as the British strode past. Carstairs gave water from his flask to several, as did Walter and O'Neil, the second subaltern of the company, while Carstairs cheered the sufferers by pointing out the slight figure of a surgeon running up the slope, a party of bearers with him, and an orderly dragging at his heels a refractory pack-mule. "Voilà," he said in his halting French, "on vous apporte de secours."

Pitiful as was the scene, however, and strong as was their desire to help these poor maimed and wounded wretches, the attention of Walter and his comrades was quickly diverted to what was passing in their front. As they crossed the crest of the high ground they saw before them at a distance of rather less than a mile the villages of Avesnes and Herly, a picturesque group of red-tiled houses, with here and there a church-spire rising from their midst. Between them and these villages, which formed practically only one collection of buildings, the ground appeared to be fairly level, consisting of a stretch of shaven stubbles ending only in the gardens and small enclosures surrounding the nearest houses. No cover was to be found on this bare plain, and that cover would be

eminently desirable was soon made clear by the singing of the rifle-bullets through the poplars under which the Fusiliers were standing. The cavalry, too, who a few minutes before had so gaily trotted over the ridge, were now to be seen cantering rapidly back to the cover afforded by the ridge on which the French guns had stood, little dark patches here and there on the plain showing where some of the French bullets had found a billet in the body of a British trooper. As the cavalry came sweeping back to cover, many anxious eyes were directed to the dust-clouds, moving in parallel lines across the valley they had just left, which indicated our approaching artillery. In obedience to Carstairs's signal the skirmishing line lay down while the officers, kneeling in front of their men, carefully reconnoitred the distant houses through their glasses. Nothing was to be seen of the enemy, who were apparently occupying the villages and surrounding enclosures in some force, judging from the rapidity with which their volleys spurted up the dust around the thin line of the invaders and rattled with vicious, whip-like cracks among the foliage of the poplars. The bullets came thick and fast but nobody was hit; the range was excessive, and it is most probable that the French soldiers could see nothing of the enemy at whom they were firing.

While Carstairs was still busy with his field-glasses and waiting for the word to advance, a cyclist orderly came wheeling rapidly along the high-road leading from the village of Hucquelières, now slightly in their left rear. Walter noticed him first, and saw him stop and hand a despatch to the adjutant of the Fusiliers. Through his glass Walter could plainly see the adjutant hand it to Colonel Daunt,

who glanced at it, gave it back to the orderly, and pointed in the direction of Carstairs's company. The man remounted and came racing along the road, running the gauntlet of numerous unaimed bullets as he did so. The little spurts of dust flying now in front, now beside, and again behind his wheel showed how narrow were his escapes, but the rider came on unheeding till he reached the line to which he had been directed. Carstairs rose from his knees and took the message, standing unconcernedly reading it, though the air appeared to be full of those venomous humming bullets. He glanced at the note, gave it back to the bearer with a laconic "All right," and resumed his position in front of his men. The orderly saluted and rode off. "We are to stay where we are," said Carstairs, "till the guns have turned the enemy out of the village, so we can have a ten minutes' nap if we like." Some of the men grinned, and promptly proceeded to stretch themselves out as if to take their captain's advice, but the majority found quite enough to occupy their thoughts in the scenes going on around them.

Carstairs sauntered over to Walter, sat down beside him and lighted a cigar, and then, pulling the wide brim of his hat over his eyes and clasping his hands round his knees, fixed his gaze steadily on the distant houses of the villages screening the French, the outlines of which were now beginning to shimmer and dance in the mirage caused by the heat of the powerful August sun. The bullets still continued their monotonous droning through the air around them, though they no longer came in volleys or as thickly as before. Clearly the enemy was slackening his fire, either previous to a retirement or for want of a sufficient target. Walter occupied himself in taking in the situation as well

as he could. On his right, within half a mile of the skirmishers, the village of Manninghem, standing on the high-road in front of which they were lying, was on fire, the flames burning furiously in the high wind and sending long streams of black smoke blowing into the faces of the artillery coming up from the rear, and of the cavalry who were standing by their horses on the low ground behind the village. Looking directly behind him he could see two surgeons busy with the French wounded, most of whom had been already moved into a little hollow out of sight from the road, though the surgeons, as they rose from beside the sufferers or moved from one to another, came momentarily into view. An ambulance, with its white hood and the red cross of Geneva conspicuous on its side, was standing ready to remove the men when ready, the horses standing listlessly with drooping heads, the driver dozing on his seat. Looking away to his left, across the valley in which stood Hucqueliers, the clouds of dust showed that the forward movement in that direction was still in progress, and similar clouds rising from the hills along the valley showed that the road was full of troops pushing to the front. Occasionally the dull murmur of distant artillery-fire was audible, but it was impossible to say from what direction it was proceeding.

CHAPTER IX.

SUDDENLY Walter became aware that the bullets had ceased, and as he made this discovery he was attracted by the renewal of the cavalry advance. Clearly their leader had decided that the villages were evacuated, as he now sent his patrols cantering out over the ridge across the plain, the supporting squadrons trotting after them at a short inter-

val. As they advanced they were overtaken by their horse-artillery, which now followed some hundred yards or so behind the rearmost files of the cavalry. The whole force passed between the recumbent skirmishers and the burning village of Maninghem, and Walter had thus a clear view of them, many of the officers and troopers waving their hands cheerily to him as they passed. But the dust was tremendous; the front ranks only could be clearly seen, the remainder moving shrouded in the dense and fleecy clouds which even the strong wind failed to dissipate. The artillery came quite close to the Fusiliers, and showed plain signs of having undergone a rough experience. Many of the drivers and gunners had bandaged heads or arms, and the horses, caked in dust and sweat, looked jaded and tired after their long morning's work and the dusty jog across the plain in pursuit of their cavalry. More than one of the waggons was short of horses, a fact eloquent of casualties; but the spirit of both officers and men appeared to be buoyant and a good deal of chaff was exchanged between the latter and the Irish soldiers of the infantry. For a moment Walter wished that he was an artillery-officer. He was fascinated by the workmanlike air of the batteries, with their active well-bred horses, with their sturdy broad-chested drivers, whose bronzed faces were now beaded with perspiration, with their sinewy lean-flanked gunners swaying easily in their saddles, smart in spite of their drab-coloured loose-fitting jackets; and behind the teams the long wicked-looking guns, their muzzles now meekly pointing towards the ground, those muzzles still hot from the devastating death they had so lately been hurling into the enemy's ranks.

As they jingled gaily past, Carstairs and Walter both rose to their feet to get a better view of their proceedings. Evidently the intention of the cavalry was to find out what was going on behind the villages from which the French had just been firing, and with this end in view the scouts moved well out to the flanks so as to get a peep into the hidden land. That the enemy had not retired very far was soon clear enough. The scouts came flying helter-skelter back on the main body, and close at their heels came a great rapidly moving column of dust, which obviously screened a considerable force of French cavalry. Through the dun clouds the sun sparkled on helmets, lance-points, and sabres, and the noise of their horses' feet on the hard ground was borne clearly on the wind to the ears of the expectant infantry. As they moved rapidly across the front of the British horsemen, they disappeared momentarily from view into a hollow, the existence of which had not been previously suspected by Walter. Meanwhile our men were not idle. The whole force, which Walter estimated to be a brigade of three regiments, wheeled to their right and moved off at a smart trot in a direction parallel to that on which their enemy was advancing, forming as they moved, so far as Walter and Carstairs could see, into three parallel columns, each in column of squadrons. The artillery, pulling up into a walk, moved warily after their cavalry, ready to unlimber at a moment's notice. The dust, rising from the hollow into which the French had disappeared, indicated the progress they were making, and as the clouds drifted nearer to the road leading into Avesnes, a road which they would undoubtedly have to cross in

view if they did not alter their direction, the guns were unlimbered with extraordinary rapidity and pointed towards the village, the men springing to their weapons.

Scarcely had the horse-artillery thus prepared for action than a screaming hurricane of shrapnel came with a crash upon them, overthrowing men and horses in one hideous *mêlée*. Never was overthrow more complete; the stricken batteries had not even time to fire a gun before destruction overtook them. Where a moment before stood the even line of guns, the men busy round them, was now a hell of flame and dust, from which came the cries of men in agony, the shrieks of mangled horses, and the incessant crash of bursting shells. From this inferno maddened and panic-stricken horses came racing across the plain, some of them with their riders still clinging to their saddles, the whole passing the infantry, for the moment petrified with horror at the suddenness of the blow, in one mad whirlwind rush. Carstairs was the first to recover his presence of mind. Swiftly sweeping the horizon with his glass, he succeeded in detecting a flicker of bright flashes which, sparkling like pin-points in the sun, betrayed the situation of the French batteries. They appeared to be slightly withdrawn behind the rising ground on the west side of the high-road between Wicquinghem and Herly, in front of the poplar-trees lining the thoroughfare, as they lined nearly all the main roads in the district. While the infernal rain of shells on the shattered British guns was still continuing, though those exposed to the fire were mostly beyond the possibility of further injury, Colonel Daunt himself came galloping up the slope from the left of the line. "Have

you made them out, Carstairs?" he asked eagerly. "Good; then take your own men and Stephens's company and try to get in close enough to stop them. I have told Stephens to go on with you. Go on at once." Carstairs sprang to the front; a note on his whistle, a wave of his arm, and the line, now consisting of two companies, or about a hundred and eighty men in all, was again in motion, officers and section-leaders in front, many a muttered exclamation showing the delight with which the men received the order to attempt to avenge the destruction of their comrades.

Meanwhile what had happened to the cavalry? Very fortunately for the British horsemen, the French cavalry intervened between them and the lurking death which had so terribly destroyed their gunners. Of this they were not at the time conscious; in fact they trotted on, on a course parallel to that followed by the enemy, all unconscious of the blow they had received. As the Fusiliers pressed forward Walter could see the pillars of dust, following the movements of the mounted troops, now swaying nearer to each other, now opening to a greater distance, as the watchful leaders at one moment threatened a charge, at another manœuvred to gain an exposed flank, incessantly striving to obtain that advantage of position which would ensure a successful onslaught. The strain on the nerves of both officers and men during those few moments must have been terrible; such tension could not be long maintained, and at last Walter saw the English columns wheel like lightning into line and dash like a steel-tipped avalanche on the head of the hostile column, as the French emerged from the hollow which had momentarily screened them from the infantry. The French formed line no less quickly

and galloped forward to meet the charge; but they fought at an initial disadvantage owing to the rising ground they moved on and to the short distance they had to traverse, which did not allow the horses to reach their full speed. As the British wheeled to charge, the Maxims on their galloping-carriages which had moved out to the flanks in anticipation of this movement, played for an instant with fearful effect on the close-ranged ranks of the French. Only for an instant was their fire possible, owing to the speed at which the squadrons moved, but in that short space they did terrible execution, bringing scores of men and horses to the ground and throwing the French into a disorder which gave the weight and impetus of the British charge an additional advantage. The thunder of the charge, followed by the awful shock of the actual collision, was clearly audible to the advancing skirmishers, who would fain have halted to watch the struggle had not their officers sternly reminded them of their duty. The conflict was fierce and obstinate; the second lines of both French and British crashed headlong into the *mêlée*, which was now shrouded with a dense pall of dust through which the sunlight sparkled on sword and lance, while the muffled roar of the iron hoofs on the hard ground and the loud cries, shouts, and curses of the contending troopers were borne clearly on the wind to the lines of the British. Almost instantly on the collision riderless horses began to gallop from the tumult; some raced wildly over the stubble-fields, others, neighing shrilly, galloped up to the third line of the British, which, still in column of squadrons, was moving slowly on the outskirts of the struggling mass, waiting for an opportunity to intervene with decisive results. As Walter watched, fascinated by

the glimpses he was able to obtain of the furious conflict, and pacing onward with mechanical strides, his field-glasses constantly to his eyes, he could see men on foot continually emerging from the dust-clouds screening the combatants: some of these men would run hither and thither with uncertain steps, finally collapsing on the ground; others would run, as steadily and with set purpose, either towards the French or British lines; others again would stagger a few paces from the fray, pause a moment, and then with brandished sword rush fiercely back into the dim shadows, to appear no more.

All this time, which after all was but a matter of two or three minutes, the *mêlée* was gradually shifting its position, and ever moving further eastward, a sign which Walter joyfully interpreted as significant of the success of the British, our third line, ever watchful, still hovering on the outskirts of the fight and ever keeping the conflicting masses between them and the enemy's guns. These guns had now ceased firing and took no notice of the little grey specks, strung out in so long a line, every moment drawing nearer to them across those sunburnt fields. It is most probable that the attention of the gunners was so taken up with the cavalry fight that the Fusiliers entirely escaped their notice; certain it is that Carstairs found his skirmishing line at length within twelve hundred yards or so of the artillery-position, themselves undiscovered. The guns themselves and the little dark groups of men swarming round each piece, were now clearly visible, though the limbers and horses were hidden from their view, and he had no doubt that he could open a very telling fire on them from where he was; but some two hundred yards further on a cart-track, the surface of which was some two feet

higher than that of the surrounding country, crossed his front, parallel to the line of guns, and the shelter this promised, combined with the advantage in range, fully justified him, he considered, in advancing till the cover was attained.

While these thoughts passed quickly through his head, some keen-eyed French artillery-man must have noticed the approaching line, for Carstairs suddenly perceived a quick movement of the little groups round each gun, as these, which had been bearing on the batteries they had destroyed, were now shifted round to point at the advancing infantry. Carstairs shouted an order to double, and ran swiftly towards the position he coveted, the long line simultaneously breaking and dashing forward after their leaders. The haven they sought was only two hundred yards away and the men ran quickly, but the French gunners were quicker, and scarcely had the infantry covered half the distance before the ground they had just quitted was torn with a tempest of bullets from the hail of shrapnel bursting overhead. The gunners were not slow in correcting their aim. The Fusiliers raced forward but the streaming bullets crashed all round them, tearing great gaps in the line so even and well-ordered a moment before. Walter threw himself breathless on his face as he reached the shelter of the little road, where for a second or two he lay, half-stunned, his brain reeling with horror, his heart palpitating, his breath coming in gasps and sobs. The shrapnel bullets were now raining all around him, but the cover of the road served him well, and as he recovered his breath and steadied his shaken nerves, he cautiously raised his head and looked round. All his comrades, he thought, must surely have been destroyed and he the sole

survivor of that appalling hail of lead; but as he glanced along the sheltered line of the roadway, he saw to his intense surprise and relief that the majority of his men had reached the same shelter. All along the road they lay, some huddled close under its little bank, others stretched on their backs, their breath coming in quick gasps, others lying on their faces, on their sides, in every conceivable position, and some, bolder than the rest, even raising themselves on their elbows to peer at their enemy through the long grass fringing the side of the road. Among the latter Walter to his intense delight recognised Carstairs. Thank God, his captain was still in command, and his duty was only to obey!

As he watched, Carstairs rose slowly to a kneeling position, and, taking from its little leather case the range-finder, focussed it deliberately on the enemy. Having done this to his satisfaction, he lay down again and studied the scale of ranges engraved on the side of the little telescope. All this time the storm of fire slackened not one jot. The din was deafening; the crashes of the bursting shell seemed almost to blend into one infernal roar, which was broken only by the sharper cracks of the bullets bounding off the hard road in front. The order to open independent fire was now passed along the line, the range being given as eight hundred and seventy yards. The old habits of discipline and obedience at once asserted themselves. The men, only a short instant before racing like wild things for shelter, now raised themselves on their elbows, carefully and with steady hands adjusted their sights, loaded the rifles, and raised themselves so as to peep through the fringe of long grass at the enemy. In another instant the rapid crackle of the rifle-fire all along the edge of the road broke upon the

deeper crashes of the bursting shell. The riflemen had an excellent target. The guns were less than nine hundred yards away, being horse-artillery the gunners were not protected by shields, but were clearly exposed on the skyline as they served their pieces with frantic energy; and in a few moments the slackening shell-fire told that the deadly rifle, wielded by experts, was once more asserting its supremacy.

The skirmishers on their side still suffered many casualties, as the shrapnel bullets continually crashed down on the men kneeling behind that little bank; but the line was well extended, the front they covered was considerable, and for every bullet which claimed a victim, a hundred struck harmlessly in the interval between the sharpshooters. The accuracy of the British rifle-fire was at first more affected by the rain of bullets on the road in front of them, which dashed showers of dust and gravel continuously into the faces of the marksmen, than by the better aimed which fell in their ranks. But in spite of this, the shooting was very straight, and grew every moment quicker and more deadly as the fire from the batteries slackened. At last a simultaneous cheer, followed by some of the men rising recklessly to their feet, announced the retirement of the guns. For an instant the teams and limbers came into view, an opportunity which was quickly seized by the elated riflemen; but the withdrawal of the guns was on this occasion carried out successfully, and the firing ceased as the Fusiliers rose to their feet, victorious, although their prey had escaped them.

The first impulse of the victors

was to look after their wounded, and after a glance had assured them that the front was clear of an enemy, all eyes were turned to the rear, to the ground which they had traversed under that terrible hail of shrapnel. The place where the line was first struck by the fire was clearly marked by the grey-clad bodies lying where they fell, the ground between this point and the shelter of the road being also strewn with dead and wounded men, the latter being in a terrible minority. Along the line of the road were also more victims, some men struck down in the act of firing, others poor wretches who had dragged themselves to that shelter. Stephens, the captain of the company added to Carstairs's command, was among the wounded, a shrapnel bullet having shattered his left shoulder. He must have been among the first hit, and was discovered lying unconscious, having fainted from loss of blood.

Walter sat down, his chin resting on his hand, and watched the men who had been sent to look after the wounded at their melancholy task. Some of the dead were recognised as such at the first glance, the contorted attitude and stiffening limbs at once showing them to be beyond the reach of aid. These were quickly passed by; at others the group would halt, some kneeling down would open the shirt and feel for the beating of the heart, or any other sign of life, the sergeant with his open note-book standing by. Those in whom life remained were carried gently to the roadside; those who were dead were left as they lay, time not permitting of more than a hasty attempt to sort out the wounded.

(To be continued.)

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ANTHONY'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE is no storm so violent that does not sweep in its passage across a shelter which remains calm and untroubled, no torrent, however headlong, without its backwaters, no march of progress that has not left behind relics of uselessness to stagnate and to rot. In an always busy locality the drays and lorries pounded over the uneven streets, the narrow pavements rattled between endless feet, the stretch of river was never without barge or tug or ship, nor the air unstirred by the multitudinous hum of traffic; but Rosebank Wharf remained remote, unchanging in its forgotten isolation. Nothing was ever warped at its crazy jetty, or squatted near upon the mud, waiting, with a full cargo, for the tide to rise; rarely did a strange figure find its way under the archway, for Scripture Soffit's callers were very few and far between; none unconnected with the place ventured among the rubbish and relics of ancient activity. It had fallen behind the times; and thus it awaited the moment when it should be swept away into oblivion like all things which, not having the power to ornament, stubbornly reject the alternative of utility. That time, however, was not yet. Scripture Soffit still reigned dreamy and serene in his squalid domain. His talents as tallyman had not been called into requisition for long; he had almost

forgotten when he had last acted as such, and helped to fill the pot with more succulent ingredients. Anthony now attended to that; and he ceased to think about it, even in his most practical moments. There was Anthony near him, to take the reins now that he grew old; he had his old tattered volumes with their unfailing spring of noble thoughts and purple phrasing. Thus the mouldering wharf suited him very well. The cottage and its breathless restriction of space,—he had never known and never wanted better; it was his home. The empty, frowning warehouse kept from him the noise and rough contact of the street. The yard itself,—why, he thought nothing of loveliness outside a printed page; he had grown careless of its obstructions, accustomed to them, till he could avoid mounds of rubbish and fragments of rusty iron blindfold. Perched contentedly, as if it were his accustomed seat, upon the extremity of an ugly baulk of timber that pushed its length partly over the slime and ooze, he struggled with a leaf of tough Latin prose; but it tripped him up so consistently that he paused for a rest at nearly every sentence and blinked across to his companions.

They were two, Agatha and Snidgery. The latter had procured a discarded sack from some corner, and, throned thereupon, regarded humanity with the luxurious expansiveness

of a man whose day's work is over. He took a briar-root pipe from between his lips as Scripture resumed his laborious perusal. It was a pipe of gigantic proportions, and purchased for that very reason, as Mr. Snidgery found a small pipe necessitated the wasteful expenditure of a fresh lucifer match each time it was refilled.

"Getting tired, Scripture?" he asked with a grin.

"No, Josh, no," rejoined Scripture, folding up the leaf and stowing it away in his pocket; "it's slow work, Josh, and wants going through a bit at a time, so as to soak in like, that's all."

"Ah—h—h," said Snidgery, blowing a volume of smoke slowly through his nose. "You're a littery family, that's what *you* are. Look at her; she's at the same game." He indicated Agatha with a hitch of his uncombed head.

She looked up from her place between them. "What's that about me?" she asked sharply.

"Ain't that a book you're reading of?"

"Of course it is."

"So I was saying," observed Snidgery. "You will be as bad as the old man if you don't leave off sharp; and such a one as him I never yet come across. What's the subject, now? Aristocratic 'orrors, I'll lay."

Agatha laughed harshly and bent over her book.

"Ain't it, then?"

"I am studying the part of Desdemona—nothing you have ever heard of."

"Think not?" retorted Snidgery with the calm scorn of the wrongfully disparaged bent on triumphant vindication. "Desdemonia, eh? She's in a play, and I can tell you the name of that play; 'Amlet. Now then!"

"Othello, you mean," said Scrip-

ture, shading his eyes with his hand to gaze at Agatha, who seemed to have forgotten their existence. "Yes, quite right, Josh: Othello, a theme worth study, let alone its grand setting; an impeachment of unreasoning passion such as was never wrote before and never will be again."

"Well, I don't worry about it," said Snidgery cheerfully. "So long as you are satisfied to amuse yourselves with them—"

"How can we be satisfied, or amused, or anything else while you are here clattering on like a pair of clogs in a brick kitchen?" interrupted Agatha, turning upon him in one of her sudden bursts of anger. "I am going to start my career again soon—*soon—soon*, do you hear? And this is to be my great part, the character I have never had an opportunity of portraying yet,—the character which shall show the world what it has lost in permitting me to be kept in the background by jealous nonentities. How can I study, you beast, with your voice dinning in my ears? What do you come for—nobody wants you!"

"Aggie, Aggie, my pretty!" implored her father.

"Leave me alone," she screamed, checking him with a violent motion of her hand as he would have drawn near timorously to soothe her. "Leave me alone, you old dolt! You encourage him—you—"

"No he don't," interposed Snidgery, feeling his whisker and contemplating her coolly. "Don't you make no mistake, Aggie. I am a lonely, miserable creature, what's fond of ladies' society, and comes to find it. That's why I'm here."

She darted a dark look at him that would have checked a more sensitive man for fear of himself,—or for her; but it passed, and she grasped at her throat as if she were choking. When

her hand dropped, she was dull and brooding again, seeming to see nothing, not even the book she had flung down in the energy of her rage.

"Josh, you should not; it is too bad of you; really now, it is. Why should you go to tease her?"

"Me go to tease her!" protested Snidgery. "Get along! what have I done?"

"You ought to know better," said Scripture, his eyelids fluttering uneasily. "You've been behaving cowardly, Josh. 'There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face,' as the poet says, but I have looked you in the face since boyhood and never once found a sign to warn me that you would be my daughter's enemy. Don't show it now, Josh; remember that dealing with men and dealing with women is two different things."

"All right, Scripture," returned Snidgery, touched by this appeal more than he showed; "I meant nothing. Let's chuck the subject and make up. We are friends again, Aggie, ain't we?"

Agatha took no notice of him. She was gazing at the mud at her feet with her knuckles doubled under her chin. Snidgery repeated his overture of reconciliation, but he met with no response.

"Aggie, my dear," urged her father, "don't be down-hearted. Cheer up and look about you; we are only the fly on fortune's wheel. Look about you, dearie, and in time you will find yourself at the top."

"I do look—forward," she answered without moving. "It is black."

"The same here," chimed in Snidgery, accepting her perfectly literally. "And a good enough reason too; it'll soon be sundown. Though the nights are warm for the time of year," he

added, "say what you like; and I don't believe a flea—which by nature loves warmth—could come to 'arm out o' doors now. I like being in the open myself: a country life would just have suited me; and yet it's a rum sort of idea, come to think of it. Except on business, I've never gone more than ten mile from the Abbey, but there's been times when I thought I should have made a rare farmer; a practical farmer, mind you, and turned money out of it. My old father—he never went more'n four mile from the Abbey, not even on business—had the same feeling to a surprising extent; why, his craving for country life carried him so far that he even kept half a dozen fowls under a meatsafe on the roof. Wonderful amount of noise and dirt and unpleasantness with the neighbours they kicked up too, until the rent-collector had 'em cleared out. They wasn't a profitable investment, neither, by any means, for they eat enough for a regiment and never laid so much as a hegg between 'em. Perhaps my father, not being so practical as he was inthusiastic, so to speak, got swindled into buying a flock of cocks. I couldn't tell the difference, and I don't believe he could; but it's acted as a warning to me, and I've stuck to such things as I understand."

"Ah, there is a poetry in the very atmosphere of the country such as the like of us can't get to the bottom of," said Scripture rather wistfully. "We will never gather it by snatches, Josh; you must be born in it, and it in you; my reading tells me that. The two grandest strings of the poet's lyre are the love of woman and the love of Nature; and Nature is the greatest as she is the purest mistress."

"Well, this scene is poetic enough for me at all events," replied Snidgery. "Look at that bridge, and the dirty old river for ever going on,

and the mud, and the wharves for cement and forage and bricks and suchlike; what more could you want, eh, Anthony?"

Anthony, slowly approaching over the uneven path from the little house, stopped by his wife's side. "What more do I want?" he asked.

"Than the outlook from here; ain't it poetic?"

"Yes," said Anthony drily. He bent over Agatha until he could see her face, and she petulantly turned from him. He straightened himself to address Scripture Soffit. "Won't you take Mr. Snidgery inside to smoke? It is more comfortable for you both, now that the mist is rising."

"Of course, Anthony," said Scripture briskly. "You don't forget my old bones, though I do. Come on, Josh."

"Here's a lively way of treating an indulgent master," grumbled Snidgery, making ready to follow him however, "ordering him about like a dog! 'Tisn't many that would stand it, I give you my word."

They went away together, and when the house had hushed Snidgery's growling remonstrance and hidden the other's quaint figure, Anthony sat himself down close to the crouching woman.

"Agatha," he said, "you are tormenting yourself again. What is the new trouble? Tell me frankly, and let us talk it over together; the worst heartburn is eased with counsel."

"There is nothing to tell."

A creaking rowing-boat, of shapeless bluntness and with a sinister object under a sheet of canvas in its round stern, sneaked by through the shallows. The solitary rower scowled at them suspiciously and hastened his strokes. Anthony waited until he was gone beyond earshot before speaking again. "That is not frank, Aggie."

"No, it is not," she replied, abruptly facing him. "That brute stopped me working; my brain is never still, it must be concerned with something; I fell to thinking of you."

"Yes? Kind thoughts, Aggie?"

His joyless attempt at gaiety evoked no response. He began stroking her great masses of faded hair; it was an action that pleased her generally, but she shook his hand off. "No; bitter thoughts," she said.

"And why? You are unjust; if motives are never to be taken into account, the world would ring with condemnation."

"Motives!" she retorted. "What are they? I want results—accomplishment—sympathy—assistance—anything but empty aspirations. You keep me mewed up here like a rat in a cage: I can put up with that for a time, because when it suits me I shall break free without asking your consent; but meanwhile there is no effort made to improve my condition; that is what I rightfully complain of. Stick all day working with a filthy old usurer who has no more soul than that log!" She struck the pile her father had been sitting upon passionately. "You are content with that, and this!" flinging out her two arms dramatically toward the house. "Drag yourself down, if you like; but you drag me down too with your slavish content!"

"Content! my God!" said Anthony below his breath.

She went on without heeding him. "Look at me, mouldering here until I am growing old and ugly, while others are taking my place! What do you care—what steps do you take to help me—or even to cut yourself adrift—"

"That is enough, Agatha," interrupted Anthony in the tone that seldom failed to subdue her. "You

are talking at random. I should be mad to refuse Snidgery's wages from empty pride—have you ever counted up what else we have to stave off starvation?—but I have never relaxed in my attempts to procure a post more fitting. I merely refrain from telling you of them because they are either unsuccessful, or result only in offers of employment more humiliating than his. At least he is our friend, Agatha."

"Not mine," she interposed sullenly.

If not hers,—in whom the ambitions of tinsel notoriety, latent in most vulgar bosoms, had grown so strong as to bring her with their disappointment to this,—whose then? Assuredly not his, with his inscrutable refinement of reserve and inherent sense of honour, so keen that it forbade him the obvious retort.

"Our benefactor at present, I will say, if you wish," he continued, wearily dropping his tone of rebuke. "I cannot abandon my work with him until I have something better in my hands; you must surely see that. So far I have met with nothing, though I have looked and searched in every direction.

"Is that Gospel?" she asked with the language and tone of the street.

"Yes, true as the Gospel and bitter as the Mosaic law. My whole desire is to help you, Aggie, until you are well enough to take your own place again; but I have tried, and tried, without avail. I have no qualifications, and what is worse, no interest."

"I don't believe you when you say that, you know," replied Agatha. "What's become of all the high-class friends that you had when we were married?"

"And for which you married me?" he enquired; and could have bitten his tongue out the moment after.

"Partly, I believe it was," she replied indifferently, as if she were

not quite certain upon a matter of fact too trivial to think about. "Anyway, they have been little enough good. What's become of them?"

"Scattered like the leaves in autumn these many years; butterflies, as I was then, Agatha, and unlikely to serve us even if they had the will. I will struggle on alone, trust me, and do my best for you."

With one of her sudden impulses she made as if to caress him; but when he would have responded she drew back with a hard laugh. "And meanwhile I am to go on—hoping; that is what you mean, I suppose. A precious life which seems to please some; but I eat my heart out, and my gifts burn within me like fires, struggling to have vent and play. *You* don't care. There's distraction and movement for you in the dirty business you pretend, with fine-gentleman airs, to hate; but what have I beside solitude,—solitude which gives me opportunity only to count up my wasted time, my cursed fate, my gifts all rusting, my poverty?" Her fingers, covered with false rings, twined convulsively together in her lap, and her careless garb fell around her like rags. Yet she had been young, a beautiful, passionate animal once, with occasional thoughts for others too, now long drowned in the querulous cry of selfishness or overborne by fierce diatribes of frenzy. It had become a familiar demon with her, the sense of personal injury, and was fostered rather than weakened by each interval of quiescence. Anthony, the drawn lines about his mouth deepening to her thrusts, would have flung himself into the mud at their feet and died by inches, could that avail to restore their lost beauty to her coarsened features. His love had been crushed under the kneading of their life together; but he would

still have done so, and more, for the sake of what he had once felt and which had left something behind it as impalpable and inextinguishable as the blue in the depths of the sky. Yet, with her, it was always of herself and her needs; never of him and his patient forbearance.

"Never mind," she went on, brooding gloomily over the river in front as if the flow of its dark waters swept the fulfilment of her high fancies silently nearer; "my time will come. It is creeping onward now; I see it. Then you will watch me from afar in envy and hate. I shall be beyond your reach—successful, shining, in another world. You will emerge from the obscurity and baseness which pleases your sluggishness now, and crawl to me for a smile or a word,—for even a look. But you shall not have it—as Heaven is above us, you *shall not!* I will spurn you as you have hidden me, and for the same reason, Mr. Smith. And what is that, what is it, I say, you hypocrite? Do you ever think, while you play upon me like an instrument, that I may not be utterly blind and insensible? Has it never occurred to you that I might have glimmerings of common-sense; or do you imagine that in my case, as in many others, the artistic spirit quenches shrewdness? You are ashamed of me, you coward! Bah! don't attempt to deny it! Do you think it affects me, who hate you and everybody? No—no—*no*, liars and sycophants and cowards all; only wait, and I will beat you yet!"

"I hope you may, Agatha," Anthony said, when her disjointed declamation had sunk into a muttering whimper. "What else have I striven for? Wherein did I restrain you until it became so urgent for you to seek rest, that I insisted upon your coming back here? Even then I promised,—and

I renew the promise now,—that the enforced holiday should cease when your shattered nerves enabled you to resume work."

"Oh, yes," she retorted like a spoiled child hugging its monotonous grievance; "of course, you talk and talk, and I am to give in for ever without a protest. But you are ashamed of me, all the same; and I despise you for it, because I know how, if I was a famous star—which I shall *never* be, with hideousness and age coming on—" She began to sob with heavy gasping breaths, fighting the fit and yet seeming to snatch some pleasure from it in a way that was inexpressibly painful.

"Agatha, if you really cherish the hope of working again," said Anthony, "such self-indulgence jeopardises it. Be a woman of courage; you were so once. Do not give way to these weaknesses, for God's sake—what good can they do either of us?"

"None," she answered, drying her eyes upon the hem of her gown,—she! the twin lode-stars of whose soul were severally named fame, and that miscalled gentility which has evoked more mean baseness in its acquisition than even fame—"none; but no ill, either; for striving and fainting both lead to nothing. I am tired; let me go in."

CHAPTER XII.

IN the little parlour (which was also the kitchen) they found Scripture Soffit, with many a glance toward his library, meekly enduring disquisitions upon men and things as viewed in relation to the Snidgery philosophy; a philosophy which was apparently of a growling and disparaging nature, and requiring much tugging of whisker and rending of good English for its enunciation. It is astonishing to reflect upon the universality of

the exercise of criticism and also its catholicity; the imagination staggers before the contemplation of the regenerated worlds that would severally arise could the schemers have their way. A myriad Utopias, all of them perfect, all of them acknowledging the omniscience of their respective inventors, and—all of them different. It is to be noted, however, for the better reassurance of the ordinary or timid person, that the critical gift has been declared incompatible with the creative gift. Only the jaundiced mind of prejudice would refer to this dictum as emanating from originators hard hit by analysis; we and our congeners can pass such aspersions by, and, but estimating it as a coincidence that the mind most fertile in schemes of social and ethical amelioration is not uncommonly the most chary in illustrating their efficacy, rejoice in the consciousness that a new Babel of perfection is still remote.

"You pamper her, that's what you do," Anthony heard Snidgery saying as he pushed open the door; "and nobody didn't ought to be pampered. 'Tisn't kind, nor yet good for 'em; let 'em shift for themselves, the same as I had to do; and they'll thank you afterwards, if they are not dead, or in gaol, or growed too mighty to notice you at all. Mind you, I'll admit that p'raps it's a fault on the right side, because I think parents don't usually do justice to their children, and me never having had no pampering ought to know. It is extrornary the 'ap'azard way that people marry and breed children; it fair passes me. Who's to feed 'em? *They* don't know. Who's to clothe 'em and shelter 'em and educate 'em? *They* don't know no more than the man in the moon. They ain't got no money, and never expect to have none; but they marry all the same, and along comes the children. I

believe they do it so as to have some think to shelter their own idleness and shiftlessness with. There was a man come to me only the day afore yesterday, and he's just the same as a score of others I get every month. 'Well,' says I, 'when am I agoing to have the fingering of my interest on that little bit you borrowed of me? I've give up all 'ope of the capital; but what about the interest? Is it to be a County Court job, that's what I want to know?' 'Mr. Snidgery,' says he, 'I'm a poor man, and I won't disguise it.' 'It ain't much good trying to do so with *me*,' says I; 'nor yet that you're on the road to perdition by borrowing money you won't repay.' 'But that's just it,' says he, almost snivelling, I give you my word; 'I can't repay it, and you know why.' 'Because you ain't got it,' says I; 'well then, it's a County Court job, as I've explained to you.' 'No,' says he, snivelling outright; 'that ain't it, Mr. Snidgery; it's because I've got a wife and nine growing up kids what must be kept from 'unger.'"

"Poor fellow!" commented Scripture. "I hope you weren't hard on him; now don't say you were hard on him, Josh, for I know you wasn't."

"That is neither here nor there," retorted Snidgery much disgusted at the old man's density. "Don't talk bosh. The point's this: here's an able-bodied, 'elthy man, earning enough to keep himself in luxury; well, he's not content with that, as I am, and a fair sight of people, both his betters and mine, would be; but he must go and get married, rear nine kids when he can't afford to feed one, and swindle me out of my profits. If it's any satisfaction to you, I can tell you I didn't County Court him—"

"I knew you wouldn't, Josh; it is not in you to be so hard."

"Because he weren't worth it," resumed Snidgery calmly; "but he deserved it, if any sniveller ever did. There are too many of 'em like that, and it makes me sick. Can't wait till they've put by a bit or is earning better wages, but must rush off to church directly they are breeched; and I, and charitable old women of both sexes, pay the piper. Blow their snivelling, say I; let 'em reap the same as they've sowed."

"How does this affect me?" asked Agatha, when he had finished and relit his pipe after expectorating into the fireplace as a sort of colophon.

"Not at all as I am aware of," replied Snidgery staring.

"You were talking about me when I came in."

"Oh, ah," he said; "so I was, to be sure. This was a branching out, so to speak,—the other side of the picture I showed your old man after telling him that he coddled you up too much."

"Then just leave me alone in your conversation; do you hear?"

"Right," responded Snidgery cheerfully. "It's a choice for you entirely, Aggie; I don't care. Well, I suppose I must be off; come part of the way as a matter of exercise, Anthony?"

Anthony glanced rapidly at his wife, expecting a demonstration of angry jealousy such as she showed sometimes when he proposed leaving her alone with her father; but she remained impassive, in a reverie that he knew would develope into irritability if he strove to dissipate it before it had spent itself naturally. The evening was soft and gentle; any place, even the street, was more alluring than his home. He followed Snidgery across the deserted yard, under the echoing archway, and into the busy hive beyond, whose clamour beat almost refreshingly upon his ears.

Josh Snidgery's pleasantry as to

his being a ladies' man depended for its humour, as do most pleasantries, upon its inversion of the truth. Being neither picturesque in appearance nor conciliatory in manner, he did not, as a matter of fact, get on with them at all; and Agatha was his peculiar aversion. If therefore, in Agatha's company he had been talkative, freed of that restriction he became positively garrulous; and as he was always least prepossessing when he opened his mouth, Anthony was more than relieved when they reached the untidy house in Little Joseph Street.

"Come along in," he said, expansively gratified by the respectful silence which had been accorded his observations, and taking Anthony by the button-hole. "Have a drop of brandy and water; it'll do us both good. The wharf makes me dry even to think of now. What glasses me and old Scripture used to have hob-and-nob before you brought that selfish wench back! Them good old times is gone, I suppose; you can't break down the rule while she is there?"

Anthony shook his head, and managed adroitly at the same time to shake himself free from the grimy grasp upon his coat. "She is not yet strong enough to touch alcohol," he answered.

"Strong!" exclaimed Snidgery; "Oh Lord!"

Anthony's brow clouded ominously, and Snidgery saw it. "Well, come in anyway," he said, "and have a liquor-up here; it'll put some life into you."

Anthony excused himself and left his effusive employer to the solitary joys of the bottle. He walked away aimlessly, not much caring, hardly even knowing whither his footsteps led him. Any direction but one fulfilled his object, which was to obtain a brief respite from his home upon the wharf. In his shabby coat and patched boots, with his chin dropped upon his breast, his feet dragging wearily, he

wandered on. He seldom raised his eyes from the ground; there was nothing for him to raise them for; he was not one of those rare beings who can watch others at play or at work without a desire to join them, content with the pleasures of looking-on. That attitude is very often denominated innocent joy in seeing one's fellows happy or occupied, while the man unable to assume it is stigmatised as covetous or selfish. In this frame of mind he reached the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, where sedateness and comparative quietude reign, and for that reason an incident reached his consciousness which would have been merged in the universal roar of the noisier neighbourhoods he had left behind. It was a very slight incident: a loud, hearty voice bidding good-night to someone who stepped into a brougham and drove off after a reply in the octave enjoined by propriety. The possessor of the loud hearty voice moved on; and Anthony, coughing slightly with excitement and accelerated speed, hurried after him and touched his arm.

"Hulloa—the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Gilstrapp in a tone that could have been heard on the other side of the street. "Leonard Hawthorne!"

"Neither," said Anthony, colouring slightly. "I've dropped my stage-name, Gilstrapp. It is the unromantic Smith now. Where are you going?"

"Where you are," said Mr. Gilstrapp, wringing his hand, pausing to stand back a space, pouncing on him again like a jovial whirlwind and flinging the concentration of a dozen greetings into another grip. "To Timbuctoo, if that's your destination; whither thou goest—you know, eh? You sha'n't drop me this time like the *nom de guerre*, Anthony. Confound your engagements for to-night; if you've got a baker's dozen, you must chuck 'em overboard and dine with me."

"I am only too glad to do so, Gilstrapp; but what about yours?"

"Deuce take 'em, my dear boy; this evening we spend together."

"But let us move on first," said Anthony with a cheerful laugh that came without an effort. "People are beginning to stare at us, Gilstrapp; your old trick of roaring through a hurricane has deceived the loafers into a delicious idea that we contemplate a fight."

"So we shall, by gad, if you make the slightest movement to escape," replied Mr. Gilstrapp. "Here, hook on, Anthony; I don't trust you." He drew Anthony's arm through his own. "Now, where is a cab; we will go to the club. Damn those cabs! there's never one to be—"

"Not the club," said Anthony, detaining him quickly as he raised his hand to hail.

"Why—what?"

"Look at me." He drew away to where the light from a street-lamp fell upon him, his threadbare clothes and drooping shoulders. "Not your club, Gilstrapp; somewhere else."

"Of course not, you sly dog," said the older man, seizing him again with a good-comradeship that many would admire—from a distance. "There will be constant interruptions there, eh? Now, where shall we go—hotel, restaurant, sausage and mashed potato-shop, private bar?"

"I leave it to you," answered Anthony, giving himself up with entire abandonment to the sweets of companionship after exile. "Anywhere—nowhere; hang the food; so long as we have a good talk I am content."

"There are some capital snug little restaurants in Soho; foreign waiting, foreign dishes, separate tables, hushed atmosphere, all complete."

"And a nice appreciation of their value demonstrated in the bill. Ah! I knew them in my salad days."

"Come along, then, you purse-proud rascal; you are dining with me as your captor, and Dumour shall signalise the event in the most voluptuous style, or I will have his bullet-head on one of his own sham silver chargers."

"Dumour! Is he alive still?"

"My dear Anthony! And flourishing most dyspeptically, I assure you. Was *his* den of indigestion one of your haunts?"

"Yes," said Anthony, smiling faintly at the recollection of past glories. "I went there often when I was young—"

"Young!"

"Unmarried, if you like, Gilstrapp; you have turned very precise since we last met."

"A sign of advancing age," replied Mr. Gilstrapp, fetching a vast sigh from his great lungs. "There's no pretence about it in my case. Here we are, Anthony; go in first, so that I can keep an eye upon you."

He followed, and his quick clear glance measured in a moment what the semi-obscurity of the streets had kept hid, and betrayed how time had dealt with his friend. Surely, though his travels had trained his faculties in rapid observation so well, they had taught him little, or much, beside; otherwise, why should he, in his superfine evening dress, stop Anthony with almost a rough grip at the door, and insist on grasping his thin hand again in his own big brown one, clap him on the shoulder heartily, and enter the room upon his arm like a father in confidence with a son?

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was a soft glow in the restaurant, enlappng everything and proclaiming it as a temple of the god of deglutition; a temple where glare and noise and contention could

not come. Even Mr. Gilstrapp's robust personality seemed somehow to smack less of the outer air as he entered. There were ten or twelve small tables disposed about, not more; the doors were shrouded by curtains; the screens did not share the faculty, usually notable in that article, of standing in the way. There was sufficient distance between the tables to ensure privacy of conversation, and their shaded candles shed a chastened light upon the spotless cloth without throwing the diners' faces into harsh relief. Waiters moved about watchfully and benignly, silent as phantoms and many degrees more useful.

It was long since Anthony had appeared at such a scene. Though, with one exception, none there, from the waiters to the scattered murmuring feasters, paused in their self-centred placidity to notice him, he felt for a moment a stranger and an intruder; as a tattered soldier might who comes back broken and soiled from the wars and inadvertently stumbles upon a banquet of companions in new uniforms whom fate has kept snugly warm at home. The exception was the high priest of the temple, and also its owner, as high priests often are in infidel creeds,—to wit, Monsieur Dumour. This great creature knew his responsibilities, as well as how to fulfil them unobtrusively, which is the incarnation of art. He stood near the door, bowing and smiling and rubbing his hands in welcome; that done, he seemed to vanish and insist upon his authority no more. But first he must help Mr. Gilstrapp off with his cloak; no menial can be suffered to perform that office, for Mr. Gilstrapp is a favoured guest. Then he turned to perform the like office for Anthony, and at the same instant a flicker flashed into his fat face and died away. It was a gleam of recog-

nition, for he had a good memory, as became him, and also the wisdom, which became him better still, to restrain its outward manifestations. Anthony, with a new and unnatural lightness of spirit, betrayed by the flash of colour on his cheek, rallied the high-priest. "Have you forgotten me, Dumour?"

No, Dumour ecstatically but softly always, has not forgotten the gay Monsieur; but, *mon Dieu*, how is there a long time since he honoured these saloons with his presence!

Indeed that is true; and in the interval Madame—?

Ah, Madame is the same,—younger than ever, if possible, as Monsieur Smith would say upon his each last visit; and *l' p'tit Pierre*—but he is *l'grand Pierre* now, serving his time with knapsack and musket at Dijon; Madame also is visiting relations in the France. They would both respectfully convey their felicitations upon this auspicious occasion; it would not be the last, surely!

"Certainly not," interposed Mr. Gilstrapp, selecting a table in the corner and pulling back Anthony's chair for him. "If you justify your fame, it shall not be the last by a long way, Dumour. Now be off; that is right. Frederic, this is an impromptu repast; nothing is ordered. What have you got?"

Frederic whispered; and he looked across to Anthony.

"I leave it all to you," said Anthony.

The spirit of the place was stealing over him, dashed with a sort of mental intoxication. He would have laughed to hear such a phrase applied to a visit to a smart restaurant; but it was so. It is not material things themselves, often petty or incongruous enough, which influence us, but the currents of memory they set vibrating. How different was his life from this

an hour ago, how different again would it be an hour hence! At the thought, something like a blow seemed to strike his throat as he drank his wine; he coughed laboriously.

"This won't do, Anthony," said Mr. Gilstrapp, moving round the table so that they were side by side. "I am a garrulous individual, and I shall not stand your day-dreams any longer. Swallow that cough down with another glass, and we will talk."

"So be it."

"What did you do after I went abroad and lost sight of you?"

"The same thing—provincial towns, pinching, struggling, failing."

"Your wife—she was with you?"

"It was to please her we led that life," said Anthony.

"Did she grow better?"

Anthony beckoned the waiter to fill his glass. Mr. Gilstrapp watched him. "Never mind," he said; "one cannot expect too much in the circumstances of such an exacting career. She grew no worse?"

"She did, Gilstrapp. God forgive me for the callous tone! I cannot declaim; you know that was one of her complaints against me, and I know it made against our success. She has lost her reason." He spoke the words almost sternly, looking at the older man as with a sort of challenge.

"Ah," said Mr. Gilstrapp, nodding his head with grave concern and an expression upon his open face which would have surprised the many who only imagined it susceptible of flamboyant emotions, "I feared so, old fellow. Is it melancholia? She is not violent?"

The unaccustomed vintage of comfort was working potently in Anthony's brain and breaking down his fierce reserve; that, and some talisman Mr. Gilstrapp possessed for winning confidence, made him raise his hand to his forehead and with a rapid motion

sweep aside the hair ; a long dark bruise lay revealed amid its roots.

Mr. Gilstrapp nodded again gravely. "Cannot you get her into a Home?" he asked.

"I suggested such a course once ; she—she resented it."

"Perhaps it is best."

"And I have not the means, Gilstrapp. You see, I speak openly to you, because I know you will not offer what I could not accept. I have not the means. Even if there existed the possibility of shifting my duties upon other shoulders, I should not avail myself of it. I have sown, and I will reap. Why should I complain?"

"What are you doing now, Anthony?"

Anthony told him about his work frankly ; but even to him he could do no more than touch upon the life at the wharf and the strange coterie of failures who hid themselves, and of which he was the head, among its rubbish-heaps. Shame declares itself in many ways, all illogical, of which the chiefest are unconditional disclosure and unconditional silence. Both require a certain degree of courage or inborn pride devoid of casuistry. Anthony could not have told why Snidgery's mastership was nothing to hide, while a reference to his wife's infirmity tugged at his heart-strings. One he could dilate upon in all its sordid details : the other existed as a secret he had been impelled to lay bare and cover again instantaneously ; and yet, if in either, his own degradation was shown in the first. Mr. Gilstrapp, his brown forehead wrinkled with a new calculation, heard him to the end.

"Now," he said, "I have a suggestion to make, which, if you fall in with, will get me out of a dilemma. Just listen till I have said my say, without putting your independent oar

in, and then give a decision. Wait a moment first."

He ordered coffee and liqueurs ; or rather those refreshments evinced themselves automatically at the precise juncture they were required, according to the custom of Monsieur Dumour's transcendent establishment. Then he leaned back with crossed legs and spoke rather slowly.

"I will presume that you are not unwilling to accept some other occupation less,—less laborious, you understand."

"Less contemptible."

"Devil take your vanity, Anthony!" exclaimed Mr. Gilstrapp cheerfully ; "there is no getting over it ; it scorns even a semblance of civility. However, I will say more in accordance with your upbringing. Now, by a coincidence, I was entrusted this morning with a commission which threatened to get me into something of a scrape. It was to unearth some trustworthy person who would take in hand the business affairs of a man who has no more idea of business than I have of—of," said Mr. Gilstrapp, casting about for a simile, "of Choctaw. To say the truth, my acquaintance in circles likely to provide a properly qualified individual is somewhat limited ; and a search in other circles, such as you belong to—don't interrupt me, confound you ! I shall lose the thread of my yarn—such as you *did* belong to, then, was not likely to be very productive. I wanted a fellow I knew, you understand, and could vouch for to the uttermost ; strangers wouldn't do. I would scour the world and spend my last dollar to get the right man, for I felt it a sacred—a trust, I should say. Of course that sounds very fine, heroic in fact ; but he was needed at once ; and one cannot travel round civilisation, spot your man, test him, and haul him along in a week ; so I

felt up a tree. The first thing was to start looking about, and precious quickly too; but where to look—who to ask? Damn it!" exploded Mr. Gilstrapp, twinkling all over, "I can't be diplomatic to save my life! Will you take the post, Anthony?"

"I will."

"That's the ticket!" said Mr. Gilstrapp, hugely relieved. "You are a good fellow, Anthony: I was afraid you would cut up rough; and I wanted most infernally to hook you, for it's not every day I get such a chance of making myself useful to a lady."

"A lady," repeated Anthony with a little quiet amusement.

"No, no; now don't misunderstand me," said Mr. Gilstrapp very earnestly. "Quite a girl,—the daughter of my oldest friend, who is the incapable in question. It's rather an odd affair, and needs a bit of explanation. The fact is, he don't know anything of my little plan, and I am preparing it as a surprise for him."

"My position is likely to be ambiguous, Gilstrapp."

"Not an atom, my dear fellow: he'll fall into rank with the greatest placidity and content when he finds himself fixed; but no one likes to suggest his giving up the reins, you see, because he has got a vast opinion of his own abilities."

"That is not uncommon."

"I'm afraid not," rejoined Mr. Gilstrapp, shaking his head; "we are all more or less sinners in that respect. Gex—which is his name, bye the bye—Colonel Gex owns house-property in town and some landed property in the country, along with mortgages, livings, and so on, I believe, which require looking after. He makes a mess of it, more or less; so a secretary, or agent,—call it what you like—is the thing he wants. I think you'll get on with him: he

is a remarkably good fellow; but if there is a little touchiness apparent until you have shaken down, don't worry about it. Remember he'll be grateful enough to have a stick to lean on, and *you* will be conferring the favour, not he."

Anthony had been listening with his eyes fixed upon the table-cloth and without any signs of animation beyond the stain of red in his cheek. He looked up as Mr. Gilstrapp paused for breath and coffee. "It is like you, Gilstrapp," he remarked quietly, "to put it in the way you do. Thank you."

"Let us be off, and take a stroll before turning in," said Mr. Gilstrapp, rising precipitately to change the topic. Thanks scared him even out of cheerfulness, and he would rather have withstood a cyclone of invective than a whisper of gratitude. "I will give some details of the household, of which you must become a part, as we go along."

They bade adieu to the resurrected and beaming Dumour, and strolled up and down a deserted side-street. Anthony soon became possessed of all the intelligence necessary to prepare him for his approaching encounter with wealth and refinement. The units therein, — Colonel Gex, his daughters, and his most assiduous friends—were as yet names to him only, and perfunctorily there flitted through his consciousness the conviction that they might never be much more,—names that had tongues, that is all. But, as when he entered the restaurant, the knowledge of their embodying an idea, an era, stirred him like a strange voice murmuring in his ears and forcing into activity the stupor threatening to envelope him. He saw, dimly as yet, but with a promise in it of unexpected possibilities, another phase in the life which he had till now accepted as

inevitably bound in a stagnation irremediable by any act of his own. Looking forward to progress, hope, change, he formulated nothing distinctly, but dipped into the future while Mr. Gilstrapp's genial enumeration of material items rolled forth.

"Finally," said that worthy, placing both hands on his friend's shoulders and giving him a gentle shake, "and to wind up a catalogue that has not received the respectful attention it deserved, I shall advance you a small sum to rig yourself out, Anthony. No obstruction on that point! A *small* sum only, mind you, to be repaid without haggling for time when the first instalment of salary becomes due; say a word in refusal, and we fall out beyond remedy."

As Anthony passed under the archway and on to the wharf, a fine rain began to fall which the rising wind blew across his face. It was the first sign of autumn; and rain and wind and darkness suddenly brought back to his mind the night when he had come home, here, with his wife. Involuntarily he shivered, though it was not cold.

A light shone through the lattice-window across the yard; he hurried apprehensively over the ragged intervening space, for it was not Scripture's habit to sit up so late.

The old man met him at the door and hesitatingly tried to check his advance, and speak to him before he crossed the threshold; but he pushed him aside and went in.

A pungent smell of spirits assailed his nostrils as he entered. Excited as he was by his meeting with Gilstrapp and the reaction of his present surroundings, his senses were abnormally intensified, and to them

the room seemed to reek and cry aloud of brandy.

"Why did you come in so quick, Anthony?" moaned Scripture, wringing his hands helplessly by the door. "There is trouble here; and I wanted to prepare you."

"There is," he replied.

There was indeed. With her face flushed and swollen, and babbling incoherently through her half-open lips, his wife lay upon the floor in a drunken stupor.

"How did she get it?" he demanded, trying not to speak harshly.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the old man. "I can't seem to collect my thoughts, Anthony. It must have been a half-empty bottle left in the back of the cupboard by Josh, as I'd forgotten about. Oh dear, oh dear! what can I do! I was out in the yard, and knew nothing; she was singing loud, to be sure, I recollect now, but I didn't notice it. When I came in she glowered at me, and soon after she fell there. I thought it might be a fit at first. I could not move her; my poor old bones is too weak. Oh, Aggie, Aggie!" he dabbed his eyes with his coat-cuff in a very simple and pitiful manner, murmuring to himself the while, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, oh Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified."

"Help me to raise her," said Anthony.

They took her as gently as if she had been an innocent little child, and laid her upon her bed. The noise of her breathing seemed less stertorous there to Anthony as he turned away; perhaps the sound was lost in the rising wind; or it may have been that the dumb hopelessness in his heart, which Mr. Gilstrapp's hearty presence had momentarily thawed, was settling down again.

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

[The following letter was written to his mother by Humphrey Senhouse (afterwards Sir Humphrey le Fleming Senhouse, K.C.H., C.B.) then serving as a lieutenant on board H.M.S. CONQUEROR, Captain Israel Pellew. The memorandum on the tactics of the battle bears no date, but is believed to have been written between 1827 and 1880. They are now published for the first time by the courtesy of Sir Humphrey's daughter, Miss Rose Senhouse.]

H.M.S. CONQUEROR,
Off Cadiz, October 27th, 1805.

I CANNOT commence my letter on this occasion in a more appropriate manner than by adopting the very words of our late glorious Chief, in a former instance similar to the present, as far as my recollection will admit of. "It has pleased the Almighty to bless his majesty's arms with the most glorious victory" that ever adorned the naval annals of a country already eminently distinguished for the brilliancy of her naval exploits.

However gloriously honourable the day's achievement will prove, yet will the 21st of October be rendered still more memorable by the death of one of the greatest naval heroes that human nature can hereafter boast as having once been its distinguished ornament.

It seems as if fortune had singled out our late lamented Chief to prove the falsity of the general assertion that she is invariably fickle in her attachments; for my Lord Nelson's professional life has been marked with an uninterrupted series of successes in the whole of his undertakings, and he has been at last snatched from this sphere of existence at the very moment which is so well calculated to leave a full impression of all his eminent qualities on the mind of his grateful countrymen.

We must hope that some able person will give a full and explicit detail of the operations of the fleet entrusted to the charge of my Lord Nelson since the first escape of the French fleet from Toulon until the 21st of October. Such a display as would then be made of unabated energy, of natural zeal, of eminent ability in arduous circumstances, and of daring intrepidity, would set his Lordship's character in that fair point of view which, like a painting placed in a proper light, would present every feature, every shade, in its genuine excellency to the admiring eye, and teach us to value it according to its intrinsic estimation.

The accounts I can give you of the action will be at this moment very imperfect, as we have been prevented from having any communication through which channel we might receive additional information; and during the action we were too warmly engaged, with a line much extended, to admit of our making general observations.

His Lordship, immediately on joining the fleet off Cadiz, gave up the plan of a close blockade and made choice of a station between Cape St. Mary and Trafalgar, as I understand, from these motives: in the first place, I believe, to give the enemy a chance of putting to sea; next, to prevent our fleet from being driven through the Straits of Gibraltar in the winter

westerly gales when the currents run in that direction with great impetuosity; and lastly, to be ready to intercept the fleet from Brest should they have endeavoured to form a junction with the fleet in Cadiz, before the latter could arrive to the assistance of the former. From the body of the fleet to the entrance of Cadiz Harbour a continued chain of vessels were stationed for the speedy communication by signal of the enemy's manœuvres; and through this channel on the 19th, in the morning, we were informed that the combined fleets had put to sea. The signal for a general chase was made; the wind was light from the S.W., and carrying a press of sail we found ourselves at daylight on the 20th at the entrance of the Straits towards which point it was supposed the enemy would direct their course. At this moment signals made by our frigates to the northward informed the Admiral that the combined fleet was in that direction and still under sail. The wind drawing round to the southward and increasing to a gale it was considered prudent to remain under easy sail in the offing until the weather and circumstances should prove more favourable for closing with the enemy. In the evening of the 20th the wind shifted to the westward, and, the atmosphere clearing, we observed several of the enemy's ships from the masthead close in with their port; and it was then generally supposed that the intention of Villeneuve was to endeavour to escape at the risk of an action, as he had persisted in remaining at sea in such blustery weather.

We were in high spirits; our lookout frigates, under the command of Captain Blackwood, were close up with the enemy, and there was no possibility of their eluding our vigilance. His Lordship telegraphed to

the latter, "I rely on you," alluding to his vigilance in the approaching night, and no untoward circumstance occurred to occasion the slightest regret, excepting the *AGAMEMNON* carrying away her main-topmast, which however was replaced with sufficient alacrity. During the night a continued succession of signals, false fires, rockets, &c., announced the progress of the enemy's fleet to the southward; and at daylight on the morning of the 21st we were indulged with the most gratifying sight that we had beheld for some time,—the combined fleet in a disorderly line bearing about E.S.E. of us, distant eight or nine miles, Cadiz then bearing E. seven or eight leagues.

The plan of attack had been so well arranged previously with his Lordship's accustomed ability and penetrating discrimination, that nothing was requisite but the signal "to alter course." Well aware of the impossibility of an effectual resistance being made if the united force of our fleet was brought to act on any particular part of the enemy's line, and conscious that some time must elapse before the unoccupied ships of the enemy's fleet could come to the assistance of those so engaged, the old system of naval tactics was waived; and the order of sailing in two lines was the order of battle; one, commanded by the second-in-command, to attack the enemy on one side by cutting through the line, or passing astern or ahead of the van and rear as convenient, whilst the Chief with his division engaged immediately opposite, bringing the enemy between two fires. All things being thus regulated, the signal was made to steer for the enemy about six in the morning. The wind was light from the N.W., but every sail was immediately spread to waft us as speedily as possible to the fleet await-

ing our approach ; allowing at the same time of the order of sailing being tolerably observed. In the course of the morning our Chief, in his short, energetic, and impressive style, telegraphed generally to the purpose: *England expects this day that every man will do his duty.* The result, I trust, will fully prove that the stimulating consideration invigorated the mind of every individual, and that the first impulse which actuated the conduct of all was the welfare and glory of our country, our King, our Chief, and ourselves.

Fearing that the enemy might endeavour to escape by retiring into their port, then directly to leeward of them, Admiral Collingwood was desired by telegraph to attack to leeward with his division, whilst Lord Nelson would direct his efforts to windward, or wherever a vigorous attack would be most likely to succeed. This manœuvre was performed by the Admiral with such cool and determined intrepidity as will ever entitle him to the admiration of his countrymen. Several ships of the fleet being absent and the *TEMERAIRE*, who was to lead the van by previous regulation, sailing inferior to the *VICTORY*, his Lordship determined to point out the road to glorious achievement himself, and a similar regulation took place in the lee line, where the second-in-command, who should have been third, put himself at the head of his division.

From the manner in which the fleet led to the attack, the lee line was necessarily nearest to the enemy ; consequently the *ROYAL SOVEREIGN* (three-decker), Admiral Collingwood's flagship, first commenced the action. At ten minutes after twelve, the ship being at about two-third's gunshot from the enemy's line, a tremendous fire opened on her from

every ship that could bring her guns to bear. The Admiral bore this with the most determined coolness, without returning a shot until it could be done with effect. Unmindful of the galling fire he steadily pursued his course, and cutting through the line under the stern of the *SANTA ANA*, hauled up to leeward and commenced close action. His masts having done their duty by placing him in his station, the main and mizen masts yielded to the enemy's fire without preventing him from soon evincing his superiority over his Spanish opponent. The *ROYAL SOVEREIGN* was ably seconded by the *MARS* and *TONNANT*, and by the whole line in succession, until the action became general. Here we will leave this division and return to give a detail of what was done more immediately around us.

About twenty minutes after twelve the enemy's fire opened on the *VICTORY*, who suffered dreadfully but without preventing her from nobly pursuing her destined course. Passing under the stern of the *TRINIDAD* (a four-decker with four tiers of guns) she discharged her well-directed broadside and finding it impossible to cut through the line, as his Lordship had intended, from the number of ships that closed in ahead of the *VICTORY*, the noble Admiral desired Captain Hardy to lay his ship alongside of the first of them, which proved to be the *REDOUTABLE* (French, 74). The fire of the *VICTORY* was irresistible, and her opponents soon struck, so materially injured that she sank the next day. But her surrender did not take place until England had lost the noblest hero she had ever known. The *VICTORY*'s poop and quarter-deck had been almost entirely cleared by the fire of the enemy, his Lordship with Captain Hardy, and a few more, being the only remaining

persons. His splendid uniform distinguished him as a fair mark for all the French musketry to fire at. His Lordship was killed by a man from the mizen-top of the *REDOUTABLE*, by a musquet-ball which entered into the upper part of the left shoulder, carried away two of the bullion of the epaulette, and penetrating to the vertebæ carried with it immortality both in this world and, I hope, in the next to this superior character. The doer of this deed did not long exult in his exploit; his soul was instantly hurried into the other world, as harbinger of the approach of the dying hero, by a shot from Mr. Pollard, a midshipman of the *VICTORY*. His Lordship fell when wounded, and was carried off the deck immediately, but retained his senses and lived for two hours afterwards. His country was on his lips to his last moment, and he seemed to be agitated by no other considerations but its glory and its general welfare. He made frequent enquiries concerning the *TRINIDAD*, if she had surrendered to the British flag, and was gratified ere he died. Happy for the *CONQUEROR* that she contributed to this gratification! He was conscious of his approaching dissolution, saying that he was certain his back was broken. His last words were to this purpose: "I see the day will be a glorious one; my ship is much disabled and may be more so, but never strike my flag. Let her go down." He also, with his last breath, said: "Anchor, Hardy, anchor," as the only means of securing the prizes and disabled ships; but the advice was not followed by Admiral Collingwood.

To return to the ships of our division: the *TEMERAIRE* followed the *VICTORY* closely, and unavoidably got on board the *REDOUTABLE*, the contrary side to the *VICTORY*. The French ship *FORGUEUX* (74) was

on the opposite side of the *TEMERAIRE*, and in this manner they engaged with each other until the tricolour flag was hauled down. These ships having left an opening in the line, the *NEPTUNE*, who followed the *TEMERAIRE*, passed through it astern of the *BUCENTAURE* and hauled up under the lee of the *TRINIDAD*, leaving the *CONQUEROR*, who closely followed her, to win the laurels by the capture of the Commander-in-Chief's flag-ship. Previous to this all the firing had been merely child's play to us, but now a cannonading commenced at so short a distance that every shot flew winged with death and destruction. In ten minutes the *BUCENTAURE*'s main and mizen masts went by the board; twenty minutes after, her fore-mast shared a similar fate, and at half-past two she struck to the *CONQUEROR*. Our boat was sent to take possession, and we immediately made sail ahead to assist the *NEPTUNE* now closely engaged with the *TRINIDAD*. Captain Pellew, with his accustomed coolness and discrimination, took a position on the Spaniard's quarter within pistol-shot, and commenced so severe a fire that in half an hour, all her masts falling, she was necessitated to show the English union to the *NEPTUNE* and the *CONQUEROR*. At this moment five French ships, which had been unoccupied in the van, bore down to the assistance of their Admiral. After a short time to breathe, we endeavoured to close with them as well as the shattered state of our rigging would permit, every running rope being shot away but one of the maintop sail-braces. The ships passed to windward of us about a quarter of a mile, receiving our continued fire and discharging theirs at us without any inclination to approach nearer.

After the damage our rigging had sustained had been repaired in a partial degree, the INTREPIDE (French, 74,) was the next ship we singled out. This ship we engaged at too great a distance to do any material execution on either part, our shattered state preventing our closing nearer ; and the distant cannonade continued until the AFRICA, a perfect ship, dashed in between us with several others directing their fire against the deserted ship. Her captain surrendered after one of the most gallant defences I ever witnessed. The Frenchman's name was Infernet, a member of the Legion of Honour, and it deserves to be recorded in the memory of those who admire true heroism. The INTREPIDE was the last ship that struck her colours about half-past five, and now the tremendous roar of cannon had ceased and all was still.

We had then leisure for reflection, and to observe the dreadful and destructive effects of the operations of the last six hours. Two of the finest fleets that had ever put to sea, which only a few hours previously had been towering in all their pride on their destined element, presented to our view a melancholy instance of the instability of human greatness. Above seven thousand men and officers, who had a little time since been priding themselves in all the pomp of professional greatness, were for ever extinguished from the book of life, and upwards of ten thousand suffering under torture of the wounds they had received.¹

These reflections occurred to me whilst I was viewing the scene at a

distance of about four miles around covered with about thirty ships dismantled, lying like logs on the water, the surface of which was strewn with wreck from various vessels and their hulks interspersed with the remaining part of the fleet in a most shattered state, many slowly aroused to grant assistance where it was most needed. The principal feature at six o'clock was the French ship ACHILLE (of 74 guns) in flames which filled up the measure of the havoc the day had occasioned. About six she blew up, and closed the memorable battle with one of the grandest spectacles to be met with in nature.

Our loss in killed and wounded is very trifling. In this particular we may consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate, as we had our share of the battle, but the slaughter on board our ships in general exceeded much the number we have generally had in a former action. The enemy suffered dreadfully in this particular. Our men consigned two hundred killed to the deep from the BUCENTAURE after they boarded, and found one hundred and fifty wounded. The INTREPIDE had nearly the same number, so that from this statement a calculation can be made of the general loss. Never was there an action so decisive, never one that reflected more glory on the country, or one that will be more strongly impressed on our memory for many reasons. The seamen, it is generally observed, fought not in their usual style, firing as fast as their guns could be wadded, and trusting to chance for the result, but with the determined coolness and skilful management of artillery-men regularly bred to the exercise of great guns. Such valour nothing could withstand, and if our fleet had been six sail less than they were the victory would still have been

¹ According to Mr. Laughton (*Nelson, English Men of Action*) our loss was 449 killed and 1242 wounded. The *CONQUEROR*, according to the same authority, lost three killed and nine wounded.

ours. The *PRINCE*, although Captain Grindall used every exertion that man could do, was not in the action, at least not materially engaged; but his professional character is well known, and no comment can be made but what must tend to his honour. A few others are very slightly damaged, and these ships, with Admiral Louis's squadron, who were not in the action, having been detached on a distant service, have resumed the blockade of Cadiz under Admiral Collingwood in the *QUEEN*.

As I mentioned before, if Lord Nelson had lived the fleet would have anchored immediately after the action, as we were only five leagues from the land and in shoal water where our anchors would have rode the ships securely, and having nothing else to attend to, we could have employed ourselves in rigging jury-masts and in securing the prizes; but this was neglected. A considerable time elapsed before the ships were in a condition to take the more disabled vessels in tow, during which time they were drifting fast on a lee shore; and a succession of severe gales without intermission has obliged us to destroy almost the whole of the captured vessels, has occasioned the re-capture of two or three of them, and assisted in dismasting most of those ships whose masts were wounded in action. Our prize, the *BUCENTAURE*, one of the finest eighty-gun ships I ever beheld, worthy of bearing the flag of Villeneuve, was under our charge, but our crippled state prevented our making any offing with her from the shore. On the morning of the 23rd, at daylight, we found ourselves within three miles of the beach, and the *BUCENTAURE* close in, with the lighthouse of Cadiz some little distance from us. With great exertion we got off from the shore, but our prize struck on the rocks

and is totally lost, the men saved and exchanged. The *SANTA ANA* (112), *NEPTUNE* (Spanish, 80), and the *AIGLE* (74), drifted close in, and were towed towards the harbour-mouth by a squadron of the enemy who came out to take possession of them. Admiral Gravina was dangerously wounded, and his left arm has been amputated since; Villeneuve is safe under the charge of the Commander-in-Chief. We are ordered to proceed to Gibraltar with the disabled ships as soon as the weather will permit, and from thence I trust we shall soon take our departure for England. Our masts are severely wounded, and only secured by fishing and reducing our upper spars. Within the last day or two we have recovered ourselves a little from the severe service we have experienced since the action. Our situation has been perilous, but our exertions have made us superior to the danger which awaited us. If my Lord Nelson had lived you would have seen me perhaps a post-captain. "After the action," said he before they came out, "I'll make you all in 80-gun ships."¹

MEMORANDUM ON LORD NELSON'S TACTICS AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

The British fleet continued their

¹ Lieutenant Senhouse received the following testimonial from his Captain, afterwards Sir Israel Pellew. "On the memorable day of Trafalgar I witnessed with admiration the judgment, activity, and zeal which you evinced; nor can time efface from my recollection the gallantry you displayed on one particular occasion, and the imminent dangers to which you exposed yourself on the second night after the action in the tremendous gale, when the *CONQUEBOR* was so much disabled and lying alongside the shore in only thirteen fathoms water, when the main-topsail sheets had given way and all adrift, the clewlings and buntlings gone, and the sail all flying, every moment expecting the mast to go, you were the only officer that volunteered the hazardous expedient of going aloft to cut away the sail, by which means alone we saved the mast."

course in two columns in the order of sailing in a line ahead; with the *BRITANNIA*, *DREADNOUGHT*, and *PRINCE* (three bad-sailing ships) making the best of their way as most convenient. The look-out ships of the line, the frigates, the *AGAMEMNON* (who had lost her topmast the evening before), and the *AFRICA* (who had parted in the night), all joining the main body and taking their respective stations as they came up. The combined fleet, after wearing from the starboard to the larboard tack, gradually fell into the form of an irregular crescent, in which they remained to the moment of attack. Many have considered that the French Admiral intended this formation of the line of battle; but from the information I obtained after the action, connected with some documents found on board the *BUCENTAURE*, I believe it was the intention to have formed a line ahead consisting of twenty-one sail, the supposed force of the British fleet; and a squadron of observation composed of twelve sail of the line under Admiral Gravina intended to act according to circumstances after the British fleet were engaged. By wearing together, the enemy's line became inverted, and the light squadron, which had been advanced in the van on the starboard tack, was left in the rear after wearing; and the ships were subsequently mingled with the rear of the main body. The wind being light with a heavy swell, and the fleet lying with their main-topsails to the mast, it was impossible for the ships to preserve their exact stations in the line, consequently scarce any ship was immediately ahead or astern of her second. The fleet had then the appearance generally of having formed in two lines, thus (————) so that the ship to leeward seemed to be opposite the space left between two in

the weather line. In the rear the line was in some places trebled, and this particularly happened where the *COLOSSUS* made her attack. This ship, after passing the French *SWIFTSURE* and luffing up under the lee of the *BAHAMA*, supposing herself to leeward of the enemy's line, unexpectedly ran alongside of the French *ACHILLE* under cover of the smoke. The *COLOSSUS* was then placed between the *ACHILLE* and the *BAHAMA*, being on board of the latter, and was also exposed to the fire of the *SWIFTSURE*'s after-guns. All these positions I believe to have been merely accidental, and to accident alone I attribute the concave circle of the fleet or crescent line of battle.

The wind, as I have stated, shifted to the westward as the morning advanced, and of course the enemy's ships came up with the wind, forming a bow and quarter line. The ships were therefore obliged to edge away to keep in the wake of their leaders, and this manœuvre, from the lightness of the wind, the unmanageable state of the ships in a heavy swell, and, we may add, the inexperience of the enemy, not being performed with facility and celerity, undesignedly threw the combined fleets into a position of defence, perhaps the best that could have been planned had it been supported with the skilful manœuvring of individual ships and with sufficient practice in gunnery.

Of the advantages and disadvantages of the mode of attack adopted by the British fleet it may be considered presumptuous to speak, as the event was so completely successful; but as the success of any particular experiment frequently depends upon contingent circumstances not originally calculated upon, there can be no impropriety in questioning whether the same plan be likely to succeed in all circumstances and on all occasions.

The original plan of attack directed by the comprehensive and able mind of our great commander was suggested on a supposition that the enemy's fleet consisted of forty-six sail of the line, and the British of forty, and the attack, as designed from to windward, was to be made under the following circumstances. Under a supposition that the hostile fleet would be in a line ahead of forty-six sail, the British fleet was to be brought within gunshot of the enemy's centre in two divisions of sixteen sail each, and a division of observation consisting of the remaining eight. The lee division was by signal to make a rapid attack under all possible sail on the twelve rear ships of the enemy. The ships were to break through the enemy's line, and such as were thrown out of their stations were to assist their friends that might be hard pressed. The remainder of the enemy's fleet of thirty-four sail were to be left to the management of the Commander-in-Chief, and it would seem that this division, with the squadron of observation, would direct their movements as rapidly as possible to the eighteen ships next in succession, from the twelve previously attacked, making, as directed by his Lordship's order, the number of the enemy attacked one-fourth inferior to the number of the British fleet. The attack would then have been thus: the two divisions would occupy the thirty ships intended to be attacked, whilst the squadron of observation of eight sail would be enabled to direct their attention to any part of the line where their assistance would seem most required.

The number of the two fleets did not amount to what had been conjectured, therefore some little alteration must be made in the plan already given in order to apply it to the action of the 21st of October. The

British fleet bore up in succession at six in the morning, and continued in the order of sailing of two divisions in a line ahead, until the attack; with the exception of the *TEMERAIRE* and *LEVIATHAN* in the weather line, and another ship in the lee line directed by signal to close with the leaders of the division. If the regulated plan of attack had been adhered to, the English fleet should have bore up together and have sailed in a line abreast in their respective divisions, until they arrived up with the enemy. Thus the plan which consideration had matured would have been executed (than which perhaps nothing could be better), the victory would have been more speedily decided, and the brunt of the action would have been more equally felt.

The enemy's fleet consisted of thirty-three sail, the English of twenty-seven. The number of the enemy to be attacked, so as to leave the English one-fourth superior, would have been about twenty-one, and according to the formation of the fleet in its order of sailing at the time the attack would have been made thus. With the exception of the *BRITANNIA*, *DREADNOUGHT*, and *PRINCE*, the body of the fleet sailed very equally, and I have no doubt could have been brought into action simultaneously with their leaders. This being granted, there was no time gained by attacking in line ahead, the only reason I could suppose that occasioned the change.

The advantage of an attack made in two grand divisions, with a squadron of observation, seems to combine every necessary precaution under all circumstances. The power of bringing an overwhelming force against a particular point of an enemy's fleet, so as to ensure the certain capture of the ships so attacked, and the power of condensing such a force

afterwards, so as not only to protect the attacking ships from any offensive attempts that may be made by the unoccupied vessels of the hostile fleet, but also to secure the prizes already made, will most probably lead to a victory; and if followed up according to circumstances may ultimately tend to the annihilation of the whole or the greater part of the mutilated fleet.

The attacking fleet is in this case brought near enough to the centre of the enemy to enable the lee division to bear up together with all possible canvas, and to make a rapid attack on the rear of the enemy. Each ship may use her superiority of sailing without being so far removed from the inferior-sailing vessels as to lose their support. The swifter ships, passing rapidly through the enemy's fire, are less liable to be disabled, and after closing with their opponents divert their attention from the inferior sailers who are advancing to complete what their leaders had begun. The weather division, from being more distant, remain spectators of the first attack for some little time, according to the rate of sailing, and may direct their attack as they observe the failure or success of the first onset, either to support the lee division if required, or to extend the success they may appear to have gained. They will also be ready to counteract any movement of the van of the enemy should they tack or wear to the rescue of the rear. The squadron of observation will have all the advantages of this last division with the additional benefit of having more time to observe the progress of the fight, and act accordingly. Should it fall calm suddenly, or should part of the fleet be disabled, or should a collected attack be made by the enemy's unoccupied ships, still the attacking fleet will be able to use all

the powers of defence which a consolidated and not confused force will admit of. If the enemy bear up to elude the attack, the attacking fleet is well collected for the commencement of a chase and for mutual support in pursuit.

The mode of attack adopted with such success in the Trafalgar action appears to me to have succeeded from the enthusiasm inspired throughout the British fleet from their being commanded by their beloved Nelson, from the gallant conduct of the leaders of the two divisions, from the individual exertions of each ship after the attack commenced, and the superior practice of the guns in the English vessels. It succeeded also because the enemy's Admiral was determined to fight the threatened battle and to give his followers an opportunity of trying their strength fairly with the English, encouraged by what had recently happened in Sir Robert Calder's action. Admiral Villeneuve, therefore, waived certain advantages that a skilful manœuvre might have insured him.

It was successful also from the consternation spread through the combined fleet on finding the British so much stronger than was expected, from the astonishing and rapid destruction which followed the attack of the leaders, witnessed by the whole hostile fleets, inspiring one and dispiriting the other, and from the loss of their Admiral's ship early in the action. The disadvantages of this mode of attack appear to consist in bringing forward the attacking zone so leisurely and alternately, that an enemy of equal spirit and equal ability in seamanship and the practice of gunnery would have annihilated the ships, one after another in detail, carried slowly on as they were in this instance only by a heavy swell and light airs.

At the distance of one mile five ships at half-cable's length apart might direct their broadside effectively against the head of the division for seven minutes, supposing the rate of sailing to have been four miles in the hour; and within the distance of half a mile three ships would do the same for seven minutes more before the attacking vessel could fire a gun in her defence. It is to be remembered that, although the hull of the headmost ship does certainly cover the hulls of those astern in a great measure, as was experienced in the weather division at Trafalgar, yet great injury is done to the masts and yards of the whole of the machinery of the fight by the fire directed against the leader, and that if these ships are foiled in their first attempt to cut through the enemy's line, or to run on board of them, they are placed for the most part *hors de combat* for the rest of the action.

Again, if it should fall unexpectedly calm, or the wind materially decrease about the moment of attack, the van ships must be sacrificed, as it would be impossible for the rear to come immediately to their assistance.

In proceeding to the attack on the 21st of October the weather was exactly such as might have caused this dilemma. The wind was light, and if it had fallen nearly calm the headmost ships in the fight must have been sacrificed if a moderate degree of spirit and skill had been exerted by the enemy, as the sternmost ships of the British were six or seven miles distant.

The attack of this almost infallible Chief was different from that laid down in his instructions, substituting a line ahead for a line abreast in his divisions, and thereby incur-

ring the disadvantages attending the former in exchange for the great results that might be anticipated from the latter; and it must be observed that the great and primary importance of applying simultaneously a force one-fourth greater to a force one-fourth smaller was entirely lost. If the enemy had been even in exact line ahead this advantage would have been lost; as, for instance, the ROYAL SOVEREIGN, who cut through the line where it was single and hauled up under the lee of the SANTA ANA, ought and might have been easily doubled upon by the SANTA ANA's second astern before the two ships in the attacking column could have manœuvred to prevent it. But as the combined fleets were drawn up on that day, being doubled and in some instances trebled, and as the manœuvre of doubling was practised, as in the case of the REDOUTABLE, who shot ahead and got alongside of the VICTORY on her lee side when the latter was desirous, as we understand, to haul up under the lee of the French Admiral and the TRINIDAD, the advantage of applying an overpowering force collectively, it would seem, was totally lost; and an enemy equal in every respect must have foiled every attempt at victory, when attacked thus in detail. Instead of doubling on the enemy the British ships were on that day doubled and trebled on themselves.

The VICTORY, TEMERAIRE, ROYAL SOVEREIGN, BELLISLE, MARS, COLOSSUS, and BELLEROPHON were placed in such situations in the onset that nothing but the most heroic gallantry and practical skill at their guns could have extricated them. If the enemy's vessels had closed up as they ought to have done around these vessels from rear to rear, and had possessed a nearer equality in active courage and

ability, it is my opinion that even British skill and British gallantry could not have availed. The position of the combined fleets at one time was precisely that in which the British were desirous of being placed,—that is, to have a part of an opposing fleet doubled on and separated from the main body; the very manœuvre which, we conceive, is decided for the capture and subsequent protection of the ship so separated and surrounded. If the enemy had possessed British attributes they must have succeeded. They did not, and therefore liberties were taken by the English which could not be suffered with an enemy more on an equality. The French Admiral, with his fleet, showed the greatest passive gallantry, and certainly the French *INTREPIDE* with some others evinced active courage equal to the British; but there was no nautical management, no skilful manœuvring. The enemy might have placed themselves in such a position that a victory could not have been taken advantage of by us; and still further a victory might have had all the bad effects of a defeat. It may appear presumptuous thus to have questioned the propriety of the *Trafalgar* attack; but it is only just to point out the advantages and disadvantages of every means that may be used for the attainment of great results, that the probabilities and existing circumstances may be well weighed before such means are applied. A plan to be entirely correct must be fitted for all cases and all circumstances. If its infallibility is not thus established, there can be no impropriety in pointing out the shoals and dangers in sailing over the same ground to subsequent navigators.

There is a rising naval power which possesses the germs of a growing

equality with the naval power of this country, and which may one day rise nearly to the colossal height its great prototype has attained, but never, I think, rise superior. If the combined fleets had been exchanged for a fleet of the country I allude to arrived at that approach to equality which they may yet attain, I do believe the British attack would have been foiled in its attempt.

If this is likely to have been the case, the mode of attack used on the 21st may be recorded for our admiration as having led on that day to such magnificent results, and as one that may be used against an enemy when the boundary of caution may be outstepped for the purpose of throwing the die to try the chance of skill and an impetuous headlong courage against numbers; but it can only be in cases like this in question where a passive courage occupies the place of spirited ability. Our heroic and lamented Chief knew his means, and knew the power he had to deal with. He knew the means he adopted were sufficient for the occasion, and that sufficed.

He planned and circulated that mode of attack committed to writing as one of his last legacies to the British Navy, which may be hereafter used under the influence of the mantle his spirit may have left behind. This plan appears to be perfect in its operation. Having so done he reserved the right of deviating from its stricter rules under his personal discrimination, and like a skilful artist employed the precise impulse to obtain his object without any unnecessary waste of exertion. At some future period some one less discriminating might attempt to follow in his footsteps and might fail.

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HEINE IN PARIS.

SOUVENIRS LITTÉRAIRES : par Edouard Grenier. Translated into English by Mrs. Abel Ram. London, 1899.

THE nature of the acquaintance-ship of two people often takes its colour from the accidental circumstances of their introduction. The reason, no doubt, is that first impressions strike home with an emphasis that the lesser pressure of subsequent familiarity is too light to efface. An actor who has made a hit as the gravedigger can never be recognised by the same audience as a possible Hamlet; throughout his life and for many years after his death the reputation of Hood the humourist entirely overshadowed the reputation of Hood the poet. Heinrich Heine has suffered in a somewhat similar way at the hands of his latest biographer, if so large a word may be used of so small a writer. Edouard Grenier, annalist and minor poet, is an engaging personality. His genial twitterings flow along with the ease of those restful streams that twine through the poplar woods of Middle France. They hardly fret even their banks; they are not shallow enough to stir the stones nor deep enough to hide them; they pass peacefully through the champagne land, and though here and there they move the mills of commerce, no sign of the unconscious effort appears before or after. A lady once said of Grenier, in his hearing, that he wrote pretty verses, and though the faint praise offended his poetic ambitions, a better description could scarcely be found. He wrote pretty verses; he has written a pretty book

of Reminiscences, as was natural in one who passed much of his time in the company of many immortals, of Lamartine, Musset, George Sand, and Heinrich Heine. Of these and many more he has prattled with an ease and gossiping grace that are neither shallow enough to be an offence nor deep enough to be a true revelation. Yet the anecdotal charm of the writing has a danger of its own, if only for the subtle ease with which the matter is insinuated into the memory. In this way his chapter on Heine may do more harm to Heine's memory than the matter of the criticism deserves.

Like most genuine poets Heine was a creature of many moods, and if a critic, true in the letter as he is false in spirit, likes to isolate one of these moods, he may play havoc with the character of any Olympian in the world. But character after all, though it has many facets, has but one fact. It is a good stone of pure water, or it is a bad one, independently of the light that may be temporarily thrown on it. At this date it is no doubt a delight to get any new information about Heine's life, and there is the excellent entertainment we should expect in the latest contribution. The tale, however, is more humorous than truthful; for Grenier, overcome by the comicality of their first introduction, was never afterwards able to recover the true perspective, to see in Heine, the wit and the galliard, the candidate

for immortal fame, and thereby his critical judgment fails to do justice to the finer elements of the poet's character. In the year 1838 Edouard Grenier returned from a long sojourn in Germany. He had so fallen in love with the country where he had been entertained, that on his return he spent much of his time in a circulating library, in the Place Louvois, for the sole object of reading the German newspapers. It was here that he first met Heine. "I was sitting," he writes, "at the green baize table strewn with papers between two readers whom at first I did not look at. At last one of them aroused my attention by an incessant cough which was almost as irritating to his neighbours as to himself. My other neighbour presently grew impatient, and during a fit of coughing, more prolonged than usual, gave utterance to a loud *hush*! Another fit soon came on followed by a still more imperative *hush*! The unfortunate sufferer turned to my neighbour and asked sharply whether the *hush* was meant for him? The latter, thus taken to task, lowering the newspaper which he was holding close to his eyes as though he were short-sighted, turned to his interrogator with a look of amazement, which, whether real or feigned, was comical in the extreme, and answered in a tone of the utmost surprise: 'Oh, Monsieur, I thought it was a dog!'" Could anyone but Heine have hit on a retort so whimsical, so unexpected, so final? It may claim perhaps a parallel passage in the pun which Charles Lamb picks out of Swift's *Miscellanies* as the best in the world, because the worst. It will be familiar:—the learned doctor deliberately stopping the flurried and down-trodden porter as he was carrying a hare and the subsequent grave enquiry, "Prithee,

sir, is that your own hare or a wig?" The evanescent comicality of the question, as coming just where and from whom it did, has been analysed in Lamb's best manner, and it needs a Lamb (who is more than a Grenier) to develop the whimsical element in this Heinesque repartee. There is one other of a similar savour, the famous reply made by Heine himself to the unfortunate Vanedey after their quarrel. Their relations had become so acrid that Vanedey with native pomposity repaid to Heine a few francs that had been lent years ago. Heine at once forwarded the amount to Dumas's charity fund. He could not accept the money, he said; "It had a flavour of donkey about it." Upon which poor clumsy Vanedey, by way of revenge, went round moaning to all his friends, "I am Heine's donkey."

This episode of the dog served as an introduction between Heine and Grenier, and for a while the two were close friends. Ambitious men like to know men whose ambition is already won, and thus Grenier was attracted to Heine. Great men are willing to encourage admiration and subservience, and thus Heine was well-disposed to Grenier. If only the Frenchman had written his judgments on Heine in those early days, how differently the tale would have read. Like Boswell, Grenier, who had many Boswellian attributes, would have made by reason of his admiration an excellent biographer; but writing after their quarrel the spice of venom in his criticism makes it less convincing. He is one of the now fashionable tribe that devotes itself to a sort of diluted Boswellism. Men on the edge of literature seek at much expense of labour and modesty acquaintance with those who have started on the voyage of fame. Stimulated either by the

sense of hero-worship, or by some more vulgar instinct, they fill their note-books with the sayings and doings of these favourites of the crowd, and eventually, on the death or retirement of the great man, they set these records in a volume or in a series of articles, and thicken their memoirs with the padding of superficial criticism or unconscious advertisement. Thus it happens nowadays that every candidate, whether qualified or not, for a niche in the temple of fame, is dogged by a little pack of Bozzies who will presently bark to a listening world the ideas suggested by the great man's scent. Such recorded chatterings have a market-price and form the chap-books for the ultimate biography. In the case of Grenier the reminiscences are stimulated by a love of gossip and a garrulous geniality which help to make pleasant pages. His book is amusing enough to read for an idle hour, and might then be forgotten, as such books should be. In the course of his gossiping, however, he brings against poor Heine one charge which demands serious notice. In history Heine has been written down, not like Venedey as an ass, but as a sort of Pentecostal genius. Directly he came to Paris his appearance as a contributor to the *REVUE DES DEUX MONDES* introduced him to his new friends as an accomplished French scholar; and his subsequent articles in that magazine and others, as well as the appearance of some French versions of his songs, created the impression, which has since become accepted history, that Heine could write in French as easily and as well as in German. Theophile Gautier, for example, has put it on record that he considered Heine a wonderful scholar, though he adds, as an instance of the poet's

irony, that he loved to hide his capacity under a guttural German accent. It is this accepted view which Grenier sets out to combat, and it must be confessed at once that his evidence, so far as it goes, is irrefutable. He himself, Edouard Grenier, spent many hours of his time in laboriously translating Heine's articles for the *Revue* into idiomatic French, the only quota contributed by Heine being, as a rule, the insertion of some phrases, horribly compounded after the German manner (which were introduced with the object he said, of assisting to develop the French language), with the result that the world pointed to these purple patches as the final proof of their German authorship. Heine, moreover, used to resort to pretty little subterfuges to keep the willing translator at his work. Some of the translations were made, he hinted, to show the Princess Belgiojosa and would serve later as an excuse for an introduction. This was a great bribe for our little Boswell and lasted for many months; the gossiping annalist does not get the chance of an acquaintance with a real princess of literary tastes every day of the week. So Grenier continued to translate, and Heine continued to publish the translations without acknowledgment. There is also little doubt but that, when Grenier departed on his diplomatic mission, Heine employed other willing slaves, Saxe-Weimar for one, on similar tasks.

In acknowledgment of this obligation he was doubtless remiss. The temptation to absorb the work of lesser men, what we should call in the case of common people the inclination to plagiarise, continually attacks genius. Genius is attended, as is natural and not unfit, by a sense of superiority. Conscious of

the possession of the true Midas-touch, it exercises the power of transforming clay to gold without feeling any sense of obligation towards the raw material. We read Burns in blissful unconsciousness that the words are the words of Ferguson. Handel has lent immortality to the tunes of many Lilliputian composers. Boissier and Cyrano are only known to fame because Molière transferred some of their unpolished gems into the setting of his masterpiece. Disraeli (and this brother Jew supplies a nearer parallel) has been accused, and justly, of using for his most famous speech the sentiments, almost the phrases, of a French orator, who in turn owed not a little to Cicero. The truth is, quotation marks are an ugly, inartistic, irritating insertion; acknowledgment by word or by foot-note is clumsy, seems unnecessary, and certainly can be overdone. A modern novelist does not acknowledge the services of his literary assistants, the hack-writers who get up Indian scenery, or German duels, or English polo. In the same way there was no necessity laid on Heine to proclaim the services of Edouard Grenier. The translator was paid not in gold but in coin which he more appreciated, in chats with Heine, the exiled genius, and in conversations with his friends in the Faubourg Poissonnière, all materials for a book of reminiscences.

But at the same time it must be admitted that Heine had special and peculiar reasons for earning a reputation as a French scholar. Owing to the drastic censorship in Berlin, and the miserable prices which his publisher Campe paid for what the censors left, Heine was in continual need of money. Exiled like Ovid, dogged with the ill-luck of a Spenser, and endowed with the generosity of a Goldsmith, poverty was a certainty

of his life. He was enabled to keep off the stress of heavy debts solely through the generosity of his new countrymen. Although what he himself calls the foolish pride of a German poet prevented him from formally becoming a naturalised Frenchman, nevertheless both from personal interest and a native spirit of good fellowship he was always striving to gratify his Parisian friends. He worked hard both as a hack-writer, a task at which he asserts that he was worth "devilish little (*verdämt wenig*)," and also in the guise of a French patriot. "It was the great task of my life," he writes, "to labour at a hearty understanding between Germany and France." The announcement is made in his will and must be taken with all the seriousness that its setting implies. He laboured very hard at this task, and partly for the excellence of his work partly from the extreme generosity of the government of Louis Philippe, he was given an annual pension of 4,800 francs. Towards the gaining of this pension no doubt the excellent versions of Edouard Grenier contributed in no small degree. Was it very wrong of Heine not to tell M. Guizot that these translations were really the work of that promising young candidate for future admittance to the Academy, the embryo writer of pretty verses, M. Edouard Grenier?

The slip is the more excusable that, as a rule, jealous pride was foreign to Heine's nature. Once he was accused of passing off as his own the borrowed phrase *pour l'amour de Voltaire*, but it is the one instance of plagiarism, and as for envious desire of fame he generally showed himself remarkably free from it. But even in this reference the annalist speaks with disparagement. It seems that in his youthful enthusiasm Grenier was

accustomed to congratulate Heine because he had followed in Goethe's steps, and like him given lucidity to German verse; a clumsy comparison at best and tactlessly conveyed, nor can we share the critic's surprise that Heine took exception to the comparison. A writer of a genius even more individual (though of course slighter) than Goethe's is not unjustified in taking umbrage at this sort of civil leer.

It is a little disappointing to find that a friend of Heine has not more news to tell of the life in Paris. Grenier found Heine's room German and *bourgeois*, he thought the *petite Nonotte* (to use Heine's favourite endearment) a dull, unintelligent *grisette* whom the poet had picked up Heaven knows where. But the details of the furniture of Heine's flat are not interesting, and after all Mathilde Crescence Mirat, though she did not know her husband was a poet, and though she failed to learn German, loved Heine with a very full affection, and for those eight long years which he spent on his mattress-grave tended him with an inspiring cheerfulness worthy of a Beatrice.

It is never fair to investigate the character of a poet in the light of common day. Though Heine's profession was journalism, and though poetry, if we may believe his own words, was but a holy plaything, he was of the stuff that poets are made of. He was moody and on the surface fickle; full of enthusiasm like Byron, but also full of a conflicting humour which prevented him from thinking, in Byron's words, that he was pious when he was only bilious. He has had many hard words thrown at his head. The Jews call him apostate because his Jew uncle persuaded him to be a Christian; the Germans call him regenade, because they drove him

from his country; his free-thinking (and free-loving) friends branded him as hypocrite, because he was at last wedded in church to please the wife he loved. Politicians lay emphasis on his fickleness, because the opinions of his leading articles developed with the progress of the times. Lastly M. Edouard Grenier dubs him as a *bourgeois* impostor because he lived with a wife in a flat and did not advertise his indebtedness to his translator.

But all these accusations, true enough when forced into illogical isolation, fail of their effect because they do not touch the essence of either Heine's genius or his character. His genius was the spark struck from dissimilar elements. As he himself says of Shakespeare, the Greek and Hebrew elements joined; but they did not fuse. They stood to each other as the Celtic and Teutonic elements in many English characters, a constant cause of unaccountable flashes. Hence comes the unceasing interest of his work. Like his life, we shall never get to the end of it, even when those autobiographical memoirs of his are dug up from the archives of the Austrian Government. Indeed his life and genius are bound up in a peculiar manner; we can get to the end of neither, and the beauty which is at the centre of both will never be spoiled, though it is sometimes veiled, by the eccentric ugliness of the outer hem. The mingled love, bitterness, and pathos of his songs, as of his career, strike home by virtue of an untameable reality. When other writers try to pull from the heart its deeper secrets they succeed only as those who rake water-weeds from the river. The plants, swinging there in their own element, looked full of native grace and beauty; but when gathered by clumsy hands to the bank they lie tangled into a repul-

sive heap of amorphous ugliness. Later on laborious talent can sort and separate the fibres and press the growths back to shape, if not to beauty; but the mobile grace, the natural beauty, is spoiled for ever.

Yet Heine, helped by the witchery of humour, can wrest these deeper habitants of the heart out of their home, and for a moment hold up their elusive grace in the element of a stranger world. So in respect of his genius no idle or envious tongue can rob his reputation of its gloss. Had he borrowed as much as Burns he would still, like Burns, be justified in the loan; and in respect of his character, even if he was moody and *bourgeois* (whatever that means) and acquisitive of another's fame, the essence of the man is still beyond the reach of cavil. For eight years of miserable pain he wrote regular and cheerful letters to his old mother that she might not suspect his illness, and before the friends about him he maintained a vivacious interest and manly fortitude which could only be the outcome of a heroic mind. When, dying on that pile of mattresses, he painfully lifted with his fingers the lid of his single seeing eye and saw the ruin of a great and gay man, he could still smile and jest. "Pouvez-vous siffler?" said the doctor to him on his death-bed.

"Hélas! non," was the answer; "pas même une comédie de M. Scribe." The jest needed a fine courage, and the humour gives the picture a truer pathos than the solemnity of a Marius on the ruined stones of Carthage. It is true Heine wrote in the intervals his *Tristia*; but if we can find an excuse for the lamentation of the exile at Tomi, even an annalist should have room for a genuine respect for the expatriated poet of the dreary Rue d'Amsterdam. Such humour as his is a sign of the victory of will. Like Kant he kept his mind, vigorous in spite of his body, through a long series of years, and he has kept alive for a world-long period his reputation, not only as a genius, but as a good courageous character. "Pas de talent mais un caractère," translates Grenier from ATTA TROLL, and wishes to write the reverse of the epitaph on Heine's tomb. It is a thin criticism for a self-constituted critic, and may be dissipated by a phrase. "The field of Honour is dirty," said Heine, when he was forced into the arena to fight a silly duel; and such a witticism so timed is as full a test of character as it is of talent; for the man who made it never in all his trials lost command either of his wit or of his will.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

FEEDING AN ARMY.

"THE art of conquering," said Frederick the Great, "is unavailing apart from the art of subsisting," and stern experience has brought home the truth of this and similar maxims to generals in the field. The provisioning of an army is, however, neither the most conspicuous nor the most picturesque part of war, nor is its importance immediately apparent. Hence the mind is disposed to pass lightly over it to the crash of arms, in which the blow, prepared by means not readily followed, is at length delivered and the victory declared. At the same time to have an intelligent appreciation of the conflict, to realise all that is contained in such expressions as lack of transport or exposure of communications, one must be conversant in some degree with the preliminaries and accessories of warfare; and of these the most important and difficult are concerned with the feeding of the troops.

In mediæval times the question was easily solved. An army lived off the country which it occupied, and when that could no longer support it, moved on to another region and there repeated the same process. In the terrible wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the unarmed population must have deemed itself fortunate when it escaped with this exhausting tax, and was not also ruined and decimated by the ferocious professional soldiery. If from any cause this one means of sustenance failed, an army speedily melted away.

Nowadays the method of making war support itself is estopped partly by the vast size of modern armies,

partly by various considerations both humane and politic which did not occur to our rough and ready ancestors. Consequently the food-supplies of an army must now in great part be sent from home. During the Peninsular War this fact was only beginning to be recognised; and the burden thus imposed upon Wellington occupied so much of his time that he used humorously to say that, though he might not be a very good general, he prided himself upon being a first-rate commissariat officer.

The easiest part in the feeding of an army is the preparation of supplies at home and the forwarding of them to the base. Yet this task requires two valuable qualities, foresight and care, for lack of which it has sometimes been disastrously mismanaged. The besetting weakness of a routine administration, that it is always inclined to work upon a stereotyped plan, has been a fruitful source of error. General rules may form a good basis of calculation, but they need to be modified according to particular circumstances. Thus if the error is to be avoided of sending coals to Newcastle, and in order to send them delaying supplies really needed, the quantity and character of the supplies procurable on the spot must be ascertained. Other points also must be taken into account; the disposition of the inhabitants, for example, the probable duration and character of the struggle, and so forth.

An army engaged in the realities of war needs a greater supply of food than when taking part in apparently similar operations at home. During

peace each soldier in the British army receives when in barracks one pound of bread, three quarters of a pound of meat (really about seven ounces of meat-food, as the meat is weighed uncooked and with the bone), and also groceries. When in camp at home he receives an extra quarter of a pound of meat, the daily cost of his food at this time, at contract prices, being about ninepence three-farthings. In the field his rations are estimated to consist of a pound and a half of bread or a pound of biscuit, one pound of meat, one third of an ounce of coffee, one sixth of an ounce of tea, two ounces of sugar, half an ounce of salt, and one thirty-sixth of an ounce of pepper. Lord Wolseley considers that at times of marching, or other hard work, this ration should be increased by half a pound of meat and two ounces of compressed vegetables or four ounces of preserved potatoes, the total being three pounds and a half gross weight of food for each man. His Lordship also reckons that each soldier when marching will require from six to eight pints of water for drinking and cooking, and about the same amount for washing, but that in a stationary camp he will require for all purposes at least five gallons.

The animals accompanying the expedition, namely, the horses of the cavalry, the horses and mules attached to the transport, and the cattle driven along with the forces, must also be fed. The daily rations for a horse are calculated at fourteen pounds of hay and twelve pounds of oats, but these quantities, like those given above, may need augmenting. General Sherman, the well-known Federalist commander, considers that, to be in good condition, a soldier ordinarily needs daily three pounds gross of food, a horse or a mule twenty pounds. If, however, a

chronic dearth of provisions is to be prevented, the amount supplied must considerably exceed the amount needed, for even under the most skillful management immense loss and waste and frequent miscalculation are inevitable. This fact constitutes an almost certain pitfall to the inexperienced; that it is well understood by the British Government appears from their resolve to keep four months' reserve always available in South Africa. This reserve, which at the outbreak of the war it was calculated would meet the needs of some hundred and twenty thousand men, included twelve million pounds of preserved meat, twelve million pounds of biscuit, four hundred thousand pounds of coffee, two hundred thousand pounds of tea, two million two hundred thousand pounds of sugar, eight hundred thousand pounds of compressed vegetables, four hundred thousand pounds of salt, three hundred and sixty thousand tins of condensed milk, one million four hundred and fifty thousand pounds of jam, eighty thousand gallons of rum, twelve thousand bottles of whisky, thirty-two thousand bottles of port wine, four hundred thousand pounds weight of lime-juice, a vast quantity of sparklets for making soda-water, eighty tons of alum for purifying water. For fifty thousand horses and mules there were provided twenty-five thousand tons of hay, thirty-one thousand tons of oats, and three thousand tons of bran.

Within recent years it has been found advisable on several grounds to supply large quantities of prepared and preserved foods to armies in the field. In the first place, the need for fuel in order to cook the food is thus greatly reduced,—it will be remembered that from nothing did the English army in the Crimea suffer so greatly as from the want of this

necessary; secondly, exactly the kind, quality, and right proportions of food required can thus be supplied; thirdly, food when prepared takes up less room and is thus more easily transported; fourthly, when sent in packages, each known to contain a certain number of days' rations, it is much more easily and expeditiously distributed. On the other hand, fresh meat and bread are in the long run more wholesome and sustaining than preserved foods.

It is generally agreed that spirits should be consumed only in great moderation during a campaign. In addition to their notorious disadvantages they are very deceptive restoratives; and the man who thinks to fortify himself by means of them against the possible results of that exposure which soldiers in the field must undergo commits a dangerous error. Tea is a far healthier and safer drink. Vinegar, lime-juice, jam, and fresh vegetables are strongly recommended as anti-scorbutics, of which there should always be a plentiful store.

A more difficult matter than the preparation of supplies is the distribution of them to the troops in the field. To accomplish this, the whole system of magazines and lines of communication has grown up during the last two centuries. The place in which the supplies, in the first instance, are collected is called the base; in the case, however, of an army supported from over-sea its ships, which bring its supplies and to which it must retreat if defeated, constitute the base. The supplies are forwarded from the base along the lines of communication, that is to say, along the traffic-routes connecting the army or its various divisions with the base. Until required, they are stored in magazines at the base
1 in dépôts at suitable points on

the line of communications. The foundation of such a system of communications, so far as it is to traverse friendly territory, should be laid in times of peace; preparations for prolonging them into the enemy's territory can be based on a knowledge of its character and resources. The Germans entered upon the war of 1870-71 well equipped in these respects; consequently they were able to surmount without disaster the commissariat difficulties arising out of the concentration of immense armies for the siege of Paris at a distance of two hundred miles from the frontier. Strategical considerations should enter largely into any scheme of communications. Thus the base should if possible be located at the intersection of several lines of transport, in order to prevent the enemy from perceiving in advance the general plan of operations.

Obviously the railway forms the best means of communication, and where there is a single line of advance, as in the late Khartoum campaign, may be relied upon almost exclusively. Where, however, operations are spread over a wide area, it must be supplemented by other means of transport. The deficiency of these at the beginning of the present war seriously hampered the British forces by restricting their choice of lines of advance to the railways, and rendering impossible the movement of large bodies to a distance from them. The disadvantages thus arising were increased by the fact that the lines of advance available had already been curtailed owing to the decision of first relieving the besieged garrisons.

As an army advances small detachments are left at exposed or commanding points to protect the lines from interruption by flying columns of the enemy, and to control the general arrangements of the trans-

port. At first supplies are obtained directly from the base; but as the lines of communication lengthen, the army is compelled to rely more on the intermediate depots, which are stocked in part from the base, in part from the surrounding country. The task of keeping these depots adequately supplied, as well as the whole supervision of the transport from the base to the terminal station on the lines of communication, is in the hands of the Army Service Corps under the direction of trained officers.

While, however, its depots and magazines form the main source, they are seldom the only source whence an army draws its means of subsistence. In friendly territory the inhabitants of the districts through which it passes are expected to help in provisioning it, receiving reasonable pay for what they give. Again, supplies of fresh bread and meat, which, as has already been seen, form a very desirable, if not a necessary, portion of a soldier's diet, can usually neither be forwarded from the rear nor obtained locally. In order, therefore, to secure a sufficient quantity of fresh meat, the cattle must be driven along with the army. This method, though the best, has serious disadvantages. Cattle travel slowly; either therefore they must be allowed to fall inconveniently behind, or the army must slacken its rate of advance. Moreover, the change from leisurely grazing in soft fields to moving at a sustained pace along hard rough roads has a very deteriorating effect upon the animals. They become feverish and lose much weight, perhaps are rapidly carried off by disease. On this account the authorities have endeavoured in the present war to supply the troops as far as possible with frozen meat from New Zealand, Australia, and elsewhere. The meat thus obtained is more wholesome than

that afforded by freshly slain but ill-conditioned cattle, and the troublesome sanitary problems of the slaughter-house are avoided. It is reckoned that in a healthy condition an ox will afford rations for three hundred men, a sheep for forty-five, and a pig for one hundred and ten.

To ensure adequate supplies of fresh bread, an army is usually accompanied by a field-bakery column. This includes the field-ovens, and a number of waggons, some of them carrying the yeast and reserves of flour, while in others, which are fitted up as bake-houses, the bread is kneaded and prepared for the ovens. Of field-ovens there are several kinds; the steam-oven and the field-oven specifically so-called are much used in the British Army. A steam-oven, weighing from one to two tons, can be taken across moderately rough country by four horses. It will bake in some ten hours between four and five hundred loaves weighing three pounds each. A field-oven (made of sheet-iron) is a much lighter article, but bakes only about half as much bread in the same time. In the French Army there are attached to each army-corps twenty-four field-ovens, yielding each sixteen hundred rations a day, one hundred and sixty at a baking.

So long as an army depends upon supplies forwarded from its depots the convoy-trains attached to it will be chiefly engaged in bringing them up from the terminal station on the lines of communication. It was shown in the Franco-German War that an army-corps to ensure the satisfactory delivery of its stores of all kinds, needs twelve hundred waggons, large equipment is usually distributed to auxiliary, departmental, and regimental transports. The auxiliary transports receive the supplies at the last station on the

line. The flour they carry to the field-bakery, generally stationed some distance to the rear of the army, exchanging it for the loaves of bread which they take to the departmental transports. The remainder of the supplies received at the station they take direct to the departmental transports. The latter carry the supplies to the camp, where the regimental transports receive them and distribute them to the troops. Returning again, the departmental transports are met by the auxiliary transports with fresh supplies. At the same time, in order to provide against any breakdown or delay, or other sudden emergency, the transports accompanying the army carry a reserve generally of from four to six days' supplies. Further, each soldier carries in his haversack rations for three days. It may happen that an army must be prepared to subsist for a considerably longer period upon the provisions stored in its convoy-trains. Upon such occasions movable field-magazines are sometimes added to these, but they have the great disadvantage of seriously encumbering the advance. General Sherman calculates that a single army-waggon drawn by six mules will hold a day's provisions for a regiment of a thousand men. At this rate a week's provisions for an army-corps of thirty-five thousand men, dependent solely upon what it carries in its trains, would fill two hundred and fifty waggons. If the waggons required to carry the forage for horses, the ammunition, and other supplies are added, this number may be doubled or even trebled.

The march of an army-corps thus encumbered is very different from the sweeping, torrent-like advance that the uninformed fancy is disposed to picture to itself. A single narrow road may form the only line of advance. Over this the long-drawn

column of some thirty-five thousand men extends for eight or ten miles. Behind them follow the convoy-trains, the regular transport-waggons reinforced by locally-requisitioned drays and carts, and numbering in all perhaps near a thousand vehicles, which may cover another ten or twelve miles. Reluctant herds of cattle, incessantly driven forward with goad and whip, close the line of march. The whole line may thus occupy a good twenty miles of road, or nearly half the distance from London to Brighton. The advance is slow and irregular, and before the main body of the transports is in movement the leading battalions have already arrived. Of the pomp and picturesqueness usually associated with the movements of large masses of troops there is little to be seen. The brilliant uniforms, the smartness and alertness of the parade-ground are wanting; and the long line of transports, advancing slowly amid shouting and confusion and frequent delays due to the bad and at times almost impassable condition of the roads, might at first sight be taken for a huge gipsy-emigration. Before the bulk of the transports is in motion the leading battalions have already arrived in camp and completed the day's marching. More than a dozen miles are seldom covered in a day; and little as this may seem at first sight, yet the daily effort necessary, combined with the tedium and monotony of the march, the frequent stoppages, and the long fasts consequent upon the backwardness of the transports, soon spread exhaustion and depression among the troops.

The question of supplies becomes much more serious when the invasion of the enemy's territory commences. The maintenance of the communications and the collection of supplies locally alike offer greater difficul-

ties than hitherto. This holds even in the most favourable conditions. Thus, though the invading armies of Germany in 1870 were well served by their commissariat and had complete control over the territory which they occupied, want was at times acutely felt by them. An army stationed in hostile territory will endeavour to obtain local supplies either by billeting or by some system of requisitions. Billeting is open to serious objections. It presses very severely upon the poorer inhabitants, and where these are numerous should as far as possible be avoided from humane motives. Moreover it involves the dispersion of the troops, and therefore cannot be resorted to without great risk when an enemy is in force in the neighbourhood. The danger is illustrated by an incident in the campaign of 1814. St. Priest, one of the generals of the Allies, having received authoritative messages announcing the complete defeat of Napoleon, had quartered his troops on the villages about Soissons. In this condition they were attacked by Napoleon, whose defeat had been greatly exaggerated, and were easily and decisively beaten. Requisitioning is now far more resorted to than billeting by an invading army. The success and the humanity of this method of obtaining supplies depend in great measure upon tact and judgment. The inhabitants are naturally unwilling to contribute to the support of a foreign army; at the same time they are still more unwilling to expose themselves to the passions of a starving soldiery. In these circumstances it is generally the wisest course for the general in command to summon the civil authorities and other influential persons of the district, and to arrange with them the terms upon which protection against rapine and insult will

be afforded to the inhabitants; he will also be wise to leave the collection of supplies to the local authorities, who know how the burden can be most satisfactorily distributed. It is now coming to be recognised that the requisitions thus demanded should be paid for, unless by some act of treachery, or other offence, the inhabitants have forfeited the immunity of non-combatants. As late, however, as the war of 1870-71 the inclination to regard requisitions as a tax imposed upon a conquered people was still strong. Shortly after the invasion had commenced a list of regulations on this score was issued by the German commanders. Each soldier was to receive daily from the inhabitants seven hundred and fifty *grammes* (equal to nearly two pounds) of bread, five hundred *grammes* of meat, five hundred and fifty of bacon, thirty of coffee, sixty of tobacco (or five cigars), besides wine, beer, or whisky. The daily rations for a horse were fixed at six thousand *grammes* (nearly sixteen pounds) of oats, two thousand of hay and fifteen hundred of straw. In order to extend the burden over a large area monetary contributions have sometimes been substituted for requisitions in kind.

The number of troops which a district is capable of supporting depends of course upon the amount and nature of its resources. In the barren regions in which English troops have so often operated against uncivilised enemies requisitioning of any sort has frequently been out of the question. General estimates have, however, been made. Colonel Hazenkampt considers that if the population be equal in number to the troops it can supply them for from four to six days; if it be double in number it can supply them for from one to two weeks, if quadruple for from three to four weeks. An army-corps he thinks can easily

be supplied from a country which has one hundred and fifty inhabitants to the square mile, but only while on the march. Clausewitz calculated that from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand men marching in parallel columns on a tolerably broad front can be fed from local resources. It is obvious, however, that an army when in motion will not be able to exact requisitions from a hostile country with the same ease as when it is stationed for some time in one region. The scale of requisitions, according to another method of computation, has been fixed at one ration daily for every three inhabitants of a well-cultivated, and for every six of a poor district.

An invading army, however, even where its lines of communications have been prolonged through many miles of hostile territory, must rely principally upon supplies from home. Thus in the war of 1870-71, when the resources of a rich country were at the disposal of the conquerors and were freely utilised, two thirds of the provisions were drawn from the base. In Napoleon's invasion of Russia this vital source was closed at an early stage owing to the breakdown of the commissariat, and long before reaching Moscow the army was rapidly melting away through famine and through the consequent desertion of the foreign auxiliaries.

The modern system of supplying armies has greatly lessened their mobility, for under ordinary conditions a large force departing from its lines of communication will soon begin to suffer from dearth of food. A late modification of the system has still further limited the sphere of action. Formerly large detachments used to be left on the lines of communication to hold these against attack; in consequence an army rapidly lost strength as it advanced. This disadvantage

has induced modern commanders to adopt another plan, to leave behind only such detachments as will suffice to keep the system in good working-order, and to throw upon the main body itself the duty of protecting it against serious attack.

These successive changes have fundamentally modified the problems of strategy. Armies are nowadays like foils, by means of which very vulnerable yet at the same time very necessary lines of communication are attacked and defended. To destroy or render powerless the forces of the enemy remains as much as ever the main object, but this may often be most effectually accomplished by getting past his line of defence and severing his communications. In such circumstances a complete victory will often alone save him from starvation.

From the military point of view the present war is interesting because, among other reasons, it opposes to each other the modern commissariat system and a system having points of analogy with the medieval. The Boers to a great extent seize what they require; their horses and draught-oxen can subsist by grazing on the *veld*; hence they are much less dependent than the British on their communications. This gave them considerable advantages in respect of speed and freedom of movement in the early stages of the war, when the heavy transport-requirements on the British side far exceeded the available supply. This defect, however, once remedied, the real superiority of the magazine-system has immediately revealed itself. Com-mandeering, a sort of unscientific requisitioning, will not long maintain a large stationary force in a thinly populated country; and oxen, even though they do not need to carry their own forage, are greatly inferior as draught-animals to the mules which

the British have gradually collected from America and South Europe. The latter fact was strikingly shown in Cronje's failure to effect his retreat from Magersfontein. On the field of battle his force, being all mounted, would have been more mobile than the British; on the march they were overtaken because of the slowness of their transport.

The problem of properly supplying an army like ours in South Africa is sufficiently arduous; yet it is light compared with what awaits modern

continental nations in the wars of the future when their whole manhood will be thrown into the struggle. The depopulated country behind them will certainly be unequal to the task, which will therefore fall largely upon neutrals. To supply from foreign, and partly from distant, countries armies numbered by the million will be as difficult as it will be supremely important. Hence success in warfare may come to depend primarily upon the excellence of the commissariat arrangements.

OUR RUMMAGE SALE.

It may, or it may not, interest the world, which is in the habit of glibly using the phrase *to stand in another man's shoes*, to be informed that I am at this very moment standing in the Rector's, or at any rate in what were once the Rector's, boots. They are not at all bad boots in their way, being stoutly built and at the same time having some pretensions to be called elegant; but the Rector hardened his heart to part with them because they persisted in creaking, and I regret to say that, under the strain of new proprietorship, they have as yet evinced no inclination to abjure a pernicious habit. I am at least the third owner of these valuable articles, and whereas they passed from the Rector's hands (or, to be more accurate, from the Rector's feet) into the temporary possession of my odd-job boy, any virtue that might have attached to them in the matter of endowing their purchaser with the gift of preaching, or of lecturing an old woman, has possibly been intercepted in the course of transit, and appertains unto William Thomas rather than unto myself. If I cannot of my personal experience testify that William has in parochial matters shown a desire to cut the ground from beneath the Rector's feet, or in any way to arrogate unto himself the functions of our spiritual pastor, I may at least declare that on some occasions when I have myself been wearing those boots, so far from feeling any desire to preach I have only with difficulty abstained from using words of anything but good omen.

Allow me a few words as to the purchase of those boots. It had been strongly impressed upon me by our good Rector, fortified by the weight of a feminine and not-lightly-to-be gainsaid authority that it was incumbent upon myself, as being one of those beasts of burden called in the vulgar tongue churchwardens, to further to the full extent of my ability the success of our Rummage Sale. And it readily occurred to me that I should best secure that object and my own peace of mind, at one and the same blow, by presenting William Thomas with the sum of five shillings and giving him a half-day off, on the condition that time and money should alike be spent in the Rummage Sale, and that the money in particular should be invested in the purchase of a respectable pair of boots. Later on, when William invited my assistance in the way of selection, I pitched upon the Rector's discarded creakers as best fulfilling the conditions of respectability, being at the time blissfully ignorant of their musical tendencies. Small things are apt to irritate small minds, and the spectacle of William Thomas's big toe protruding from his boot at sundry times and in divers places had been for six months past a source of grave irritation to my own small mind.

"But it were only five bob as you give me, Master," objected William as he examined the boots with a critical eye.

"Well, the boots are only five and sixpence," I replied.

"Be I to have them for five bob then?" was the next inquiry.

"Oh dear no, you must pay the proper price for them."

"Well then, who's a going to give me that 'ere sixpence?"

And as William had clearly no idea of investing any capital on his own account, I weakly produced the coin required and the purchase was effected.

So far so good, at least from William Thomas's point of view. He had got a half-day off and a good pair of boots, and had nothing to grumble about. Nor did I grumble myself at the time. But when on the following morning William Thomas's big toe was still in evidence, I lodged an objection. "Where are your new pair of boots," I enquired, "the ones I gave you?"

"What them as I bought?" he exclaimed, correcting me. "Whoy they aren't no manner of good on at all. I counts as it were throwing good money away and all. I've tried 'em wi' socks and wi'out socks, and they pinches orful. I aren't a going to wear of 'em, not me." The manners of the rustic youth down in our country are aggressive rather than suave, and William Thomas is a native of those parts.

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Sell 'em belike, if I can find a fool as 'll buy 'em. Happen as they'd fit you, Master, seeing as how I measured them alongside of that last lot as you bought two year ago come Christmas."

And as I really had been a good deal out of pocket one way and another over the Rummage Sale, the idea, though crudely put, somehow or other commended itself to my mind. So, having tried on the boots and found that they fitted me fairly well, I handed over five shillings and sixpence and became the possessor of the Rector's boots. I may as well say I did not know at the time that they ever had been the Rector's property,

or that they creaked too abominably for words, nor could I foresee that William Thomas, notwithstanding the fact that he was five and sixpence to the good, would still so far retain the idea of proprietorship as to talk of them either as "our boots" or as "them there boots as me and you bought at the rubbidge sale." "Rummage Sale," I corrected him one day. "Same thing, aren't it, Master?" was his answer. "Most of they things there were rubbidge anyhow. Them there boots was, I reckon."

But I am wandering, and must get back to my title and leave my boots, or our boots, or at any rate the boots that once creaked on the Rector's feet, and after a brief stay in the company of William Thomas are now creaking on my feet, creaking on still, though they have been duly paid for with the sum of eleven shillings of which one moiety went into William Thomas's pocket while the other swelled the profit of that,—well, that blessed Rummage Sale.

Here I will confess that at present the worthy Rector and myself are not wholly in accord on this matter. Some day perhaps we shall bury this hatchet, as we have buried many others. Now he rubs his hands, as is his wont when the world smiles upon him, and pronounces the Rummage Sale (quite a new departure, by the way, in our parish) to have been an unmitigated success. But I, as with sorrow I reflect on the good things that I have loved and lost, look back upon the fateful day with feelings of anything but equanimity.

"Why, my dear George," he said to me only yesterday, "do you know that after I have paid the bill for the cassocks, I have got eleven pounds, seven shillings, and some odd pence in hand?"

And I, thinking of the great Mantalini, had it in my heart to say:

"Dem the cassocks, and the eleven pounds, and the seven shillings, and the odd pence too!" However, I restrained myself and only enquired, though I did not use Mr. Mantalini's exact words, what the "dem'd total" was.

"Twenty-three pounds, four shillings, and sixpence." "Splendid!" I ejaculated, while I groaned inwardly, sore at heart as Aladdin that old lamps had been changed for new, that coats carrying on them not merely the dust of ages, but a whole horde of associations, a veritable cartload of sweet reminiscences, had been butchered to make a Roman holiday,—I mean sold to provide a loud-voiced and hard-featured choir with eminently unbecoming garments.

The fact of the matter is that the Rector and his unhappy churchwarden are standing on a wholly different footing. If it pleases the former to play the part of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, after imposing an extra penny of income-tax on the unresisting taxpayer, awakes one fine morning to find himself the proud possessor of an unexpected surplus, I, even I, am the aggrieved taxpayer who has sacrificed not only that penny in the pound in hard cash, but at least twenty-five shillings in the pound in the way of sentiment. How then can I be expected to partake in the Rector's unholy exhilaration?

It is one thing for a bachelor parson (always a *persona grata* to the fairer members of his flock) to issue an imperial edict to the effect that on such and such a day a rummage sale will be held in the village-hall for the benefit of the deserving poor, and in aid of the fund for providing cassocks for the church-choir. But it is quite another thing for the unhappy benedict who is suddenly called upon by an energetic and active-minded wife

either to constitute himself *particeps criminis*, and to be guilty of most involuntary suicide by diving with her into remote corners of the house in quest of what she is pleased to call rummage, or, hideous alternative, to absent himself from home for a day while the lady herself and sundry other petticoated and kindred spirits have a field-day among the family wardrobes.

"I think you had better go out shooting with Mr. Jameson tomorrow, my dear," remarked my better half to me one evening. "I saw him this afternoon, and he asked me to tell you that he was going to ferret or do something."

Doing something being a slightly equivocal term did not wholly commend itself to my fancy. Jameson is a very worthy person, but is one of those individuals who live with a gun in their hands, and for all I knew to the contrary the *doing something* might resolve itself into sitting on a shooting-stick under a tree and waiting for an imaginary wood-pigeon, by no means an exhilarating form of amusement on a raw November day. "Well yes, I might go certainly," I said in a hesitating manner, "but how do you know that he wants me?" "I went to call on his wife,"—this was a slight feminine inaccuracy, as the dear creature had really driven four miles in the cold to see Jameson himself for the express purpose of inducing him to lure me away from home on that Thursday—"and I saw Mr. Jameson and promised him that you should go. You really do want a change, dear, and besides [for here I made a gesture of dissent] I have got some people coming to lunch, Miss A. and Mrs. D.," and then she went on to mention the names of three or four other ladies addicted to good works and insipid conversation on matters con-

nected with mothers' unions, friendly girls, babies' boots, and so forth.

This turned the scale in favour of Jameson. Accordingly I went; and as I neither shot Jameson nor did he shoot me, and we both killed some rabbits and he bagged a ferret, the day went off pleasantly enough. But the state of our front-hall on my return was simply appalling, and there was abundant evidence that the good ladies had been having a real sporting day, and, I might add, had been poaching pretty considerably on my preserves. Upon a wooden clothes-horse, pressed into the service for the occasion, were hanging at least six pairs of my second-best and third-best trousers in almost improper contiguity with articles, of what I believe to be called *lingerie*, which certainly were not mine. And in order that no mark of ignominy might be wanting, each and every individual pair of my trousers was assessed at the ridiculously low sum of eighteen-pence. What the other articles on that clothes-horse were priced at I had no curiosity to look. Hanging in a row upon the banisters was a select assortment of petticoats flanked by some almost brand-new suits of pyjamas, originally bought at an excellent shop in the Edgware Road which professed to be selling off a bankrupt's stock. It was a mere matter of detail that I had never been allowed to wear them, chiefly, I believe, because my wife's pug (which slept in our room and snored like a grampus) objected to the colours. Piled up in heaps upon a table was what I can only describe as an *olla podrida* of headgear: caps of my own, some of them really priceless in value but now labelled sixpence each; straw hats of both genders; other hats belonging to my wife; half-a-dozen of those silly little things which women nowadays call bonnets; one

real bonnet of the good old coal-scuttle order which I fancy must have belonged to the cook, who is a very sensible as well as a very substantial party; wideawakes galore, many of them in excellent condition though a little faded; my second-best silk hat, and last but not least a rusty ecclesiastical headpiece which my wife had coaxed out of a real live Archdeacon. In one corner was a job lot of pots and pans, kettles without spouts, jugs without handles, and a warming-pan with a hole in it, a little past work, perhaps, in its original line, but eminently suitable for service in a large family where extensive spanking was required. And in the centre of this group, looking thoroughly ashamed of the company she was keeping, stood a big black dolly on a stand, whose proper vocation in life appertains, so at least I have been informed, to the fitting of ladies' dresses. Now the poor victim was partially clad in one of my pet shooting-coats which for one reason or another declined to adjust itself properly to her figure.

But the thing which really made my hair stand on end with horror was the spectacle of a whole row of dear old friends in the way of coats hanging upon hat-pegs with staring labels attached to them, hopeless, helpless, and as it were silently appealing to their legitimate owner for sympathy and protection.

I at once rang the front-door bell loudly. "What is the meaning of all this, Emma?" I enquired of the parlour-maid who answered the summons.

"Oh, if you please, Sir, the Mistress and the other ladies have been pricing the things for the Rummage Sale."

"How very kind of them!" I remarked grimly; "and now perhaps you will be kind enough to help me to carry some of my coats up-stairs

again;" and with that I proceeded to strip Black Dolly of her borrowed finery.

"Oh, Sir, if you please, oh, oh," and with that the much-shocked Emma fled into the back regions and left me to work my own wicked will, not for very long though, for her reiterated shrieks had the effect of bringing my wife on to the scene of action.

"Why, George, what are you doing?"

"What you and your precious party have been doing is much more to the point," I answered. "What I am doing is collecting my coats."

"Oh, but dear, you can't have them really. We want them for the Rummage Sale."

And then ensued a somewhat lengthy argument, which eventually ended in a compromise, much of course to my disadvantage, though I did manage to annex one more coat in addition to that which had adorned Black Dolly. A bid of two sovereigns for the remainder of the lot was rejected with contumely. "You can give what money you like to the sale, my dear, but those horrid old coats you shall not have. I am sick to death of the sight of them."

Dinner (we had a particularly good dinner that night,—such is the wiliness of womanhood—) partially restored my equanimity, and when later on the dear thing brought her knitting into my smoking-room ("just to keep me company and have a cosy chat") I had more or less resigned myself to the loss of my coats.

"Now, dear, you are coming to the sale on Saturday like a good boy, aren't you? Everybody will be so disappointed if you don't come." And after a little more coaxing and flattery on her part and some grumbling on my own, I was weak enough to consent to be present at

my own martyrdom. It occurred to me among other things that there was just a chance of my being able to buy in one or two of my own coats. "But what am I to do when I get there?" I enquired.

"Oh we have quite settled that, dear. We want you to be a shop-lifter; we think you would do it so well."

A shop-lifter! Had the dear lady taken leave of her senses! True, I had once in my life played the part of burglar in a country-house, when having betrayed some scepticism as to the infallibility of a scheme devised by my host for the capture of any marauder by day or night, I had been challenged to act as an amateur cracksman. So far as my memory goes, I was not on that occasion expected to walk off with any portable property, but merely to run the gauntlet of some dozen watchers who had been drilled to take up certain positions about the grounds when the pealing of the burglar-bell warned them that their services were required. And more by luck than judgment I had, strange to relate, emerged triumphant from the ordeal, escaping perils not merely of the authorised gang of burglar-catchers, of alarum-bells, and of search-lights, but greater perils of impromptu and far more dangerous performers in the shape of a game keeper armed with a shot-gun, and an itinerant shepherd (who had elected to go courting that night) accompanied by a collie dog warranted to bite strangers. That mine host in his zeal for my capture ran up against a tree and took a glorious black eye, that the shepherd's dog bit the keeper by mistake, and the shepherd himself fell into a fountain, were only a few of many incidents that tended to my preservation. But though I may not profess to be very

well versed in these matters, I am inclined to think that it by no means follows that the successful midnight burglar will of necessity be equally happy as a shop-lifter in broad daylight. That the temptation to play the part on this occasion was almost overpowering is a mere matter of detail. "A shop-lifter?" I exclaimed then.

"Oh yes, dear, you know what I mean, one of those nice-looking young men who walk about the shop, and show people to a counter, and tell them where to find things that they want to buy. They have them at Whiteley's and Snelgrove's and lots of other places; and they are so useful."

"Oh a shop-walker!" and a shop-walker I consented to become, though, now that the other idea had been put into my head, I will plead guilty to having done a little bit of preliminary lifting on my own account that night after my wife had gone to bed, when I rescued a third particularly useful and well-beloved coat which I took off a hat-peg and hid behind some books until the tyranny was overpast. It was rather unfortunate, by the way, that my wife should have still retained in her mind the idea that a shop-lifter and a shop-walker were synonymous terms, and that she should have written round to sundry friends and relations after this fashion. "We are going to have a rummage sale on Saturday, and I am going to be one of the saleswomen; it will be great fun. George is very good about it and has promised to act as a shop-lifter. Don't you think he will look the part well? We shall all know what trade to take to if hard times come." A result of one of those letters is that my good Aunt Elizabeth, from whom I had some expectations, is not half so affectionate as she used to be, and

two days ago forwarded me a tract with some comments on the eighth commandment underlined in red ink. It is really rather hard that a man should be held responsible for his wife's criminal ignorance of her native language.

By way of filling up the gaps which my self-defensive theft had left in my conscience, I devoted a considerable portion of the following morning to polishing up the blades and handles of some two dozen or more perfectly impossible razors which had accumulated in my drawer, and to the boiling of as many briarwood pipes, which had grown too powerful even for my seasoned palate. The razors, put into penny cases, commanded a ready sale at sixpence apiece, and as every other man in the choir appeared in the church on the Sunday morning with a chin plentifully adorned with scratches and sticking-plaster, it was gratifying to feel that the purchasers had lost no time in trying their new possessions. Also I imagine that those patriotic gentlemen and ladies (for a certain amount of women in our parish do smoke) who invested in twopenny pipes may have acquired a more certain knowledge of the potency of nicotine than they had ever previously dreamed of. At any rate on the morning after the sale, when I asked my Scotch gardener, who has a thrifty mind, what he had bought, this was his answer: "I jist bocht a bonnie wee pipe, Master George, and I thocht I'd, mebbe, like to smoke it. But though I winna say that it made me sick entirely, I thocht I'd just pit it i' the post and send it hame to my auld father. It'll please him fine." If I had my doubts as to the pleasure which the old gentleman was likely to derive from an intimate acquaintanceship with this filial offer-

ing I thought it best at the time to suppress them.

The sale took place in what the Local Press was pleased to call a commodious barn, which did very well for the purpose, though it was slightly suggestive of spiders overhead and rats underfoot, and in rather unpleasant proximity to a densely populated pigsty. But as to a picnic the possibility of ants and beetles, coupled with the certainty of tolerable discomfort, so to a rummage sale the possibility of rats and spiders, together with the active existence of a well-flavoured pigsty, must be held to tend to the greater hilarity of the proceedings.

It is only fair to state that my wife and her sister saleswomen looked their parts well enough, wearing as they did long alpaca aprons, and an air of importance calculated to convey to the minds of the customers that they had to deal with vendors entirely up to date and to everything else. In one respect our ladies may be held to have even surpassed the ordinary shop-girl of the period, insomuch as each and every one of them had hanging from her waist a small black bag containing five shillings' worth of coppers. Not that I will in any way vouch for the presence of the exact sum, as I may remark that the small insight which my position as shop-walker gave me into the arithmetical powers of the fair vendors did not convict any one of them of any pretension to take a high place in the Mathematical Tripos. Indeed I shortly found that my services in the way of addition and subtraction of petty figures were much in vogue at most of the counters; and I was constantly called upon to grapple with such intricate questions as the exact difference between seven pence and half-a-crown, or the proper amount of change to be given when

a half-sovereign was tendered for an article priced at three shillings and fourpence. As mythology assures us that Juno and Minerva bore a lasting grudge against the luckless Paris, so too I am convinced that half the old women in the parish will to their dying day repeat the tale how "That 'ere George dished us at the rubbidge sale." However, I may find comfort in the wise aphorism of dear old Tom Campion. "It's my belief," he told me one day, "as a man as no one calls (*Anglice*, abuses) is a born idiot."

Direful were the consequences when the Rector (who as a bachelor ought to have known better) wandered in the direction of an underclothing-stall presided over by a blushing spinster of sixty-four,—at least that is the age my wife puts her at. There, as being, in virtue of his position and his character for learning, supposed to know a bit of everything, he was at once tackled by a buxom mater-familias, who had pitched upon a suit of my excellent pyjamas as a sort of useful all-round set of garments. "Which I counts as the coat would fit my Bill, and them 'ere little trousers wur made a purpose for our Betsy Jane."

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense, my good woman," exclaimed the Rector thus appealed to, as he adjusted his spectacles to examine more carefully the aforesaid garments. "Can't have a girl wearing trousers in our village, wouldn't do, you know. Petticoats, must have petticoats; those are the proper things for a girl, you know."

"Lor bless your heart alive, Sir, as if any of my girls 'ud go out without their petticoat. But you see, Sir, there's other things besides; there's—"

"Oh don't talk to me, my good woman; I don't know anything about it. You had better go and ask,—tut, tut," and then, catching sight of me,

he finished up with, "Master, no, of course I mean Mrs. George;" and I noticed that he took very good care not to venture within a dozen yards of that particular stall for the rest of the afternoon.

Our new Curate, a particularly shy and bashful young man, who had thrown himself heart and soul into the affair, came off no better than his superior officer, being ignominiously routed and even driven off the field of action by another of the village matrons, a lady with a strident voice and more than feminine pertinacity. Having first bought a rather gaudy-coloured petticoat and then, on going home to try the effect, discovered that no amount of coaxing would induce a garment built for a slight figure to fasten round her portly person, Mrs. Ives had returned to the sale with the fixed determination to get rid of a bad bargain. Finding that none of her friends and neighbours were inclined to take the petticoat off her hands, she suddenly bore down upon the Curate, whose marriage-banns had been given out in church on the preceding Sunday. "Now do-a buy it, Mister Owen, Sir," and she brandished the petticoat before his eyes, "it's nobbut eighteen pence; and what's that to a rich young gentleman like you as is going to be married and all? Just you think how nice your young lady would look in it, a trotting along about the parish with a nice smart petticoat. There's no knowing as she wouldn't like it to get married in; leastways there's many a one as I knows as would;" and as she indulged in a good many vain repetitions of this and similar remarks all uttered in a very high key, the Curate found discretion the better part of valour and suddenly remembered that he had a very important engagement somewhere at the other end of the parish.

My pigman was kind enough to look in several times in the course of the day just to see, as he expressed it, "how things was a rolling along," or in other words if there was anything special in the way of a bargain. On the occasion of his third visit, departing from his usual habits of secrecy, he waxed quite communicative and informed me that he intended to spend five shillings, "jest to keep the thing a going like," and then taking me aside, he added; "So I'll just take a look round and see if I can't pick up summat as my old 'ooman 'ud like. Must keep 'em in a good temper, else they frets and goes off like pigs, don't 'em, Mister George?" Then, by way of at once salving his conscience in that direction and of getting full value for his money, he invested part of his capital in a twopenny bundle. As I happened to know that the principal contents of that particular bundle were some frayed collars and discarded ties of my own, I doubt whether the pigman's wife found the articles entirely to her liking; but we will hope that she took the will for the deed, or that she made a little profit when she came to realise. For, as I had occasion to know, the Rector's boots were not the only things sold at our Rummage Sale which found a fresh owner later on. Towards the end of the day the pigman, having by judicious outlay got rid of half the money he wished to invest, suddenly set his affections upon a large and fairly sound parrot-cage.

"Look you here, Mister," he said accosting me; "they've gone and stuck four bob on that 'ere kedje, and no one aren't a going to buy a thing like that,—t'ain't likely, is it?—but I'll just tell-ee what I will do; I'll just gie ye a half-crown for it, and take it off straight, and won't arst no questions."

"You are quite welcome to ask as many questions as you like, my friend," I retorted; "but it does not follow that you are going to get that cage for a half-crown."

"Well if I don't buy it, there's never a one as will;" and as that was rather my own opinion, I finally sold him the cage at his own price.

"I didn't know that you had got a parrot," I remarked as I handed him the cage.

"Not likely," he replied, with a disagreeably familiar wink. "We don't want no parrits, not you and me as have gotten wives of our own; we gets plenty of talking at home wiout no parrits. But I knows a party as is an old woman and aren't got no husband either, as have got a parrit as someone give her; and she were letting on the other day as how she wanted a kedge, so I just steps round and arsts her what she'll stand for one."

"You old scoundrel!" I exclaimed; "and how much are you going to make out of it?"

"Don't you arst no questions, Mister George, and then you won't get no wrong answers"; and with that he shouldered his cage, and I saw him no more.

Another person who, from his own point of view, did a good bit of business that day was our sexton, Job Billing. He stopped me in the street as I was going home after the sale and, after a preliminary hiccough, thus addressed me. "Do yer mind that spade as I bought un for fourpence, as he'd do for to dig graves with, Master George?"

"Well no, I don't exactly."

"A good spade it were then, as I sold 'un for two quarts down at t' Stag yonder. Lor, how I wish as there was a rummick sale twice a week." And hearing this, even though the choir have got their cassocks, and the Rector has a substantial balance in hand, I am still rather doubtful whether that other purpose of our Rummage Sale,—to wit, benefiting the deserving poor of the parish—has been fully attained.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

DURING the last year the deep-seated prejudice of the Whites of the Southern States of America toward the Negro has been more in evidence than at any time since the years immediately following the Civil War, when the Ku Klux held the former slave States in its grip and defied the power of the Federal Government. For a year past the crimes of the Whites against the Blacks have been unparalleled in their ferocity and wantonness. The South no longer pretends even to tolerate the Negro; its public men and its newspapers make no concealment of their feelings. General Butler, formerly United States Senator from South Carolina, has publicly asserted that the only solution of the race-problem is for the Negroes to be segregated from the Whites; in North Carolina an attempt is now being made to disfranchise the Negro voters; in Eastern Texas and South-western Louisiana the Negro, by the aid of the ever-present shot-gun, is being gradually driven out of the rural districts and forced to huddle in the cities. This wide-spread movement is so important in its consequences as affecting the relations between the two races that it has naturally attracted the most serious consideration from legislators as well as humanitarians. The question leads to a discussion of so many interesting sociological, economic, and political problems that the consideration of the two races in the South, at the time when the United States is about still further to increase its coloured population by the acquisition

of colonies where the coloured race predominates, may not be inopportune.

In the Southern States,—in fact throughout the Union, though it is only in the Southern States that the coloured vote is a factor—the Negro, with few exceptions, is a Republican. He owes his freedom to the Republican party, his slavery was made possible by Democratic ascendancy; it is therefore natural that he should show his gratitude by voting for the Republicans. Hence the Republican party in the South has come to be known as the Black Man's party, the party of the Negro. The Democratic party of the South is the White Man's party, the party of respectability, of culture, of traditions; it is *l'ancienne noblesse* which remembers the time when Black Men were chattels and might be treated according to the whim of the moment. It has never reconciled itself to the new order of things, to the revolution which made a Black Man the equal of the White in the eyes of the law, which permitted him to make laws for the White, often his former owner or the son of the man who bought or sold him. In the North it has been possible, it has often happened, for men to forget party to defend or sustain a principle; in the South this has been impossible. The line of cleavage has been sharply drawn. The Whites allied themselves against the Blacks; the fear of Negro domination has been the Democratic *jehad* which when preached has always been successful. This fear, real or assumed, solidified the South and

made it regarded as invulnerable to Republican assault.

The White Man of the South asserts that the Negro is a menace to the home and the honour of women; that is his palliation for the lynching of the Negro. The highest duty of man, he contends, is to protect women, and when the Negro transgresses he invites his death; but to make the death more horrible, to serve as a warning to his race, it must be summary vengeance; it must be death with all its terrors, death usually at the scene of the crime and before the criminal has time for repentance. The law is too slow, too cumbersome, too doubtful to be trusted; only Judge Lynch can be relied upon, and Judge Lynch is always a hanging judge and would make Bloody Jeffreys blush for very shame. Another argument used by the Southerner in extenuation of his conduct is that manhood-suffrage having made the vicious and ignorant Negro the political equal of the virtuous and highly civilised White, it is repulsive that the Black Man shall rule and govern and make laws for the Whites. It was asserted by the Democratic speakers and newspapers during the last campaign in North Carolina that the States were being Negroised and in danger of being dominated by the Blacks; this was the only excuse the Whites gave for their determination not to permit the Negroes to vote, the same excuse which the South has always offered when it condescends to defend a Negro massacre. But it is inconceivable that a minority can dominate a majority; it is still more inconceivable that an uneducated, timorous, poor, and leaderless minority is a menace to a majority claiming to possess education and courage, with money sufficient to carry out its plans, and in control of troops, police, and

other governmental agencies. A few figures from the last census answers the repeated assertion that the Whites of the South are in danger of being swamped by the Blacks.

At the last census (1890) the population of the United States was 62,622,250, of which 54,983,890, or 87·80 per cent. were white, and 7,470,040, or 11·93 per cent. were coloured. The difference in the total (·27 per cent.) consists of Japanese, Chinese and Indians, generically grouped as coloured but not entering into present calculations. For census purposes the Union was divided into five great divisions. In the South Atlantic division were the States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, District of Columbia; in the South Central division the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Practically the entire coloured population was in these two divisions. The population of the South Atlantic division was 8,857,920, of which 5,592,149, or 63·13 per cent. were white and 3,265,771, or 36·83 per cent. black. In the South Central division were 10,972,893 souls, 7,487,576 white and 3,485,317 black, the percentage being 68·24 and 31·71. These figures are interesting when compared with those of the previous census. In 1880 the Whites were 86·54 per cent. of the entire population as against 87·80 per cent. ten years later; the Blacks were 13·12 per cent. in 1880 and only 11·93 per cent. in 1890. Numerically the Blacks had increased from 6,580,793 in 1880 to 7,470,040 in 1890, but their fecundity was smaller in proportion to that of the Whites. In the last hundred years the Whites have increased from 80·73 per cent. to 87·80 per cent.; the coloured have decreased from 19·27 per cent. to 11·93 per cent. "The proportion of

the coloured element," the superintendent of the census said, "is to-day less than two thirds what it was at the beginning of the century." From 1880 to 1890 the Whites in the South Atlantic division increased 20·16 per cent., the Blacks 10·93 per cent.; in the South Central division the former increased 26·88 per cent., the latter 15·49 per cent. In the South Atlantic division the white males of voting age were 1,338,368, against 677,210 black; in the South Central division 1,773,347 white against 739,357 black. In three States,—South Carolina, Louisiana, and Mississippi—the Blacks exceed the Whites. The population of North Carolina is 1,617,947, of which 1,055,382 are white and 562,565 coloured.

These figures ought to be convincing. They show that not only is the White Man numerically superior, but that while he increases about twenty-five per cent. in ten years the increase of the black race is only about one half of that figure. Governor Russell of North Carolina is the authority for the statement that in a legislature composed of one hundred and seventy members only eleven were coloured; for every seventy white voters there are thirty coloured.

A short explanation of the way in which an electoral campaign is conducted in a Southern State will show how the Whites maintain their supremacy and make a farce of a free ballot. In 1896, the year of the *débâcle* in American politics, North Carolina elected a Republican governor, for the first time in nearly thirty years, and simultaneously a legislature which returned a Republican to the United States Senate. A Republican governor and a Republican legislature, being politicians, did what politicians are always expected to do in the United States,—they rewarded

their political followers by appointing them to office. Negroes were given places in the gift of the State administration; President McKinley appointed Negroes to Federal offices. The Democrats raised a cry of Negro domination, and at a mass meeting held a few days before the election presented this indictment:

In many of the counties, cities, and towns the local governments have been turned over wholly or in part to the Negro. In these counties, cities, and towns Negroes may be found holding the offices of Register of Deeds, Deputy-Sheriffs, Constables, Justices of the Peace, school-committeemen, and the like. In several other counties many of these offices are filled by Negroes, and many of the post-offices are filled by them. There are now in office in counties and towns in Eastern North Carolina nearly one thousand Negroes, there being nearly three hundred Negro magistrates alone. As a consequence of turning these local offices over to the Negroes, bad government has followed, homes have been invaded, and the sanctity of women endangered. Conditions have become so intolerable in these communities that they can no longer be tolerated or endured.

We have contemplated no violence, but we are determined to use all proper means to free ourselves of this Negro domination, which is paralysing our business and which hangs like a dark cloud over our homes. We declare it is not our purpose to do the Negro any harm. It is better for him, as well as for us, that the White Man shall govern, but while we propose to protect and encourage him in all his rights and duties of citizenship, we affirm that North Carolina shall not be Negroised.

Very concisely the Whites had stated the issue: *North Carolina shall not be Negroised*. This was the only issue in the campaign. The foreign policy of the Government, the tariff, the currency were all lost sight of; Whites might divide on these questions, but on the question of white domination there could be no division. This was not the first time the

Whites had announced their decision to end Negro domination, and the Negroes knew what it portended. It was an open challenge to any Negro to vote for the Republican party at his peril, to take his life in his hands if he attempted to exercise the right of suffrage granted him by the constitution.

The Democratic threat that the coloured men should not be permitted to vote was made good. In Wilmington, a prosperous town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, the most extraordinary measures were adopted. The city was divided by the Whites into districts, each in command of a lieutenant, a captain being in command of six lieutenants. Each district had its armed force, each district had its place of refuge to which the women and children were to fly when the expected (and carefully planned) race-war broke out; two thousand Winchester rifles, it was said on good authority, were distributed among private residences; in the armoury of the local militia was a new Gatling gun. All these ominous preparations pointed to the determination of the Whites to suppress the Negro vote. In the language of a newspaper writer not unfriendly to the Whites, to say the least: "If the Negroes vote on election day they will do so at the peril of their lives. . . . The outlook is that they [the Negroes] will stay at home on election-day, and the White Man's ticket will be triumphant. Not because the White Men are in the majority, but because none but White Men will be allowed to vote." With passions aroused and public sentiment inflamed the Whites were getting ready to use the Winchester rifles and Gatling guns. A few newspaper extracts written

during the week before the election show better than anything else the lengths to which the Whites were prepared to go.

The newspapers [writes the correspondent of a Northern paper] collect and print in large black type every case of attempted outrage by Negro men upon white women, and then appeal to the White Men of the State to rise in their might and vote against every candidate who consorts with a Negro. Affidavits from Northern Republicans who have become Democrats through disgust with the Negro fill many columns. Letters are printed from farmers' wives, who pray white voters to save them from ruin, and items connecting Negroes with all manner of crimes are given daily prominence. The utterances of Republican campaigners which tend to intensify the feelings are published in double column, with display-type headings. In one particular instance the stump speaker is credited with having told the Negroes that they were the best race of people on earth, and advised them to throw their arms around white girls. According to the printed account, the orator was met by three hundred of "our most determined citizens," compelled to stand up in his buggy and retract, and then driven out of town with short shrift.

In the meantime, the excitement is kept at fever heat by the newspapers, which print little or nothing that does not relate to the race-war. Especial prominence is given to items of which the following headlines are fair examples: *Estimable Lady Grossly Insulted by a Black Negro; An Impertinent Negro puts in his Lip and Narrowly escapes being Roughly Handled; Black Scoundrel Assaults a White Man; Negro Youths Assault and Rob a Venerable and Highly-Esteemed Citizen on a Principal Street; Insolent Negroes Parade, Arm Themselves, and March through the Streets of Wilmington.* Every one of these headlines is taken from a single issue of a daily paper in Raleigh.

In the same issue is a dispatch which tells how a young Negro ran off with a white woman. He was caught by a mob and *disappeared* before he reached the next town. "Although his fate is shrouded in mystery," writes the laconic

correspondent, with almost sardonic humour, "it is believed that he has been lynched."

Dozens of similar extracts might be given, but enough has been printed to show that the Democratic leaders, men of wealth and standing, supposed to be respectable and moral, were working night and day to inflame the passions of their followers, preaching murder and willing to become murderers to prevent the Negroes from voting. Contrary to expectation the election passed off quietly and resulted in a Democratic victory. On the following day the expected race-war broke out; a dozen or more Negroes were murdered, twice as many badly wounded; not a single White Man was killed. Wilmington was given over to anarchy. The mayor, the chief of police, the Negro aldermen, in fact, all the Republican officials, were forced to resign their offices and white Democrats assumed them. White supremacy had triumphed.

So much for the past; what of the future of the two races? Before proceeding to an examination of that question it may be necessary to consider the causes which lead the Whites to believe they are justified in keeping the Blacks in a state of subjection. It has already been said that the former maintain that it is an inversion of natural laws for a superior and highly civilised race to become subject to an inferior race still wearing the shackles of slavery. The Negro, according to his white accuser, is lazy, thriftless, unfit to govern himself and therefore totally unfit to govern others, undisciplined, brutal; a beast with all the unrestrained passions of a beast, whose very presence is a menace to his white neighbour, especially to white women. It has been shown that, inasmuch as the Whites are numerically in the majority, the fear of Negro domina-

tion is a phantom only. Of the other accusations brought against the Negro, accusations affecting his character morally, intellectually, and industrially, it may be conceded that they are true, although exaggerated. The Negro is not all bad, and for much of his badness he may thank his associations. As a slave the Negro learned nothing from his Southern master except the lesson of unrestrained passion, of cruelty, of depravity, of the triumph of material over moral forces. As a freeman he has learned to despise and fear his former master because he is both despised and feared by him; he has learned that he is of an inferior race whose rights the superior race will ignore and violate on every occasion; neither by precept nor example has he profited. Little as the Negro has to thank the Southerner, still less has the Southern White to feel any gratitude to the Negro. The real curse of slavery is only now at this late day being understood, and, as usual, the third and fourth generations are paying for the sins of the first. The South is morally and intellectually inferior to the North, and this inferiority, I believe, is directly attributable to the fact that the South from the time of the Confederation until the Civil War was denied what has been the salvation of every other race, the strengthening of the upper classes by intermarriage with the peasantry. Races die at the top and need to be fed from the bottom, from men and women who actually spring from the soil. The human race can no more live without contact with Mother Earth than can trees or flowers. What perhaps more than anything else has made the Englishman and the American of the Northern States the virile, energetic, hardy man he is, is the constant mingling of the blood

of the classes. King Cophetua could marry a beggar-maid to the advantage of the royal house; the heir to an English dukedom may be only three generations removed from an American farmer. The South has been denied this inestimable blessing. In the true sense of the word there has never been a Southern peasantry. The Black Man, who tilled the fields and performed the functions of the peasant, was a slave and not a free peasant. There was no chance for him to rise in the social scale or to be the founder of a family. The slave woman might be, and often was, the concubine of her master; she could never aspire to be his wife. Black slavery was more destructive than any other form of slavery the world has ever known. One does not need to search very deep into history to know that in the days of white slavery women of the enslaved race were the mothers of children whose free fathers frequently educated them and who became no insignificant factors in affairs of state. These things were possible when the offspring of the illegitimate union were of the same colour and facial characteristics as the father; they were impossible when the child of a slave bore the brand of slavery in his colour and face; there was no hope for him, nothing to live for except the eternal degradation of the curse of slavery.

In preventing a replenishment of the blood, in preventing the strain of the soil from mixing in the arteries of the social classes above them, the Negro laid a curse upon the South; but that was not all. From time immemorial certain tasks were assigned to the Blacks, tasks which no self-respecting White Man might be permitted to undertake. The division of labour was as rigidly and narrowly drawn as in the most autocratic of military systems. Certain things an

officer may do; other things he is not permitted to do. So it was in the South. What a White Man might be permitted to do was part of the social code, and it could not be transgressed. Furthermore, the white planter, the great slave-owner, had his energy destroyed by being waited upon and attended by slaves, who performed services which the master, living up to the requirements of his own social code, regarded as derogatory, but which men, where the institution of slavery was unknown, did for themselves to their moral and physical profit. Of course, it should be remembered that in talking of the Whites of the South one refers to the landed proprietors, the men who, until the Civil War sounded the death of slavery, were the aristocracy of America. There always was an inferior social white class, never a genuine peasantry, which is to be found to this day. The Poor Whites, the White Trash, as they are popularly termed, is no misnomer. Between the Poor Whites of the South, who live principally in the mountains and have never seen a railway-train (but who, no matter how poor, always own a gun and a mongrel cur) and the Negro there is little to choose; if anything, perhaps, the Negro is less illiterate, but no less revengeful, passionate, and superstitious.

I confess to a feeling of sympathy for the White Man of the South. Until thirty-five years ago he lived what to him was the only life fit for a gentleman. He was rich, generous, and hospitable; he was the owner of vast estates and numerous slaves; he lived almost in feudal style; he held in his hands the lives of his subjects; he married and intermarried in his own caste; he felt himself to be above and apart from the rest of his race. It was not the highest ideal of life: it was not a life which broadened

or ennobled; but it was the one the Southerner knew, and to which he clung with passionate love. In the early days of the Republic, when the strain had not been vitiated, when the effect of the blood of the Beggar Maid was still making itself felt, the South gave to the country its great men, men great in statesmanship, learning, and philosophy, and Virginia, a Southern State, proudly wore the title of Mother of Presidents. Then came the war, a war which destroyed the political supremacy of the South, which ruined the great land-owners, which bathed the land in blood and carried desolation to every Southern hearth, which worked a social revolution and placed the Negro (up to that time a chattel, a thing, something without a soul and with a body valuable only as a commercial asset like a horse or plough,) on the same political equality as his former master. Suppose the Indian Mutiny had been successful, suppose Englishmen from the governing class had become the governed, suppose owing to great property interests they were still compelled to live as servants where formerly they had been masters; suppose these things and one can understand, and yet not completely, the feelings of the Southerner. He had fought for years in the forum to preserve and perpetuate the institution of slavery; finally, finding oratorical weapons powerless, he had drawn the sword to protect what he firmly believed to be his rights. It is pure speculation to say that had slavery not existed there would have been no civil war; but it is history, so far as the South is concerned, that the war was waged to maintain the supremacy of slavery.

In dealing with this question it is extremely difficult to break away from preconceived prejudices or not to be influenced by environment. The

Northern man, or the foreigner who knows only the Northern Negro civilised and humanised by contact with higher civilisation, fails to understand the antipathy of the Southerner. Personally I have employed Negroes for years as domestic servants; I have had them labour for me in various capacities; I have spent much time in the South. The Negro I find to be neither better nor worse than the white man or woman of the same class and same intellectual capacity. A black nurse or cook or manservant will shirk work, is frequently careless, often dishonest, not rarely impudent. But so are white servants, if the testimony of friends is to be trusted. On the other hand, the Negro is, as a general thing, a willing and hard worker, faithful in his own way to his employer's interests, and capable at times of displaying rare devotion. I recall the case of a nurse who, when a savage dog broke loose, thought first of her charge, my child, and afterwards of herself. And yet this girl was rather more stupid than the average of her race, and needed to be constantly looked after to be kept up to the mark.

The Southerner continually tells the Northerner that he is incapable of judging the Negro, as there is no similarity between the Negro of the North and the Negro of the South. I admit that the Southern Negro is inferior to his Northern brother, for the reasons which I have already given; but the Northern man looks at the Negro question from a point of view entirely different from that of the Southerner. The Northerner is prepared to accept the Negro in his place and give him a chance to develop his own salvation; to the Southerner the mere sight of the Negro is a perpetual reminder of what he has lost, of the wrongs, as he views it, that the Negro has inflicted

upon him. Hence comes this bitterness, this irreconcilable feud, this burning feeling for revenge, which finds its expression in the shooting, lynching, and burning of Blacks. Even the most hardened of criminals seeks to justify his crime; and the Southerner in extenuation pleads that the sanctity of the home and the preservation of the social system demand these barbarous punishments.

Iteration and reiteration have made the Southerner believe that the Negro is incapable of civilisation, of intellectual development, of habits of thrift. The Negro, perhaps, has not come up to the expectation of his admirers who, when he was manumitted, welcomed him as a brother and painted his future in glowing colours. Yet when one recalls that after centuries of the most degraded savagery, after years of oppression and stunted mental development, his civilisation dates back only thirty years, the progress he has already made must be regarded as marvellous. In an address delivered before the Baptist Home Mission Society in 1896, by Dr. Edward Mitchell, President of Leland University, New Orleans, this language was used:

The Southern Negroes are not all living in one-room cabins, of which we have heard much recently. There are better homes than mine owned by Negroes in New Orleans. There are plenty of ex-slaves in Louisiana who are richer than their former masters. There are over three hundred thousand homes and farms owned by Negroes in the South without incumbrance. Six years ago Southern Negroes were paying taxes on nearly three hundred millions of dollars. The white Baptists of the South had a church-property worth eighteen millions of dollars, the accumulation of two hundred years. The Negro Baptists at the same date (twenty-six years out of slavery) had acquired a church-property of over nine millions.

Has the Negro made any advance in the scale of civilisation since his

manumission, or is the White Man of the South justified in regarding him as a savage incapable of advancement? It has been shown that illiteracy is disappearing; that the Negro is living in greater comfort and establishing a well-endowed church. That the Negro has a certain commercial ability cannot be denied. Professor Dubois, a Negro, a graduate of Harvard and of the University of Pennsylvania, at present Professor of Sociology in the University of Atlanta, Georgia, at the request of the United States Department of Labour made a careful investigation of social and economic conditions existing in Farmville, Virginia, a town of about two thousand people. "The entire brickmaking business of Farmville and vicinity," he says, "is in the hands of a coloured man, a freedman, who bought his own and his family's freedom, purchased his master's estate, and eventually hired his master to work for him. He owns a thousand acres or more of land in Cumberland County and considerable farm-property. Probably over one half the brick houses in and near Farmville are built of bricks made in his establishment, and he has repeatedly driven white competitors out of the business." Professor Dubois's report is of such extreme interest that I should like to be able to quote it more liberally, but the limits of this article will only allow me to use one more citation.

It was particularly noticeable [he says] that three families in the town, who by reason of their incomes and education would have naturally moved in the best circle, were rigidly excluded. In two of these there were illegitimate children, and in the third a wayward wife. Of the Farmville families about forty, possibly fewer, belong to the highest class. . . . In all, there would appear to be about forty-five or fifty families of Negroes who are below the line of ordinary respectability, living in loose sexual relationship,

responsible for most of the illegitimate children, chief supporters of the liquor-shops, and furnishing a half-dozen street-walkers and numerous gamblers and rowdies. . . . These slum elements are not particularly vicious and quarrelsome, but rather shiftless and debauched. Laziness and promiscuous sexual intercourse are their besetting sins. Considerable whiskey and cider are consumed, but there is not much open drunkenness. Undoubtedly this class severely taxes the patience of the public authorities of the town.

The remaining one hundred and seventy or more families, the great mass of the population, belong to a class between the two already described, with tendencies toward the better class rather than toward the worse. This class is composed of working people, domestic servants, factory-hands, porters, and the like; they are a happy-minded, sympathetic people, teachable and faithful; at the same time they are not generally very energetic or resourceful, and, as a natural result of long repression, lack "push." They have but recently become used to responsibility, and their moral standards have not yet acquired that fixed character and superhuman sanction necessary in a new people. Here and there their daughters have fallen before temptation, or their sons contracted slothful or vicious habits. However, the effort to maintain and raise the moral standard is sincere and continuous. No black woman can to-day, in the town of Farmville, be concubine to a white man without losing all social position, a vast revolution in twenty years; no black girl of the town can have an illegitimate child without being shut off from the best class of people and looked at askance by ordinary folks. Usually such girls find it pleasanter to go North and work at service, leaving their children with their mothers.

Ingrained and inherent prejudices account for much of the White Man's animosity against the Negro, but not for all, nor the reason for the unusually bitter attitude of the Whites during the past year or two. For the proper explanation we must understand the industrial revolution which has transformed the South. During the last few years the South, hitherto a purely agricultural country, has

turned its attention to manufacturing, and these changed economic conditions have brought corresponding changes in social conditions. The building of great iron furnaces in Alabama and Tennessee, the erection of textile and cotton mills in Georgia and the Carolinas, the creation of industrial centres in nearly every Southern State, have made the younger generation of Blacks understand that there are greater opportunities than to work in the rice-swamps of the Carolinas, the sugar-plantations of Louisiana, or the cotton-fields of Mississippi. Since the Negro has ceased to be simply an agriculturist and has become an artisan he presents a menace to the White Man as great as does the Chinaman to the inhabitant of the Pacific Coast, and it is probably known to most English readers that the agitation of Dennis Kearney and the Sandloters of San Francisco, which resulted in the Chinese Exclusion Act, was to preserve the labour-market against the inroads of the Chinese, who demand lower wages than the American or European. "The poor white men," says General Butler, "who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their faces, cannot compete with cheap Negro labour. To attempt to do so, implies their degradation and ultimate destruction or expatriation. One race must go to the wall, and with the kindest feelings of good will toward the Negro, I must side with my own race. . . . Let Mr. Tillman and those who join him as the guardians of the Negro put themselves in the Poor White Man's place and walk between plough-handles from sun-up till sun-down in competition with Negro labour at five dollars a month, a peck of meal, and three pounds of bacon a week."

A newspaper correspondent writing from New Orleans a short time ago said:

There has been considerable prejudice aroused against the Negroes in New Orleans by the fact that they have crowded into many of the trades, working for low wages, thus crowding out the Whites. They have almost monopolised bricklaying, and all the building trades; and they are doing most of the paving and other public work. Against this there have been numerous protests from the white labour-unions, and several attempts have been made to shut out the Negroes, but in vain. . . . The white labouring men are growing very restless under the competition of the cheap Negro labour pouring into the city, which labour has been crowded out of the rural districts; and this industrial competition has re-aroused a great deal of the old race-prejudice.

This accounts for the various industrial measures recently directed against the Negro, shutting him out of railroads, &c. An attempt was made at the extra session of the Legislature this month to close the street-cars to him; that is, not to allow him to use the same cars as the Whites; and if it failed it was not because of any sympathy for the Negro, but because the street-railroads protested against an act that would have largely increased their operating expenses, requiring them to run extra cars for the Negroes.

The race-question in the South-West is generally assuming an industrial form, which is operating unfavourably to the Negro, by turning against him the white labouring classes who believe that they are being crowded out of work by Negro competition, or that the standard of wages is kept low because of the small pay for which the Negroes are willing to work. The prevalent feeling in the South-West, therefore, particularly in those sections where there are manufactures, is that it would be wholly advantageous to get rid of the Negro altogether.

What are the deductions to be drawn from the foregoing facts and statements?

That the two diverse races now in the South [writes Dr. Curry] can ever perfectly harmonise while occupying the same territory no one competent to form an opinion believes. Mr. Bryce concludes that the Negro will stay socially distinct, as an alien element, unabsorbed and unabsorbable: that the presence in the same country of two distinctly marked races, having the same rights and privileges, of unequal capacities of development,—one long habituated to servitude, deprived of all power of initiative, of all high ideal, without patriotism beyond a mere weak attachment—is a blessing, is too absurd a proposition for serious consideration. Whether the great resources of the South are not destined, under existing conditions, to remain only partially developed, and whether agriculture is not doomed to barrenness of results, are economic and political questions alien to this discussion.

It seems to me that to economic causes one may look for the solution of this question. The South has ceased to be a purely agricultural country and is rapidly becoming a great manufacturing region. With the infusion of Northern and foreign blood, the old traditions and habits will vanish; with their departure will come new political conditions. The new White will often be a Republican, and the white Democrat will find it impossible to suppress his vote. Finally with the continued spread of intelligence among the coloured race and their advance in the scale of civilisation, with contact with Whites who are not their traditional enemies, and the breaking down of caste-prejudices among the old families of the South, there will come a better, a broader and a truer civilisation. The Negro need not despair.

A. MAURICE LOW.

THE HUNTER.

THAT was the flashing of Orion's spear
 Speeding its way half o'er the silent sky :
 Stand still and hearken, if upon your ear
 May fall the echo of his hunting cry,
 His gusty laugh of triumph, for the dart
 Struck, as it left our sight, the quarry's heart.

We saw his shoulders but an hour ago
 Break through the misty border of the East ;
 Fronting the heavenly slope he shone, below
 Leaving the hall where shades of heroes feast ;
 Now mounts he, with swift feet that never tire,
 Girt with his jewel-studded belt of fire.

Broader are those still meadows of the skies
 Whose bounds are clipped within the sun's wide girth,
 Deeper vales dip, more rugged mountains rise,
 Than those he trod upon the primal earth,
 Though there the meadows scarce felt feet of man,
 And the rough hills showed yet the hoof of Pan.

About his way lies the unfathomed night ;
 A cloud enwraps him in its fleecy fold,
 Or in clear heaven the moon sheds silver light ;
 So hunts he till the East grows red and gold
 About the feet of the ascending day,
 Then ghostlike from the sky he fades away.

On the rough hill-flank where he struck the deer,
 His eyes have seen great cities rise and pass,
 For whose sole record in our day appear
 Some heaps of broken stones beneath the grass ;
 Pan in the woods and vales no longer stirs,
 Passed into silence with his worshippers.

Even as he saw Earth's youth and lusty prime,
 So shall he mark her life's slow ebb and wane
 Throughout the æons of unmeasured time ;
 And still the chase across the heavenly plain
 Shall he pursue, when withered and fordome,
 She turns, a dead globe round a dying sun.

W. H.

THE CAMPAIGN OF DOUAL.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE the wounded were thus being collected and made as comfortable as was possible in the circumstances, the remaining companies of the battalion came up the track leading from Hucqueliers, which had been of such service a few minutes before as a shelter against the shells of the artillery. The tramp of their footsteps on the hard surface of the road roused Walter from the reverie into which he had fallen, and leaping to his feet he commenced a careful inspection of his half company, paying special attention to the supply of ammunition. Each man on starting that morning had carried a hundred and fifty rounds, a hundred rounds in his pouches and the balance in his haversack; of this supply the men had on the average fired some forty rounds, a fact which Walter at once reported, his captain repeating the report to Colonel Daunt, who directed that the rounds remaining in the pouches and haversacks of the dead and wounded should be at once collected and distributed as far as possible to make up deficiencies. The ammunition-carts and mules of the battalion were now at hand, so that an ample supply was available; but what was collected from the casualties proved to be more than sufficient, a number of the injured, especially those men belonging to Captain Stephens's company, not having fired a shot before being struck down.

By this time the colour-sergeants of the two companies engaged had made out their roll of casualties, from

which it appeared that in Walter's company twenty-seven men had been killed and sixteen wounded, counting the men hit in the first skirmish, so that the strength of the company was now reduced to fifty-four non-commissioned officers and men. In Captain Stephens's company the losses were almost as severe, as it had its captain and eighteen men wounded, and nineteen men killed. Colonel Daunt looked very serious when these figures were reported to him, and riding over to the two companies, now closed and standing easy on the road, he congratulated them on the steadiness they had shown and on the extraordinary accuracy of their shooting.

"You have done very well, my lads," he said, "and I am very proud to command you. Your shooting could not have been better; I rode through the batteries from which you drove the French and your bullets had been everywhere. I'm not surprised you cleared them out. Remember that in your rifle you have the finest weapon in the world. Push in to a thousand yards or so and you'll be a match for any artillery in the world. You have done very well."

He stopped speaking and ran his eye keenly over the two companies. The men undoubtedly showed signs of the trial they had undergone. In the first place they were covered with dust, their faces were begrimed, many of them had slight wounds, caused by splinters of gravel, the blood from which having dried on their faces and clothing did not improve their appearance, while a harassed jaded air was clearly noticeable in all,

caused more by the severe strain to which their nerves had been subjected than by actual physical work. The Colonel turned his horse away with a sigh, and, summoning his adjutant, told him to send all the officers to him and to pass the order that the men might fall out. In a moment this was done, and the men who had not been engaged quickly crowded round those who had taken part in the fighting to question them on their experiences, and to find out who had been killed or wounded. Meanwhile the surgeons attached to the Brigade had cantered up, and were busy supervising the removal of the wounded to the temporary hospitals which were being hastily prepared in the village of Hucqueliers.

While this was going on Colonel Daunt informed the assembled officers that the Brigadier had determined to change the order of march of his brigade, and that the Fusiliers would now follow in rear instead of taking the lead. "This is no slur on us, gentlemen," he said. "The Brigadier is very well pleased with the manner in which the battalion has worked; but the day is hot, we have suffered a certain amount of loss and have had much more to do than the other battalions, so the Highlanders will now go on in our place, and we shall follow the Cumberland Regiment. That will do, gentlemen." The officers saluted and rejoined their companies, while the Colonel, dismounting from his horse, lighted a cigar and strolled thoughtfully to and fro, his hands clasped behind his back.

Walter and O'Neil were immediately surrounded by their brother subalterns, who were very envious of their good fortune in having been under fire. Many glasses were turned on the scene of the cavalry conflict, which even from that distance could

be plainly picked out by the numerous little specks, the victims of the combat, which were thickly strewn over the trampled ground; similar signs also showed the direction in which the combat had swayed towards the village of Avesnes. Looking more to the east, the wreck of the British horse-batteries could be clearly seen. It was now being inspected by a number of mounted officers, who were riding slowly through the guns, pulling up here and there to examine details which required particular notice. Further in the distance a number of teams were trotting to the spot to remove the guns and waggons. No sign of the enemy was to be seen, for Walter's view was limited by the villages of Herly and Avesnes to the south-east, by the gently rising ground between him and Rumilly to the east, and to the north by the higher ground above Ergny on the far side of the valley separating that village from Wicquinghem. The sound of firing had ceased, except for a distant mutter of artillery from the south-east, and all the higher ground in the direction in which the enemy had retired was now covered by the British mounted troops, who were slowly and cautiously advancing. The road between Maninghem and Avesnes was crowded with infantry, whom Walter assumed to belong to the First Corps, and the dust clouds rising as far as he could see, both to the north and south, told of the masses which were being pushed forward. The Highlanders who were to lead the Brigade in their advance were now halted, deployed along the sky-line, almost on the spot from which the Fusiliers had driven the French horse-batteries. Standing as they were, clearly defined against the blue haze of the distant landscape, there were many observations as to the excellent target they would offer;

while the other battalions of the Brigade, lying down on the stubble between the Fusiliers and the Highlanders, though in a much closer formation and considerably nearer, were by no means easy to see except with glasses. It was possible that a casual observer might have altogether overlooked their presence, so well did the neutral shades of their clothing harmonise with the tints of the ground on which they were lying.

Walter now looked at his watch and found to his surprise that it was only eleven o'clock; at the same time he became suddenly conscious that he was extremely hungry, and remembered with delight the sandwiches which he had that morning placed in his haversack. Many of the men were likewise busy with the bread they had brought with them, though they were not allowed to attack their more substantial rations without permission. Walter finished his sandwiches, lighted a cigarette, and throwing himself back against the bank between the roadway and the field, gazed lazily round him, at last feeling that his nerves had recovered their tone, and that he was fit again for any duty which might be required of him. His brother-officers were similarly engaged. It was too hot to talk, and they contented themselves with sprawling along the line of the roadway, some of them smoking, some of them dozing, one or two writing in pencil letters for home on the cover of their notebooks, and all, to all appearance, blissfully unconscious of such things as battle, murder, and sudden death. Colonel Daunt alone paced to and fro, now impatiently looking to where the Highlanders, by this time lying down, lined the high ground in front, now peering through his glasses at the distant columns still moving in steady pro-

gress on every road, and anon relapsing into a brown study, resuming his monotonous walk, his chin sunk on his chest, his hands clasped behind him.

Suddenly the attention of all, both officers and men, was attracted by a curious object soaring high in air over the troops marching along the road leading from the coast towards Maningham. It appeared to consist of several large rectangular frames, connected in some manner, beneath which was suspended a small dark object. It moved rapidly, and soon the troops marching within view of the Fusiliers were seen to be crowding off the road to allow of the passage of a steam-motor to which this strange apparatus was attached. Colonel Daunt had been attracted by the men's surprise at seeing this queer object for the first time. He raised his glasses and looked at it for a moment.

"Do you mean to tell me that no one knows what that is?" he asked. No one volunteered an answer, and Colonel Daunt went on. "That's one of the new military kites. I knew there was some idea of trying it, should the wind prevent balloons being used. It's no new idea, as it was proved several years ago that men could be raised by kites quite safely, but somehow it has never been pushed enough. That dark speck under the kites is a man; he has a pretty good field of view up there, and is telephonically connected with someone below on the car. Of course he is a selected Staff-Officer. Perhaps you can see a dark line, rather thicker than the cords connecting the planes, vertically over the head of the man in the kite?" There was a general murmur of assent. "That's a parachute arrangement, so that he would have an easy fall, should an accident happen. On a

windy day like this the kite has a great pull, as you remember they could not manage the balloon at all this morning."

A number of mounted officers were trotting behind the motor from which the kite was flying, and behind them again followed a number of cyclists. The Fusiliers watched the strange apparatus with curiosity as it passed, some half a mile from them, till the motor and its attendants were hidden from their sight by the houses of Avesnes. The kite of course still remained in view, and before long it was noticed to be stationary, apparently flying over the high ground to the south-east of the village. Still there were no orders for the Brigade to move, and it was not till nearly an hour later (an hour spent by most of the Fusiliers in sleeping, their wide-brimmed hats shading their faces from the scorching sun,) that the Highlanders were seen to be falling in again. At the same time a man, with a flag in each hand, placing himself on the right of the Highlanders, where he could be plainly seen against the sky-line, began to signal an order for the Brigade to advance, the Fusiliers to close on the Cumberland Regiment. In a moment the sleepers were roused, the battalion fell in in line along the road beside which they had been resting, and all was ready for the advance. A moment more and the battalion was in motion, moving in line towards the hollow where the Cumberland Regiment had been resting, the men striding freely over the stubbles, their feet swishing through the burnt-up growth left by the reapers, the ammunition-carts jolting behind, and with them the two mules, lazy, half asleep in the heat, their long ears flopping at each step.

As the Fusiliers drew near to the remainder of the Brigade, the Cumberlanders went on after the Rifles who

were directly behind the Highlanders, each battalion in turn dipping into the hollow beyond the highway out of sight of the Fusiliers. Soon they passed over the ground on which the French horse-batteries had stood, and the loss which they had suffered could be plainly guessed from the number of dead, both men and horses, still lying where they had fallen. Walter asked a corporal, who with half a dozen men of the bearer-company, was stretched smoking under one of the poplars, if there had been many wounded French there. The man sprang to his feet: "Between thirty and forty, sir," he answered saluting, adding, as an after-thought, "We're waiting for the ambulance to come back, sir." This sounded a very considerable number to have been wounded in such a short encounter, and coupled with the dead, of whom there were at least a dozen stretched on the ground, bore a terrible testimony to the deadly accuracy of our rifle-fire.

Crossing the road the battalion found themselves about to descend into a hollow, across which the other battalions of the Brigade were now moving, presenting a fine appearance as the three long undulating lines swept on, now rising over a hillock in their path, now dipping as they passed a slight depression. On the road itself the carts of the Brigade ammunition-reserve were standing, and, as the Fusiliers passed, they followed bumping and rattling along behind the carts belonging to the battalion. Behind them again came some orderlies leading led horses. At the top of the ascent at the far side of the hollow the Brigadier, accompanied by his Brigade-Major, was waiting for his command. Each battalion as it came up to him, formed into column of route and moved in fours down the road leading to Rumilly.

As the battalion altered its forma-

tion, Walter noticed that the Brigadier rode up to Colonel Daunt and spoke to him, the Colonel reining his horse to one side and standing beside the General while his battalion defiled past. Walter noticed his quick eye searching the passing ranks till it suddenly rested on him. Evidently the Colonel was looking for him especially, as he beckoned to him, and the next moment Walter found himself standing before the General. The Brigadier, a short dark man with a sun-burned face and a quick vivacious manner, signed to Walter to approach, and leaning forward in his saddle, asked him if he would care to act as aide-de-camp for the rest of the campaign. "Poor Vincent," he said, "has been bowled over,—a bullet in the hip; you can have his horses, and I dare say we can find you a pair of spurs. That is all the kit you will want."

Walter was delighted at the offer, but glanced appealingly at his Colonel, hardly daring to accept without his permission. The General saw the glance and smiled. "Oh, I've made it all right," he said, "with your Colonel. You aren't so indispensable as all that. So that's settled. The orderly will give you Vincent's horse," and thus bringing the interview to an end, the General turned his horse's head and trotted on towards the front of his Brigade.

The orderly led Vincent's horse up to Walter and at the same time produced a pair of spurs, which he told Walter had belonged to his wounded predecessor. Walter buckled them on in a moment, swung himself into his saddle, finding the stirrups were the right length, and cantered briskly after his chief. He was a good horseman; at any time he would sooner, as he himself expressed it, "have a bad ride than a good walk," so his delight at thus finding himself

well mounted, and in a position where the opportunities of obtaining distinction would probably be much greater than in his former subordinate position, may be easily imagined. He had to run the gauntlet of a fire of good-natured chaff on his new dignity as he passed his battalion, now settled down into a steady swing, chaff which he rather enjoyed than otherwise, but he soon distanced his comrades and pulled up in rear of his chief, who, field-glasses in hand, was riding at a foot-pace in front of the leading files of the Highlanders.

For some little time they rode on in silence, the Brigadier, map in hand, now glancing through his field-glasses at the prospect opening to his view as the little body topped the rising ground, now studying his map, all the while keeping a watchful eye on the doings of the mounted troops in his front. Some two hundred yards or so in front of the Brigadier the advanced party of the Highlanders could be seen marching, only their rear sections showing through the white dust, and away beyond them again cavalry were to be seen steadily pushing on, here in small groups, there in larger masses, while as they descended the hill to Rumilly a battalion of mounted infantry came into view, moving at a walking pace along the high ground on the north side of the stream running through that village. In Rumilly itself the Geneva Cross was flying over the little white-washed town-hall, showing that wounded were housed there, and indeed surgeons in French uniforms could be seen passing the windows. In the street a number of country carts were standing in a row, the purpose for which they had been used being plainly shown by the blood-stained straw with which they were filled. The drivers of these carts scowled sullenly at the

passing troops, a form of salutation in which they were joined by such of the inhabitants as were visible. Higher up the street, again, on the far side of the stream, there was another string of carts from which a number of French wounded, chiefly infantry-men, so far as Walter could see at that distance, were being tenderly lifted into the houses by peasants and other helpers in civilian dress, many of the latter wearing the Geneva Cross.

Captain Nugent, the Brigade-Major, reined back his horse and spoke to Walter. "We seem to have punished the enemy rather severely this morning, Desmond; at any rate they have suffered a great deal more heavily than we have. I fancy they were out-numbered on the whole; and a delaying action of that nature against superior forces is always apt to be a costly business, unless the country is specially suited to it."

Walter ventured to ask if anything was known as to the intended movements of the Brigade. "We are not going very far," replied Nugent. "I fancy the Commander-in-Chief wishes to close up a bit, and to get his base on this side well supplied before striking out. To-night we are to bivouac, so far as this Brigade is concerned, between Dohem and Maisnil; which means that we have only five or six more miles to march. We are to follow the road along the river Aa, this stream beside us now, as far as Fauquemburgues, where we get on to the main road to St. Omer. This looks like an alteration in the plans. We only know what old Browne tells us, which is precious little. The General told me half an hour ago that a division had been landed somewhere near Calais, to mask the garrison, I suppose, and that a fleet of transports were showing themselves off Havre to make a feint in that direction. The

command of the sea gives us an enormous pull in a case like this."

"The enemy seem to have gone altogether now," said Walter.

"Yes, I fancy they have fallen back on their main body. I shouldn't be much surprised if we had some really hot business to-morrow."

While they were thus chatting the Brigadier suddenly turned in his saddle and signed to Walter to approach. "You are to ride back to Enquin, find the Brigade Transport and tell the officer in charge that he may push on now. He is to join the Brigade on the plateau to the east of Avroult, between Dohem and Maisnil, according to the orders he received this morning. We are getting on much faster than I expected, so the quicker he can come on the better. It will be more comfortable for everyone to get the transport up as soon as we can. Do you know the way?" Walter produced his map and showed that he understood the situation. "Very good, then be off at once." Walter needed no second bidding, but turned his horse's head, and, quitting the dusty road, cantered off briskly across the fields on his mission.

CHAPTER XI.

As he reached the high ground the breeze blew freshly on his back, and he reined up for a moment to enjoy it, and also to look out for his landmarks and make certain of his exact position and the direction in which he was to ride. On his left was the Bois de Verchocq, a wood of considerable extent; beyond it he could see the kite, now at a great height, rising slightly at each stronger gust, dropping slowly at every lull. On his left front lay the smouldering ruins of Herly and Avesnes. To his front lay Wicquinghem, while the poplar lined high road connecting the two,

which bore on its white surface many signs of the morning's combat in the forms of dead men and horses and abandoned waggons, crossed his path a short distance before him. On every side of him troops were on the march, their progress marked by the rolling clouds of dust; and at intervals the gusts brought to his ears faint strains of the music of their bands or of the more plaintive bagpipes. A glance round was sufficient to show Walter his way, so without further delay he headed straight across the stubble fields, riding parallel to the main road connecting Wicquinghem with Enquin, his destination.

His course took him close to the scenes of all the fighting which he had witnessed that morning. The dead were still lying where they had fallen, but the wounded had all been removed, a number apparently being accommodated at a large isolated farm, over which the Geneva Cross was already flying. As Walter rode past, he noticed several white-tilted ambulance-waggons drawn up in the shade of one of the barns, the men in charge busy throwing clean straw into them. Further on, between Hucqueliers and the Bois Noel, from which his men had fired their first shots that morning, on topping some rising ground, he came upon a strange procession. In front an officer in the blue serge jacket of the Staff with its red gorget rode at a walking-pace, his cap cocked jauntily on one side, a cigar in his mouth, and a general air of contentment on his countenance. Behind him came some fifty peasants, mostly old men or lads of fifteen or sixteen, some carrying spades, others pickaxes, while the rear was brought up by four lancers, riding at ease, their lances swinging from their arms, their helmets pushed back from their foreheads, one man fanning himself with a large cabbage-leaf. The officer

waved his hand to Walter cantering past. "Cleaning up after you chaps," he shouted, with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder at the peasants. "A little burying-party; planting-fatigue I call it." Walter waved his hand in reply to the other's salutation; he now understood the meaning of the little procession.

As he rode on, he continued to meet on the road running below him column after column of troops. Here would come a long line of infantry, the battalions of the Fifth Division, the men striding manfully along in spite of the dense dust and the overpowering heat, their march in some cases enlivened by the music of their band or the drums and fifes; following them would come an ammunition column, a long string of transport-waggons, or a column of artillery; then more infantry, more waggons, more guns, and so on, in apparently interminable monotony. Walter was not close enough to the road for speech with the troops, as he preferred to push on without delay, but the officers would wave to him as he passed, and occasionally a mounted officer would ride out of the throng to ask for news from the front, all being anxious as to the meaning of the firing which had been plainly audible during the greater part of the morning. To all questions Walter gave what information he could as he trotted on, explaining that it was only a case of a little fighting on the part of the advanced troops, and that the French were everywhere falling back without offering a serious resistance. At last he saw the blackened ruins of the mill which had been set on fire early that morning by the shells of the enemy, and recognised that he must be about to enter Enquin. He made his way therefore on to the crowded road, on the look out for the bridge by which the guns had crossed that morning,

being now compelled to pull up into a walk, and meeting with still further delay in the constant questions which he was asked by the passing troops.

As he crossed the bridge, after numerous delays, and came within view of the little cluster of cottages and farms dignified with the name of Enquin, he noticed at once that it had clearly become for the time being a place of some importance. Outside one of the larger cottages a group of Staff-Officers were lounging, some sitting on the ground, others leaning against the walls, some busy checking over returns or scribbling entries on official-looking papers, others idly watching the passing troops. Over this cottage flew a blue flag with a white cross on it, indicating that it was for the time being the abode of the Quarter-Master General of the Second Corps. Some military police, in their familiar blue uniforms with scarlet facings, lazily promenaded the street, keeping the side next to this cottage free of traffic. A little higher up the street an armed guard of infantry and a number of military police were standing, having under their charge some twenty prisoners, apparently peasants, in the familiar blue blouse of the country. As Walter glanced at this group, one of the prisoners detached himself from his comrades, and, a policeman on each side of him, disappeared within the cottage.

Walter made his way to the group of Staff-Officers, and, reining up his horse, asked for information as to the whereabouts of the Transport Officer of the Twelfth Brigade. A smart young fellow with the white facings of the Army Service Corps, who had been watching the passing troops, turned his head at Walter's question and informed him that the officer he wanted was inside with the Quarter-Master General. "He'll be

out in a moment; he's only getting some details about roads and timetables. You see, since the arrangements have been altered and the Third Corps doubled up into the Fourth, a lot of changes have had to be made, as the Fourth Corps transport has overlapped on to the roads set apart for the First Corps, and they have been poaching on us. Oh, it's the very devil, I can tell you." He cast a critical eye over Walter and his horse. "You must have come quickly, to judge by your nag; no one could guess at his real colour. Bye-the-bye, do you know you have cast a shoe, the near fore?" This was bad news, but Walter dismounted to verify the information, and found that it was true enough. "Oh, it's all right," went on the young transport-officer. "You'll find a field-forge round that corner, past where those horses are waiting. Take him there, and you'll get a shoe on in a few minutes. Here, I'll come with you."

Off accordingly the two started, Walter's new friend chattering away all the time. "I suppose you will have seen some of the fighting this morning? Lucky chap! I hear it was pretty hot while it lasted. Did you hear that one of the regiments in the Eleventh Brigade had two companies smashed up, clean as a whistle, by the French cavalry? I call it rather disgraceful myself. It appears that the beggars were so busy firing at some artillery that they never spotted the cavalry till they were bang on top of them at a thousand miles an hour. Oh, they caught it right enough. They say that another company lost their heads for a moment, and that there was devilish nearly being a bit of a panic; but they were rallied all right, and scored off the cavalry in the end. I heard some of our cavalry officers, who are lying

wounded at the field hospital on the far side of the village at this moment, say that the French were devilish well handled. One of them told me that they were every bit as good as our chaps, but that we scored over them in having the mounted infantry and Maxims to back us up. Here we are. Now, then, farrier-sergeant, this officer's horse has to be shod at once, near fore. Six horses before him, are there? Well, you must jolly well do it as quick as you can and send him round to the Q.M.G.'s office when ready."

The field-forge was busy in the little back-yard of one of the cottages. The farrier-sergeant and his assistants, their jackets thrown off, and in one or two cases stripped to a thin jersey, were hard at work, streaming with perspiration. The forge-waggon had been backed into the far corner of the yard, the horses had been taken out and were fastened to a ring in the wall, stamping their feet, whisking their long tails, and satisfying their hunger on a bundle of sweet-smelling hay. A fire was glowing in the little forge itself, the bellows worked energetically by a young peasant, a boy of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, who seemed to have made good friends with the invaders, while a number of other peasants were sitting on the wall, watching the smiths at their work and chattering the while in a patois quite unintelligible to the Englishmen. A few troopers were sitting smoking in the shade holding the horses waiting to be shod, and to one of these men Walter confided his own animal. This done, with strict injunctions to bring the horse round as soon as possible, Walter and his friend hurried back to the Quarter-Master General's office, where he was lucky enough to find the officer he sought just issuing from the door,

his arms full of papers and an exceedingly worried expression on his face.

Walter delivered the Brigadier's message. "Not a bit of use," answered Burton, the Brigade Transport officer; "nothing but troops and ammunition-columns are to go to the front before six this evening. No transport can be allowed on the roads before then. There has been some alteration in the plans at Headquarters, in consequence of something they have learnt about the French I suppose, and our roads have been encroached on by the First Corps. Consequently all our plans are upset. I have parked our waggons in a field outside the village, just beyond the churchyard. I am going now to issue orders to hook on at six p.m. Tell the Brigadier there is not the ghost of a chance of our getting into camp till nine or ten o'clock this evening. Bye-bye." With this Burton beckoned to a waiting orderly leading his horse; he handed the orderly his papers while he climbed lazily in his saddle, and presently jogged off towards his waggons, calling out to Walter as he went, "A transport-officer's life is not a happy one."

The young officer to whom he had been speaking now addressed him again. "Well, you've got at least half-an-hour to wait, so you'd better sit here in the shade; unless you'd like something to eat. There is a little *cabaret* a few doors off, where they are quite civil."

The chance of some food was not to be neglected, so Walter and Macartney, as his new friend was named, went off to seek refreshment together. The *cabaret* was a little low-roomed cottage, filled to suffocation with stragglers from the army. All sorts and conditions of men were swarming round the dirty deal tables, drinking the sour wine or the coffee,

the only liquids available, and gnawing hungrily at crusts of evil-looking bread. After a few minutes' delay Walter succeeded in getting a tumbler full of steaming black coffee and a hunch of bread. Macartney supplied himself with the same refreshment. "This is the third go I've had this morning," he admitted; "but they tell me you can't be too careful about regular stoking on service. I'm laying up a reserve stock against hard times, I tell 'em."

Carrying off their spoil in triumph, the two went back to the shade of the cottage where they had met, having to make their way as best they could between the sections of the passing troops, covering their glasses with the hunches of bread to keep out the insidious dust. As he stretched himself out in the shade and sipped his coffee, Walter felt that the short rest was by no means unwelcome.

"Did you notice those prisoners," asked Macartney, whose tongue was never still for a moment, "those chaps dressed like peasants outside the Provost-Marshall's office, that cottage there? They say those beggars will all be shot, as spies of sorts. Two of them, they found, had arranged a telegraph in their houses. The government wires about here are all underground, and our chaps couldn't find out where they were laid. For some reason or other they searched all the houses, and in two houses they found regular instruments fixed up, and those beggars wiring full details about our troops to the enemy. They collared them at once, and since they've been searching everywhere for more games of the sort. One of the chaps was caught in a wood; he had picked up the underground wire, connected it up with an instrument, and was busy wiring all about us. They say they are all officers. Some beggars were bowled out with pigeons; they were

bringing them in their pockets down to Etaples, and doubtless would have let them go with as much news as they could carry. Those are officers too, they say; all disguised, of course. I think our chaps were devilish smart; I should never have thought of it. I've been stuck in this God-forsaken place since five this morning. I'm running the Eleventh Brigade transport. My Boss got his leg broken by a kick in disembarking; rough luck, wasn't it? Can't get on till this evening, so I've been using my eyes and ears, you know. Hullo, here comes Meredith. He's a Sapper, a ripping good sort, Telegraph-troop. Now we'll hear some news."

As he spoke a young fellow, his fair face burnt to a brick red by the sun and his uniform smothered in dust, trotted up from the direction in which lay the front. He threw the reins of his horse to an orderly, sprang lightly to the ground and ran into the cottage, nodding to Macartney as he passed. In a moment more he came out again and ran up the street to a house over which a blue flag with a large white diamond on it streamed out in the wind. Outside this cottage a number of cyclists were standing by their wheels. "That's the telegraph-office," said Macartney; "you see the wires running into it; he'll be back in a minute."

A war-correspondent, whom Walter had noticed in the *cabaret*, now joined them, and took up his position beside Macartney. "Not in the way, I hope? I must say the censorship is infernally strict; the public will be pretty sick about it. I've been twice to Etaples this morning, but couldn't get a wire off at all. I've had my stuff viséd all right, but the wires are too busy, they say. I believe we're all in the same box."

"There's an office there," said Walter; "did you try it?"

"Oh, not a bit of use. That's only for the troops. I did try it on, but got chucked very unceremoniously. Bye-the-bye, I've heard some news which may interest you. The fight between the Germans and the French was not at Mezières, as was first supposed, but at Cambrai, much nearer to us. There was some fighting at Mezières too, but it was indecisive and not of much importance, though it is said that the Germans got the best of it. But the big fight was at Cambrai, the day before yesterday, and appears to have been a victory for the Germans. I hear there were frightfully heavy losses on both sides, especially on the German side, but no figures have come through yet. Can either of you tell me anything of what has taken place this morning at the front?"

Walter gave the correspondent what information he could, and in his turn asked what was going on at Etaples.

"At Etaples? Oh, they're busy landing stores; they've got a lot of railway-plant there now. I believe there is an idea of a single-rail line, but they say it will not be laid now, as there is some talk of our shifting our base. I don't know what truth there is in it: one hears such rumours; but at any rate the plant is there, and they are not using it."

While he was speaking Meredith, the young Engineer officer, came out of the telegraph-office, and sauntered down the crowded street. Macartney hailed him: "Come and sit down, Meredith, and join the gay throng." Meredith threw himself on to the ground beside Walter. "I suppose I shall have to be off again in a few minutes, he said; "I've had the devil's own time this morning. Those infernal natives have been playing the mischief with a lot of my poles, and we've had the line blocked no end of times. I had to wire to the

General for instructions, but I've fixed things now, I think. I've put a Frenchman sentry over every pole; went round with the Maire, or the Prefect or somebody; got the chaps' names, &c., put a policeman in charge of every section, and have warned the natives that if any pole is tampered with the chap in charge will be shot or hanged or something equally unpleasant. There have been no complaints since."

"You Sappers are the biggest humbugs out," said Macartney. "You've been swaggering for years about all you would do with wireless telegraphy and all the rest of it, and now that it's wanted you play your out-of-date wires on to us. Why don't you go in for the wireless game and save yourselves all this bother with poles and wires?"

The young Engineer laughed. "My boy, you'd better confine your remarks to what you understand. If you really want to know, the reason we are using the wire now is, first, that you can telegraph much more quickly with it, and secondly, that there is a risk of the messages sent in the new way being intercepted; besides there is all the bother of erecting conspicuous stations. When we push on a bit, we shall then use wireless telegraphy from the advanced dépôts to the base, and shall have a number of signalling stations. But the wire is to be used for the front all the time. Have you seen the proclamations?"

Walter was the only one who had not noticed them, so by Meredith's advice he got up and studied one fastened on the wall just above his head. It was printed in both French and English, and cautioned the inhabitants of the risk they would run by any interference with the operations of the invaders. All doors were to be left open and windows closed at

night in every village, except in the case of rooms occupied by wounded or troops, and lights were to be kept burning in every room. Men employed on forced labour, and inhabitants bringing provisions and forage were to be paid at specified rates; requisitions were to be instantly complied with; fines varying in amount were to be levied on offending villages, &c., &c. "It's all right enough, I suppose," said Walter, as he sat down again. "I wonder how our farmers and yokels would like that sort of treatment."

"By Jove," said Macartney, "they'd have had some experience of it by this time if it had not been for the fleet." Walter went on: "I don't quite see the object of the regulation about doors and windows and lights."

"That's to put a stop to anyone firing at our chaps by night from any of the houses. It is a good scheme, I think."

The three now relapsed into silence and sat for a few minutes watching the endless procession passing before them. The ammunition-columns of the Third Division were passing now, to the great indignation of Macartney who looked upon them as poachers on his particular property. The long lines of waggons were drawn by steam-motors, the horses required to draw them when crossing the country or hastening to the front, being now led in rear, their traces looped up ready to be hooked on at a moment's notice. Behind these another motor tugged along a large waggon on which was a little house like a bathing-box, painted red and bearing in large letters the inscription, *Electric Charging Station, 3rd Division, 1st Army Corps*. Other waggons were pulled along behind, carrying a quantity of curious-looking plant, which, Meredith informed

Walter, was the plant and dynamos for the electric-light projectors, for use as search-lights in case of night-attacks, and for night-signalling if necessary.

While they were watching the long train rumbling slowly past, the Sappers in charge sitting smoking and apparently enjoying life hugely, a commotion among the group of orderlies outside the telegraph-station attracted their attention. One of the numerous cyclists continually fitting past with despatches of various kinds had stopped at the office, calling out in a stentorian voice, "Telegrams for the Commander-in-Chief." Some of the men waiting outside ran into the building and in a minute one reappeared with a bundle of papers which were handed to the new arrival. At this moment several cyclists swept round the corner of the road leading from the direction of the sea, the flying dust rising in spurts from under their wheels and driving to leeward over the long train of waggons; and behind them a light motor-car rolled smoothly, filled with officers in the blue uniforms of the Staff. The Union Jack flying from a lance fastened to the back of this car showed that the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces was among its occupants, and as the officers and orderlies thronging the busy street recognised this, all sprang to their feet and stood to attention in silence. The cyclist outriders pedalled slowly down the street; the motor-car stopped for a moment outside the door of the telegraph-office; an officer took the bundle of telegrams from the waiting orderly; and then the car noiselessly started again, and in another moment passed Walter and the little group who stood at the salute under the shade of the Quarter-Master General's flag, and disappeared in the direction of Hucqueliers. Half a

dozen cyclists followed the car, and after they trotted briskly a long train of orderlies with led horses, an escort of Lancers, dusty and travel-stained, their sunburned faces looking keenly out from the shadow of their large grey helmets, clattering in the rear.

The whole party swept so quickly past that Walter had only a momentary glance at the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff, but that brief glance afforded him a picture which remained impressed on his memory for many a day. Behind the little front seat on which sat the Sapper managing the car, the leader of the British forces shared with an officer of his Staff a more commodious seat extending across the whole breadth of the vehicle. A large map was stretched before them in a frame, over which both the officer beside the General and one who was standing up behind him were bending. The Commander himself was sitting motionless, his square chin resting on one nervous hand, his sombre eyes fixed in an unseeing stare on the horizon, the brain behind those knitted brows doubtless absorbed with some tremendous problem. The dark powerful face, shadowed by the wide peak of the staff-cap, might have been cast in bronze; he heeded not, doubtless he never saw, the respectful salutes of the bystanders; patient, watchful, untiring, and relentless, he seemed to Walter's young enthusiasm the very ideal of a successful commander. Inscrutable in his plans, secret in his designs, hitherto ever successful, it was generally agreed even by those whom he had superseded that no better selection of a commander could have been made than this, a selection which had been imperiously demanded by the mass of the British people. In addition to these already mentioned some half-dozen other officers were in the car, which was shaped something

like the old-fashioned waggonette. Some of these were busy studying maps; one was hard at work writing in his note-book; another was busy tearing up telegrams and throwing the papers out into the road as if laying a scent for a paper-chase; while a third was dictating (in an even monotone which was clearly audible as the car and its occupants rolled past) to a staff-clerk who, with his type-writer, was perched in a sort of dicky at the back of the car.

As the Staff and its escort passed out of sight, our three friends resumed their seats in the now very exiguous shade of the cottage before which they had previously been resting. But Walter now began to fidget about his horse; it was over half an hour since he had left it at the forge, and there were no signs of its reappearance. Macartney volunteered to see if there was any chance of the shoe having been replaced, but came back in a minute with the news that the farrier could not possibly have it ready for another half-hour at the earliest. "It's a nuisance for you," he said, "but I'm rather glad of your company, you know. I'm the only idle chap about, so far as I can see."

"Very kind of you," answered Walter, "but I don't know what my chief will say to me for not getting back quicker."

"He can't blame you," said Meredith; "he wouldn't expect you to ruin a horse by riding him over this hard ground without a shoe. Besides, it's only a question of an hour or so after all. Hang it all, I'm off again!"

As he spoke a Sapper, breathless and bare-headed, came flying out of the telegraph-office and down the village street to where the little group was resting. He pulled up opposite Meredith: "A wire from Hucqueliers, sir, they can't get through to Man-ingham."

"Confound them! All right, I'll look into it," and Meredith beckoned to the man holding his horse, and in another minute was mounted and clattering off on his mission.

The war-correspondent, who since the General had passed, had been busy writing, now closed his notebook with a snap and said: "Well, if anyone had told me five years ago that I should live to see a British General commanding an army in the field going about in a motor-car, I should have had no hesitation whatever in telling him that he was a lunatic. One lives and learns."

"I think it is rather a sound idea, myself," said Walter. "You see the horses are saved, so that they are fresh when wanted; and the General can have the map spread out before him, can read and write better than on horseback, and can carry food and supplies without any bother. Then if anything should break down, it is easy to call up the horses. You noticed they did not go fast, only some six or seven miles an hour, so the horses could easily keep up. Then I expect they have frequent halts at places for news, or to see what's going on, or something of that sort."

"Oh, I grant you it's sound enough. Of course, I know that the motor plan was tried at the Salisbury drills last year, though I did not see it myself, and I remember they all said it was successful. I haven't the least doubt that the French Staff use the same plan. Hullo, now we shall hear something; here comes Stacpoole of *THE ADVERTISER*; he has been on a visit to the right flank."

As he spoke, a slight, wiry man wearing the correspondent's badge, reined up his horse before them. "Been here long, Atkinson?" "Oh, about an hour and a half. Any news?" "Rather," said the newcomer, sliding to the ground from

his tired hack, which stood quietly with the reins lying loosely on its neck; his owner handed him over to one of the orderlies standing by, and threw himself on the ground beside his colleague. "There's lots of news; but it's of devilish little use to us, since we can't get a word through. I never saw correspondents worse treated. In the first place, the censor cuts all the fat out of your wire, and then the office tells you they are so full that it is out of the question to take any stuff in. I really don't know what the people in London will think. I should not be in the least surprised if my paper recalled me at any moment; the only thing in the way is that I don't see how they would get a message through to me."

"It's an infernal nuisance," acquiesced Atkinson; "and now we're not allowed any nearer the front than this. But what's your news? We had his Lordship through here not ten minutes ago."

"The deuce you had! Then I've no doubt it is as I was told by a youngster on the Staff of the Third Corps, and that the critical business will be on this flank. Well, as to my news. In the first place Montreuil surrendered soon after dawn this morning. I believe the threat of a bombardment with high explosives did the trick, but in any case the garrison was very small. Then news has come through Germany, wired on from home of course, that a terrible outbreak of plague among the Russian troops on the German frontier has put a stop to any operations there for the time being. The Germans have re-crossed their frontier, and contented themselves with severe quarantine measures. It's reported that the Russian armies have been broken up for sanitary reasons, and that there is already every probability of Russia making terms."

This was news, indeed, if true. The enormous advantage which it would give the British troops was obvious, for clearly, if Russia withdrew from the contest, France would be at the mercy of the Allies. Macartney was the first to speak. "If that's genuine, I fancy the General will be satisfied with playing for safety. Time will be on his side, you see. The only chance the French will have now is to give us a thundering good licking before the Germans can push on further, and then turn on *them*."

Atkinson professed not to be surprised at the news. "It is almost what I expected," he said. "When you consider that the Russians have had great masses of troops concentrated during all the recent hot weather, that smallpox and typhus were reported to have broken out among them weeks ago, that they are notoriously careless in sanitary matters, and that plague has been smouldering at Odessa and more than one of their southern ports for the last two years, it's not very surprising to hear that it has reached their camps."

"It's bad luck for the French at any rate," was Walter's opinion; "and it will spoil this campaign for another thing. The crop of brevets, D.S.O.'s and V.C.'s will be a bit smaller than some of us were thinking."

"Get out, you brutal and licentious soldier," laughed Macartney. "I sha'n't be at all sorry when this show is over; my job does not offer much chance of honour and glory. The only French I have seen have been either prisoners or poor devils of wounded. Ah, here comes your horse at last."

As Walter looked up he saw the farrier-sergeant, more grimy and sweaty than before, standing before

him, holding his horse by the rein. There was no further need for delay, and in a moment or two Walter, having bidden farewell to his companions, was once again in the saddle, and trotting gaily back towards Rumilly on the track of his Brigade.

CHAPTER XII.

As before, thinking it the best plan to avoid the crowded roads, Walter struck boldly out across the country, taking the same route as he had followed in coming to Enquin. As he was jogging along, to his right and left the steady slow-moving columns rolling ever eastward under their white pall of dust, he was overtaken by a captain of Hussars, with a white surgical bandage showing beneath his busby, who asked him in what direction he was going. Walter gave the required information. "In that case," said the cavalry-man, "we may as well ride together. My regiment is covering the advance of the Third Corps, and will probably be found somewhere close to your chaps."

"You've been damaged?" asked Walter, with a glance at the conspicuous bandage.

"Oh that's nothing," was the answer. "I got a slash over the head in a bit of a scrap we had this morning with some of the French cavalry; but I had it stitched at the ambulance, and I'm as right as rain now."

"What do you think of their cavalry?" asked Walter, ever anxious for information.

"I think they are a good deal better than any of us expected. They would have fairly held us, if it hadn't been for the mounted infantry and the Maxims. You see they have nothing of that sort, and more than once our fellows got the chance of a few rounds into them just as they

were charging ; you've no idea how they got knocked about. Their horse-artillery seemed to make quite as good shooting as ours, and to make better use of their ground ; I know they always seemed to get the first go. I think our guns move with more dash, and go quicker, but I think the French are, if anything, better handled. The mounted infantry did the guns some good turns this morning, and yesterday afternoon too. By Jove, they can shoot ! I would hardly have believed that a few rifles could have so much effect." After a minute he went on. "Of course, yesterday we were in superior force. Our landing must have been a complete surprise ; but this morning they had more mounted troops and more guns than we had. It was the mounted infantry pulled us through."

They trotted on, chatting as they went. Walter told his news, and the Hussar in return pointed out the different places where the cavalry combats of the morning had taken place, and showed the manner in which the British squadrons had worked their way from hill to hill, ever pushing the French eastwards before them. As they crossed the road between Hucqueliers and Maninghem they met Meredith, the Sapper, redder in the face and hotter than ever, about to start on his return journey to Enquin, having found out the reason of the fault in the Maninghem wire. "Not a hanging matter this time," he called out to Walter as he passed ; "an accidental fault. Good-bye and good luck to you."

As Walter crossed again the scene of that morning's fighting, he was surprised to see that already the principal signs of the struggle had been removed. Large working-parties of peasants, among whom were a few French prisoners, were busy filling in

the trenches into which the dead had been hastily shovelled ; even the dead horses had been put out of sight. A few military police and a cluster of Lancers kept the peasants to their work, and in the distance Walter recognised his loud-voiced acquaintance of the morning. Save for the incessant rumble of the heavy wag-gons along the hard roads and the clink of the shovels of the working-parties against the stones, all was still. No sound of firing was to be heard, and, from the direction in which the wind was blowing, it was certain that if there had been any firing in front the sound must have been carried to them. The kites, each with its solitary observer dangling beneath in his exalted but uneasy seat, had moved further forward, and here and there busy cyclists could be seen fitting beneath the poplars, carrying despatches between the different units of the invading army.

As they rode into Rumilly the clocks were striking four. The Geneva Cross was flying over many of the houses, ammunition-columns of the Second Corps were blocking the street, and ahead of them were standing the guns of the corps-artillery, among which Walter noticed a battery of the stumpy, queer-looking howitzers, surely in appearance the low comedians of artillery ; but when they begin to speak, it is another matter. In the street Walter noticed a cyclist, busy pasting up copies of the proclamation which he had read at Enquin, a cluster of villagers surrounding him and reading aloud the placards as they appeared to view. The country people, Walter thought, already appeared less sullen and more curious. A tobacco-shop was open, and the proprietor appeared to be doing a thriving business to judge from the numerous artillery-men, who passed and repassed each other in his narrow doorway.

The officers seemed to make no objection to these little excursions on the part of their men, clearly not anticipating an early move forward. Walter and the Hussar pushed their way slowly through the block of traffic, till they emerged at length on to the high ground on the north side of the river. Here they found their path clear of troops, who were thickly crowded along the high road beneath them, along which really lay their route to Dohem through Fauquembergues. However it was easy to follow the line of the valley, keeping along the crest of the heights, and before long the village of Fauquembergues itself lay in the valley before them. The narrow street along which this village straggled was crowded with the infantry battalions of the Eleventh Brigade, which Walter was able to recognise from the double badge borne by the men of the Royal Fusiliers. As the column had evidently only just halted, he pushed on, certain that his own Brigade must be close at hand; but as no one could give him any information on this score, so soon as they were clear of the head of the column the two men trotted on, expecting to find their friends at Dohem. The Brigade they had passed resumed its march almost at once, the band of the leading battalion striking with a crash into *John Peel*. "By Jove," said the Hussar, "it would be safe to bet that these villagers had never heard *John Peel* before. What a good march it is!" As they rode on they could for some little time hear the fitful strains of the old English air, now swelling into distinctness, again dying away into silence. As they mounted the hill towards Avroult, they came upon the bearer-company bringing up the rear of the Twelfth Brigade. In front of the company rattled the ammunition-carts, and now a gust of wind brought to Walter's

ears, over the rattle of the cart-wheels, the cheerful marching music of *Garry-owen*. There could be no doubt about it; he had found his destination at last, and he trotted on with a lighter heart, the Hussar following him, hoping that he too would soon hit upon his regiment.

Soon Walter was trotting past the familiar faces of his own battalion, which was striding along with a step as free and easy as if it had only just marched out of barracks, instead of having been on the move, more or less, for over ten hours. Walter reined up for a moment as he passed Carstairs to hurriedly tell his news, which his captain received with open incredulity, and then jogged on again to deliver his message to his Brigadier. The Brigade, strung out into column of route, covered somewhere about a mile and a half of road, and it was not till he had passed through the village of Avroult that he overtook his General as he turned his horse from the high road into the track leading across the fields to the ground between Dohem and Maisnil on which the Brigade was to bivouac. Walter explained the reason of his long delay, and delivered the message he had received from the transport-officer, which the General heard with anything but pleasure. However, it could not be helped; it would be necessary to make the best of the situation, and at least the men had enough food in their haversacks to carry them on.

The Hussar now took his departure and rode on alone to search for his regiment, which the Brigadier had last seen moving eastward along the high ground above Fauquembergues. Soon the camping-ground, or bivouac rather, was reached, and the two leading battalions were sent on to take up an outpost line, as orders had been received that no further advance was to be made that day. One bat-

talion was to rest its left on the river Aa with its centre on Cléty, while the other was to stretch down to the river Lys on its right, and join hands with the left battalion on the high ground above the Bois d'Enfer. These dispositions, which were carefully inspected by the Brigadier with Walter in his train, were soon completed, and the front being thus secure, the General and his little Staff returned to the bivouac-ground, now occupied with the weary men of the Ulster Fusiliers and the Cumberland Regiment. Both corps had piled arms, guards had already been mounted, fatigue-parties were on their way to the nearest farms for water and any provisions which might be obtainable, and everyone was bent on making himself as comfortable for the time being as circumstances would allow. In the Fusiliers' lines orderly sergeants of companies were standing in rather a limp row before the adjutant, who was giving out the situation of the alarm-posts, the hour for the inspection of feet, for the mounting of inlying pickets, and the numerous other details which fell within his province. The other officers were lying on their backs, mostly smoking, all frankly tired. As one of them said to Walter: "It isn't so much the marching, you gilded popinjay of the Staff, which tires one; we haven't done so much marching to-day after all; it's the confounded halts. The getting up and marching a little, then the sitting by the road and getting stiff again; that's what plays the deuce with one. I wasn't half as tired when we were marching ten minutes ago as I am now." And all the others made the same complaint.

Walter was now ordered by the Brigade-Major to go round all the battalions of the Brigade and get their lists of casualties during the day, including men who had fallen out on

the march, a task which kept him well employed till dusk. When he returned, his hands full of the rolls of casualties with which each corps had provided him, some happily in blank, he found that the Brigadier had established his headquarters in a farm-house by the side of the road, where he appeared to be very comfortably settled. The farmer appeared reconciled to the situation (consoled, no doubt, by the knowledge that it would not be unremunerative), and he and his wife and daughter were busy making coffee and cooking a pair of fowls for the benefit of their unbidden guests. When Walter entered the great kitchen of the farm, cheerful with its red-tiled floor and the display of bright-coloured crockery on the shelves of the great oaken dresser, he found his Chief and Nugent busy with a type-written sheet of orders which had just been brought by a cyclist from the headquarters of the Division. The General was standing reading aloud by the open window, his glasses on his nose, for the light was slowly fading, while Nugent, a map spread out before him, was attentively listening. Over the fire the farmer's wife and her daughter were busy with their cooking, from which a very savoury smell rose to the young aide-de-camp's nostrils as he entered the room. Walter saluted, and handed his returns to Nugent who placed them on one side, while the General went on reading aloud: "At the spot where the roads from Fauquembergues to Coyecques and Avroult to Audinethun cross. The outposts of the Division will be furnished from the Twelfth Brigade, and will include the eastern boundary of the Bois Quartier, continuing in a northerly and westerly direction as shown on the tracing attached. The Eleventh Brigade will bivouac between the post-office on the Fauquembergues road and the cross-roads. The Divi-

sional headquarters will be at the Ferme de la Forêt. These movements will be carried out without delay."

General Hippius laid down his paper and wiped his glasses, glancing pathetically at the fowls, already nearly cooked, which were being prepared for his supper. "It's an infernal nuisance, Nugent, but we must move at once. Just scribble an order for Desmond to take to the battalions on outposts. While he is gone you can get the others underway, and I will jog down to the cross-roads and wait for you there."

"Better have some supper first, sir," said Nugent; "Desmond and I will get the orders out." He scribbled an order on a page of his notebook, tore it out and handed it to Desmond. "Here, better get a fresh horse; you'll find another of Vincent's outside. Take this as quick as you can to the Colonel of the Border Rifles; get him to initial it; go on to the Highlanders; see it is initialled there too; and then come back and report to me here. I shall probably have to send you on to find the baggage and let them know our bivouac's been altered."

Walter, taking the note from him, ran out and shouted for an orderly. One of the men lounging in the shadow of the old house came forward to him. "Bring me Mr. Vincent's other horse as quickly as you can. Hurry!" The man ran off and in half a minute brought back the horse, a fine chestnut all ready for the road. Walter, with regretful thoughts of the chicken and coffee, swung himself into the saddle and cantered off towards Dohem.

It was now nearly eight o'clock; the sun had set, and with it the wind had fallen to a gentle breeze. Towards the west the red glow of sunset still lingered, but in the east heavy banks of clouds were gathering

over the dark blue of the sky; the air was decidedly colder, and there was every appearance of a change in the weather. On his right as he left the farm, he could see his battalion and the men of the Cumberland Regiment lying in groups on the ground, smoking and trying to rest themselves after the labours of the day. Laughter and snatches of conversation came to his ears as he hurried past; clearly the men were in good spirits. In Dohem, which was occupied by a cavalry regiment, he found a scene of bustle and confusion. The regiment, which had evidently just been dismissed to their billets, was hurriedly falling in again. Horses were being led from every barn and stable (Dohem is only a collection of farm-houses and cottages), and the regiment was being formed up in the street, the men standing to their horses' heads. A few of the officers, already mounted, were trotting up and down, looking for their commands in the dusk which was accentuated by the numerous lights in the windows of all the houses. Walter was sharply challenged as he entered the village and again as he quitted it, but, though no countersign had as yet been announced, he had no difficulty in satisfying the sentries as to his right to pass. No one else took any notice of him, and in a minute or two he was clear of the crowded street and able to swing along in a steady canter.

In the gathering darkness he thought it best to keep to the roads, and soon the dark shadow of the Bois d'Enfer, rising on his left hand, told him that he had nearly reached the headquarters of the Border Rifles. As he clattered down the road he was again brought to a halt by a sentry who stepped out into the road from the shadow of the trees which had concealed

him. Walter reined up his horse. "Where's your Commanding Officer?" he asked. "He's with the supports, in the wood, sir," was the answer. While they were speaking two other men stepped out of the darkness and joined the sentry. "Wait here a minute, sir," said one of them, "and I'll tell the Colonel you wish to see him. You couldn't ride into the wood." The man was gone in an instant, and Walter sat quietly on his horse, in front of him the white road stretching away to Théroutanne at the bottom of the valley, on his right hand the outbuildings of some farms, still and apparently deserted, on his left the wood, from which he felt that many curious eyes were watching him.

After a short delay, during which the sentry who had originally challenged him stood motionless barring his further advance, the crackling of the undergrowth under hasty steps announced the approach of several men on foot. One of these came up to Walter, peering up at him as he sat on his horse, his figure outlined darkly against the sky. "You have a message for me?" he said. "I am Colonel Bolton." Walter handed him the note he had received from the Brigade-Major, and the Colonel moving back into the shadow of the wood, studied the message by the light of a lantern which an officer held behind him. Scribbling his initials on it he gave it back to Walter, saying: "You might tell the Brigadier it will take me quite half an hour to get my battalion on the move. I will start as quickly as possible. Good-night." Walter saluted, turned his horse, and clattered off to deliver his message to the Highlanders, a task which he safely accomplished, finding the headquarters of that battalion in the little cluster of farms and cottages dignified by the name of Cléty.

This duty over he turned his horse's head once more towards Dohem, which he now found deserted by troops save for a small cavalry picket at the northern entrance to the village. The sentry belonging to this picket challenged him, walking his horse out to meet him, his carbine held at the ready, and refused to let Walter pass till the sergeant in charge of the little party had scrutinised him by the light of a lantern. Walter informed the group that it was probable that the retiring infantry would shortly pass through the village, some at any rate being certain to come that way, and cautioned the sentry to avoid firing and giving an unnecessary alarm. The sergeant re-assured him on this point. "We are expecting the infantry, sir," he said, "so there is no risk of our letting off at them. We are only to wait here till they have passed, when we go on to pick up the rest of the regiment at Forkemberg, or some such name. We got no warning about you coming back, sir, which accounts for your being stopped. Good-night, sir."

Walter gave his horse his head once more and cantered on through the village, now in darkness, while here and there the cloaked figure of a horseman, standing motionless in the shadows, guarded against any attempt at an outbreak on the part of the inhabitants. The lights were still burning in the farm-house where he had left the General, and at the threshold Walter found Nugent awaiting his arrival, an orderly standing outside holding a couple of horses. Nugent welcomed him back. "Come in and have something to eat. You've time enough to punish that chicken, and there's a bowl of coffee for you;" and he led the way into the cheerful kitchen. Walter needed no second bidding, but seated himself at the table and began his supper, while

Nugent walked up and down the room, talking the while. "Your chaps and the Cumberlands were infernally sick at being moved again. They weren't long getting under way though. It's a nuisance that we weren't allowed to start a lamp-signal station to connect us with the outposts. The General would not allow it; I mean Browne commanding the Division. I asked him about it on our way here, but there was some fear that the lamps might be spotted and give away our position. It would have saved you a ride. The Brigadier has ridden on with your fellows. He took a roast chicken with him in his wallets; he could quite well have eaten it here, but got a bit fussy. We shall have

rain before morning I think; it seems clouding up for it. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they are afraid of a night attack; that would account for our being closed up so. The Field-Marshal doesn't want to lose his grip on the railway, though he's trying to edge off to his left to join hands with the Germans; but the railway is his first consideration. Where is it? Oh, to the south; it runs along the valley of the river, la Ternoise they call it; it's the main line between Etaples and Arras. Finished? Good; come along, then, I've squared up with the old lady. *Bon soir, Monsieur, bon soir, Madame.*" With these words Nugent went out into the night, while Walter followed him, feeling like a giant refreshed.

(To be continued.)



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